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The Farmers Bank of Leona, LEONA, KANSAS.

CAPITAL, \$10,000.00

—————ESTABLISHED 1895.—————

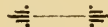


Transacts a general Banking business.

We issue our own drafts payable in all the principal cities
of the United States and Europe.

Every accommodation consistent with safe and sound bank-
ing will be accorded our patrons.

Our past record of ten years is our guarantee of fair
treatment in the future.



OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

J. D. HAZEN,
President.

GEO. KIMMEL,
Vice President.

A. O. DELANEY, Cashier.

OLE LARSEN,

P. M. LEONHARD.

THE OLD RELIABLE STORE.

J. P. SEVERIN,

—DEALER IN—

**General Merchandise, Grain, Stock
and Produce,**

||| BENDENA, KANSAS. |||

Here may always be found a full and complete
LINE OF DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

Reasonable prices prevail the year round. No spurts and
starts—no dodges or baits—just a business way of doing
business. My goods are reliable and my prices are right.

J. C. ALBERS,

—PROPRIETOR OF THE—

||| **BENDENA LIVERY BARN.** |||

Good Rigs and Prompt Service.

YOU'LL NOT MISS THE CARS

When you ride with me,

BECAUSE—

**WHEN
I
GO**



**I
GO
HIKING!**

PROMPT ATTENTION PAID TO PRAYING

THE BANK OF DENTON,

DENTON, KANSAS.

Originally chartered with \$5,000.00 Capital Stock on August 27, 1894. September 7, the same year, charter amended and Capital increased to \$6,000.00. January 3, 1901, Capital Stock was farther increased to \$8000.00, and again on March 7, 1905 to \$10,000.00.

The Bank opened for business October 2, 1894.

George Denton, its first president served from October, 1894 to April 1902, the time of his death. William Denton was elected to fill the vacancy and has served up to the present time.

S. O. Harpster has been its cashier since its organization.

The Bank of Denton does a general banking business and steadily increased in volume of business and in capacity to serve its patrons. No banking institution in this vicinity has a steadier, evener business than the Bank of Denton.

Officers and Directors.

William Denton, President, James Miller, Vice President.
John J. Alt, Sec., S. O. Harpster, Cashier, J. B. Roberts.

Official statement issued August 25, 1905:

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and discounts,	\$24,685 21	Cap. stock paid in	\$10,000 00
Loans on real estate	5,958 65	Undivided profits,	88 15
Bank building	2,000 00	Interest	1,417 95
Furniture and fixtures	1,000 00	Exchange	223 04
Expense account	1,053 72	Individual deposits	43,406 61
Bonds and warrants	10,255 23	Time deposits draw-	
Cash and Sight ex-		ing less than 6 pr c.	4,956 00
change legal res.	15,138 94		
Total	\$60,091 75	Total	\$60,091 75

≡ WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS. ≡

Money to loan on real estate on best terms and lowest rates.

NOTARY AT BANK.

CUMMINGS & ELLIOTT,

— BUYERS AND SHIPPERS OF —

•• **Cattle, Hogs and Horses,** ••
DENTON KANSAS.

CHAS. MURRAY,

DENTON, KANSAS.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes, Hats, Queensware, Notions and
GENERAL FURNISHING GOODS.

LEONA ADVERTISING.

C. N. WILLIS & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Lumber, Lath, Sash, Doors, Lime,

HAIR, CEMENT, COAL, ETC.

LEONA, KANSAS.

J. RITTERBUSH, ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Dealer in _____

• GENERAL • MERCHANDISE, •

LEONA, KANSAS.

OLDEST ESTABLISHED BUSINESS IN LEONA.

OUR MOTTO:

Honest Goods, Honest Prices, and Fair Dealing.

L. RICKENBACH, Manager.

LEONHARD BROTHERS,

Leona

DRUGGISTS

Kansas.

KEEP A FULL AND FRESH SUPPLY OF
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, AND OILS.

—ALSO—

A PLEASING ARRAY OF
Toilet Articles and Fancy Goods.

Every visitor finds within, Everything new and neat as a pin.

Dr. J. I. Martley,

≡ PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ≡

∴ DISPENSING DRUGGIST, ∴

Leona,

Kansas.

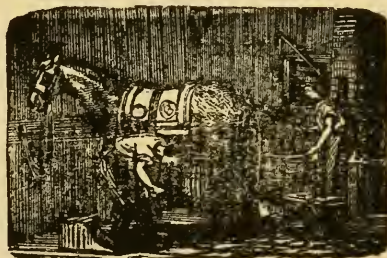
DO IT NOW



Write us a card saying you would like to have the **EMPIRE CREAM SEPARATOR** brought to your house for free trial. It makes the most dollars for you—Costs you nothing to try it—Sold for cash or on easy payments. E. A. BENSON, Agt., Leona, Ks.



E. A. KINSLEY,
BLACKSMITH
—AND—
WAGON WORKER
LEONA, KANSAS.



**SATISFACTORY WORK AT
REASONABLE PRICES.**

LEN ROBERTS,

—DEALER IN—

**Wagons, Buggies, Tinware, Stoves,
Hardware, Pumps and Windmills,**

AND FIRST CLASS IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

DENTON

KANSAS.

W. H. PENNEBAKER,

DENTON

KANSAS.

DEALER IN

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

Boots, Shoes,
Hats, Caps,

Groceries, Flour and Feed.

ALSO LADIES AND GENTS FURNISHING
GOODS, NOTIONS and TRIMMINGS.

QUEENSWARE and FURNITURE.

Orders taken for Gents Tailor made Clothing.

J. E. STEPP, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

DENTON, KANSAS.

S. L. DENTON,

—Proprietor of the—

City Meat Market,

DENTON

KANSAS.

FARMERS' STATE BANK,

WATHENA, KANSAS.

CAPITAL	- - - - -	\$10,000
SURPLUS,		1,000

A strong, safe, and conservative Bank.

Always willing to advise and assist our patrons.

Regard all business transactions as strictly confidential, and accord every accommodation consistent with safe banking.

Call your attention to our substantial backing by our directors and stockholders.

DIRECTORS:

L. C. Burns, A. O. Delaney, L. A. Libel, Aug. Miller,
P. A. Pettis, J. H. Sallee, J. L. Browne.

STOCKHOLDERS:

L. C. Burns,	Peter Mauville,	John W. Lehman,
A. O. Delaney,	W. H. Manville,	Lucas Studer,
L. A. Libel,	W. J. Canter,	J. L. Studer,
Mrs. Aug. Miller,	Jacob Groh,	B. V. Wasser.
Nicholas Bohr,	J. Lew Browne,	Joseph Schoenfeider,
F. C. Foley,	Adam Groh,	James R. McPherson,
Martin Magg,	N. J. Shalz,	Frank Libel,
J. H. Sallee,	Geo. M. Gramer,	Andrew Ramsel,
B. Schmille,	Albert Weigant.	

YOUR BUSINESS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

I. S. PINYERD,
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER,
DENTON, KANSAS.

CAN BUILD IT FOR YOU, WHETHER IT BE

A PALACE OR A PLAY HALL.

A Cottage or a Castle,

By careful calculations, and by sawing to the line he
SAVES YOU MONEY BY SAVING LUMBER

Tell him what you want, and he
will tell you the cost and the
day he will have it ready for you.

And when he turns the key over to you, there will
be the satisfaction of having things right—the way
you wanted them—and that's happiness in itself.

Yes, neighbor,

IF YOU ARE GOING TO BUILD,
PINYERD is the MAN to plan with.



Original Owner of Doniphan County Lands.

GRAY'S
DONIPHAN COUNTY
HISTORY.

A RECORD OF THE HAPPENINGS OF
HALF A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY

P. L. GRAY.

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The Roycroft Press,
BENDONA, KANSAS.
1905.

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TO THE MEMORY OF
THE COUNTY'S PIONEERS,
LIVING AND DEAD,

In grateful recognition of their heroic services
in transforming a savage wilderness
into a garden of peace and plenty,
This Book is respectfully

DEDICATED

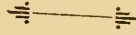
BY

THE AUTHOR.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

Picture Section.

[Pages 75-77-84-85-88 to 112]



FRONTISPIECE, AN ORIGINAL LANDLORD

Mrs. Eva Ryan Swayze
A. W. Themanson
Harry Mailler
Tobias Larson
Dr. W. B. Campbell
Dr. R. S. Dinsmore—
John P. Johnson
Ed. Heeney
Cyrus Leland, Jr., 1864 and 1904
Wm. I. Stuart
W. H. H. Curtis
James Gallagher
Col. A. G. Ege
Mrs. Jane Spencer
The Noble Family
Jacob Brenner
* John W. Forman
X. K. Stout
Thomas W. Langan
Judge Nathan Price
John J. Baker
~ Sol. Miller
H. J. Calnan
Fr. Thomas Bartl, O. S. B.
Fr. Matthew Bradley, O. S. B.
Bendena School
St. Benedict's Church
Wendell Braun and wife
Pat. Kirwan and grandson
"KENNEKUK" Chief of the Kickapoos, (proxy)

GRAY'S DONIPHAN COUNTY HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

TOWN AND TOWNSHIP HISTORY.

WAYNE TOWNSHIP.

The name of the township was chosen by A. H. Dunning, one of the first county commissioners, who wished to assist in perpetuating the memory of a great Revolutionary hero. The township was organized on September 1, 1855, together with four other townships. It has its share of the rough land which Nature gave to Doniphan county; nevertheless, the land has been utilized for orchard and vineyard and pasture, and has contributed largely to the wealth of the county. Since its organization two changes have been made in its boundary lines, the first being made in October, 1856, to admit Marion into the sisterhood of townships; the second in June, 1859, which left it with the present bounda-

ries. The land is drained by three principal streams---Independence, Rock, and Brush creeks.

FRAGMENTS.

A few of the very first settlers: In 1852, J. F. Forman and Josephus Utt; in 1854, J. W. Forman, B. S. Whorton, John Stanliff, Dr. R. H. Hereford and John Tracy; in 1855-6, William Shaw, Geo. Waller, Dr. Hudnall, David Lee, Dick Vest, Col. A. G. Ege, Silas Loyd, W. K. Leddington and John Harding.

The first marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Devorse of Rushville, Mo., the contracting parties being Dr. Hereford and Amanda Tracy. The ceremony was performed in 1854, at the home of the bride's father on Rock creek, near the present site of Brenner. It is claimed for this man that he was the first physi-

cian in the township as well as the first man to patronize the preacher by employing him to tie the Gordian knot of matrimony. The skill of this pioneer doctor is attested to by the fact that some of those who were once his patients are still living in good health in the county.

In the summer of 1855, a daughter was born into the family of Dick Vest. This was perhaps the first while child born in the township.

In the winter of 1854--5, a sister-in-law of John Stanliff's was burned to death at the Stanliff home on Rock creek, south of the present site of Brenner.

A young teacher named Heartly taught a four months' term of subscription school on a small tributary of Rock creek about two miles south of the present location of Brenner, during the summer of 1857. He received \$20 a month for his services, and we'll venture to assert that his pupils who are still living, remember to this day just what the teacher said, and done, and wore.

Doniphan.

In 1852, Josephus Utt, agent for the Kickapoo Indians, erected a hut near the river bank on what now is the townsite of Doniphan. Two years later, on November 11, 1854, the organizers of the Doniphan Town Company met at St. Joseph, Mo., at which time and place officers of the company were elected. Early in the spring of the following year a townsite was surveyed by J. F. Forman, and building began at once.

One of the apparent advantages of the

place as a townsite was the excellent steam-boat landing, and the place was favorably known up and down the river by boatmen as the ideal place to land. The first wave of genuine prosperity to strike the new town came early in 1857, when the government land office was located there; but the wave subsided a year later, when the land office was removed to Kickapoo. The removal of the land office was the beginning of the rapid decline of the town. Late in the '60s the business men began to desert, one by one, many going to Atchison, whose star had been for some time in its ascendancy, and the once prosperous town settled down to the quiet of a village. Later it was abandoned by the railroad, which was driven out by the washing of the river.

The following from Redpath's Handbook to Kansas Territory, published in 1859, presents the optimistic view of the early prophet and citizen:

"Doniphan, it is admitted by every one, has the best rock-bound landing, and the best townsite on the Missouri river anywhere above St. Louis. It has running through it a fine stream of water, which by a trifling outlay which will soon be expended, can be made to flow through five of the principal streets. A wealthy company has been chartered for the construction of a railroad for St. Joseph, through Doniphan, for Topeka, connecting the Kansas and Missouri rivers. The stock is subscribed--ten per cent paid in. That part of it from St. Joseph to Doniphan will be completed as soon as the connection is made with Hannibal. Lots can be purchased at Doni-



CHIEF KENNEKUK.

phan on more liberal terms than at any other town on the Missouri. We say to the emigrant, come to Doniphan; believing as we do, that it is destined to be the great emporium of the upper Missouri. The population is about one thousand."

FRAGMENTS.

The first lawyer was Colonel D. M. Johnson, who afterwards located in Troy.

S. N. Smallwood is said to have been the first wagonmaker, and it was also said of him that he was kept so busy that he found little time to talk politics. One or two men lost their lives here in the early days because they had time to talk politics.

Patrick Laughlin was the first to make tin pans and coffee pots for the pioneer housewife.

Wm. Beauchamp, the first blacksmith, was welcomed by the town and country, as a blacksmith shop in those days was of great importance.

At the first sale of town lots in Doniphan, April 15, 1855, as high as \$2,000 was paid for a single lot. The buyer of this lot on taking a backward look from today must be filled with regret that he did not invest his money in a few farms in the country instead of sinking his money in the town.

The first religious services were conducted by a Baptist minister named Anderson, in 1855.

Barney O'Driscoll was the proprietor of the first hotel, the Doniphan House, built in the winter of 1855-6.

The Constitutionalist, not only the first paper in the town, but also the first in the county, was started in 1855, by Thos. J. Key, a pro-slavery Democrat.

The town was named for General Alexander William Doniphan, of Mexican war fame, and rightly proud of the name has she ever been.

J. F. Forman surveyed the townsite early in 1855, receiving in payment for his services some choice town lots. He erected the first building immediately after the survey, the first store being opened by him.

March 3, 1855, a postoffice was established with John Forman as postmaster.

The first election was held in October, 1855. J. A. Vanarsdale and Wm. Shaw were elected justices, and Joshua Saunders was elected constable.

In the spring of 1855, Samuel Collins set up the first saw mill. In November of the same year he was killed in a political quarrel.

The first school was taught by Mrs. D. Frank in a log cabin, during the summer of 1856.

St. John's Catholic church was built in 1857, and was in charge of Father Augustin Wirth, O. S. B.

In 1857, James H. Lane was made president of the town company. The town at that time had fully 1,000 inhabitants, while Atchison had less than 200.

Henry Latham, a twin brother of Hiram Latham, was shot and killed on the street late in the year of 1857, by a man

named Frank McVey. Latham was walking up the street with a Sharp's rifle.

George A. Cutler was a pioneer physician. Dr. Welsh was the second to locate in April, 1857.

May 10, 1857, a Methodist Episcopal church was organized by Rev. B. F. Bowman.

A company of Free State men called the "Crusaders" was organized at Doniphan, in January, 1858, to hold against Dunning's "Tigers".

The bodies of four dead men were taken from the river at Doniphan, during the first week in August, 1858.

Arcana Lodge, No. 31, A. F. & A. M., was organized December 29, 1858.

Political rivalry caused the removal of the Government Land Office to Kickapoo in 1859.

In 1860, the St. Charles Hotel, built in 1857, was destroyed by fire.

A young girl named Missouri Dooley was shot by a guard one night along in the early '60s, who mistook her for a man, the girl being attired in man's clothes. This was about the time that Cleveland's gang of outlaws robbed A. B. Symms' store. Many of the business houses were guarded every night for a whole season.

In 1864, Doniphan was regarded as the best grain market on the Missouri river.

In 1867, Adam Brenner built an elevator with a capacity of 40,000 bushels, at a cost of \$16,000. In 1872, it was de-

stroyed by fire, together with its contents, a large amount of grain. There was an insurance of only \$3,000 on it.

The Doniphan House, after many changes of proprietors, was burned in the fall of 1868.

In 1869, George Brenner planted the first five acres of the famous Bellevue vineyard.

Doniphan Chapter, No. 13, R. A. M., was organized October 17, 1869.

A large two-story brick building was erected by Adam Brenner in 1869, to accommodate his wine interests. The building was 65x44 feet, with a large cellar. There was storage room for 9,000 gallons of wine. The great Brenner vineyards, famous all over the West, are situated just outside the town limits.

The construction train on the Atchison & Nebraska railroad crossed Independence creek on Tuesday. This was the first entrance of the cars into Doniphan county on this road. A force of about one hundred men are at work in the track laying department, and they are pushing things lively.--Reporter, October 6, 1870.

In 1871, there were 228 families in Doniphan. The population was 1,020. Fifty-three girls and twenty-eight boys were born there that year. We offer the suggestion that all those babies that are still living, meet and hold a big reunion in the town of their birth.

About the year 1880, a diamond drill was sunk by a company prospecting for coal. The drill went down 1,000 feet, but no encouraging discovery was made.

That there is both coal and gas in the earth beneath Doniphan cannot be doubted. In the winter, skaters on Doniphan lake cut holes in the ice and the gas that escapes from the holes when ignited burns with a constant blaze.

The Doniphan Dramatic Club was organized in 1880. The Club gave its entertainments in Brenner's hall. A. Low, who was stage manager, painted the scenes and built the stage. The Club had twenty members. Two years later the Young Folks' Literary Society was organized and became a friendly rival of the Dramatic Club.

Anton Braun, who is still a resident and business man of the town, began business here in 1885. He has been a resident of the county thirty-five years. For eight years he has been postmaster. Mr. Braun has shown himself truly grateful for the liberal patronage received from his wide circle of friends, and shows that he has deserved all that has been given him. He has been a continuous and successful advertiser, one who has made himself popular with the public seeking good goods and courteous treatment. It is a noticeable fact that at this day Mr. Braun sells as cheaply as any other merchant in any part of the county. He has to compete with Atchison prices, but is in a position to do so, as he has shown by his success.

D. Cavender brought to this office yesterday a specimen of coal struck at Doniphan last Thursday (Feb. 10, 1887). It looks like coal, burns like coal and is coal. A piece of it thrown into the fire burns freely, and Mr. Cavender says that the

Doniphan blacksmiths have tested it and pronounced it equal to anybody's coal. The vein is nine and a half inches thick and lies ten feet below the surface. Down the hill a short distance it crops out in the road. This cropping, and the fact that several years ago, when the ice broke up and formed a tremendous gorge, great blocks of coal were thrown up on the bank from the bottom of the river, led Mr. Cavender to sink a prospect hole on his place. The ground lies by the river and is the old Ferry site. The shaft is about 125 yards from the river. A prospect drift has been started on the discovery and, in a few days, the face of the vein will be fully developed. It is not proposed, however, to stop at this vein. The shaft will be sunk deeper. Mr. Cavender being confident that there is more coal where the pieces that were thrown up by the ice came from, and he expects to strike the lower run at a depth of 75 or 100 feet. A joint stock company with sufficient capital will be organized, and machinery purchased to prospect the ground thoroughly. Mr. C. thinks the small vein will pay to work, but does not expect it to yield in very large quantities. The find very greatly encourages the people of the old town, and the further prosecution of the work will be watched with interest.—Atchison Champion.

The once glorious old town has had seven newspapers. The Constitutional-ist, established in 1856, by Thomas J. Key, lived about two years; The Crusader of Freedom, established by James Redpath, in 1858, lived only a few

months; The Post, established by the Reese Brothers, in 1860, lived about a year; The Democrat, established by J. J. Ricketts, in 1871, died within the year; The Herald, established by the Crook Brothers, in May, 1872, lived only a few weeks; The News, established in 1882, by Dr. Welsh & Son, survived only six months; The Bible Investigator, established by Wm. Kirby, 1881, lasted for a short time only, and no other newspaper has since been attempted in the town.

Doniphan postoffice was opened March 3, 1855, with John W. Forman as postmaster. He held it but a short time when he turned the office over to Geo. Reese, now of St. Joseph, who was running a paper in Doniphan at the time. Mr. Reese held the office until 1859, when N. Werner was appointed. Mr. Werner held the office from 1859 to 1862, when Dr. Benjamin was appointed. He had it one year when it was returned to Mr. Werner, this being 1863. During the year Mr. Werner died and his wife was appointed. She was postmaster the rest of the year 1863, and up to January 1, 1870. In May, Mrs. Werner and Chas. R. Kuchs were married and Mr. Kuchs was appointed postmaster and entered the office as postmaster June 1, 1870, and held it until April 1, 1871, when Howard Sale was appointed. He served until November 1, 1875, when he returned it to Mr. Kuchs, who held it from November 1, 1875, until October 1, 1885, when he was followed by Charles Brenner. Mr. Brenner held the office till some time in 1887, when Ed Breuer was appointed and served until May 1,

1889, when it was again returned to the careful care of Chas. R. Kuchs. Mr. Kuchs served until October 1, 1894. Ed Breuer came next and served until May, 1897. Then came Anton Braun, who is holding the office today. This is the chronological account of the Doniphan postoffice up to date. We may add that when the postoffice at Doniphan was first opened mail was carried to the town by Star route from Atchison to Wathena until some time in 1870, when it was transferred to the Atchison-Falls City route and carried by stage by a man named Finch until January 3, 1871, when the A. & N. railroad brought its first mail into the town. During the great flood of 1881, the railroad was washed away and the company decided to abandon the Doniphan road bed and moved their track down the valley two miles west, and located a station which they called Doniphan Station. In the spring of 1882, they began to run their trains on the new route and have so continued. Still the mail comes to old Doniphan via the Station.

One of the early doctors of the city dropped a hint that he would give \$10 for a good, sound skeleton of a man. Two young men, who loved to dance, and who needed money to pay the fiddler, made a moonlight visit to the bluffs near town, where there were many Indian graves. Digging out a skeleton of fine proportions, they took it to the river, fastened it to a boat with a rope and left it to drag in the water as they paddled up and down stream until the bones were washed clean. Delivering

the skeleton to the doctor, the young men received \$5 each, and there was a romping big dance the next night.

The first mail train arrived January 3, 1871, on the Atchison & Nebraska railroad, and there was much rejoicing.

The Doniphan Herald, May, 1872, thus tells of a visit to the wine cellars of this place: "We visited the wine cellars of the Brenners this week, and to say that we enjoyed the sparkling fluid from the 1,000-gallon cask, would not half express our delight in that visit. Such delicious wines are not found elsewhere in the United States. Those Brenner wines are getting a reputation not to be excelled anywhere in the country. Hermann has heretofore claimed the laurel in wines, but Doniphan now so far surpasses her in quality that Hermann must stand aside." It will be observed that the wine went to the Herald editor's head in short order.

A large school building of brick was erected in 1873, at a cost of \$8,000.

One day, late in the '50s, James Eylar, who lived near Doniphan, while on his way to Atchison in a wagon, overtook a tall, angular man who asked permission to ride with him. As they rode Eylar told the man of some relatives he had living in Missouri, where he had been visiting. "What do you think of Jim Lane, over there?" asked the tall, angular man of Mr. Eylar. "They don't think much of him," replied Mr. Eylar, adding, "if they had the blank of a blank over there they would soon hang him." On his arrival at Atchison, Mr. Eylar dis-

covered that he had been riding with the "grim chieftain" himself.

J. F. Conrad, who does a general blacksmithing business, opened a shop here in 1902. He does fine carriage and wagon work, guaranteeing satisfaction. Mr. Conrad's shop turns out as good work as can be done in any other shop in the county.

The tail of the tornado that swept over the eastern portion of Atchison county on the afternoon of May 13, 1905, killing Mrs. John Ham, and doing great damage in its path, grazed the extreme southeastern portion of Doniphan county. "It started near the Catholic church in Doniphan," says the Atchison Globe, "and was about a quarter to a half mile wide. It traveled in a northeast direction, to Elwood. So far as can be learned, no one was injured. The track of the storm can be distinctly seen today; huge trees were torn out by the roots and fences blown flat. J. W. Stephenson's store, at Doniphan Station, was struck by lightning, and Mr. Stephenson was stunned, and for a time was rendered senseless. P. A. Breuer, who lives three miles northeast of Doniphan, was damaged \$2,500, as he lost his house, his barns, fences, orchard, sheds, households goods, etc. There are seven in his family, but no one was hurt, except that one boy was pinched slightly. Mr. Breuer saw the storm cloud strike his place. Instantly everything went to pieces. A tree a foot through was cut off by wire in a hog fence. The trees in the orchard were twisted out of the ground. One cow was carried a half mile, and not injured. Mr.

Breuer had a new piano, and it was torn to pieces. The family saved nothing except the clothing they wore, and are now at a neighbor's. The house of William Scholz, in the same neighborhood, was damaged. Arthur Evans, living in the same neighborhood, had his house torn down, but no one was hurt. A man named Christopher, living two miles north of Geary, had his house torn to pieces and is unable to find any trace of it. Frank Brenner's house in Doniphan was badly twisted."

In 1893, G. W. Warfield opened a neat little store and has since been supplying his well pleased customers with meats, groceries and confectioneries. He is very attentive to the wishes of his patrons, and his store is a place for bargains.

At present there are less than half a dozen business houses in town, but they do considerable business, and the proprietors are wide-a-wake men, who believe in honest dealing and the free use of that magic composition which makes business and keeps the world awake--printers' ink. Following is a list of the men now in business: Anton Brann, general merchandise; J. F. Conrad, blacksmithing; G. W. Warfield, groceries; Dr. Allen; T. Langan, general merchandise.

Brenner.

Brenner was the third town in the township to be laid out. In 1870, the Atchison & Nebraska railroad was graded through the Rock creek valley, and in 1872, Brenner was located by the railroad company. It soon grew into a busy little town, but the same power that had

given it birth--the railroad--could not sustain its active life, on account of its failing strength, and Brenner did not long continue in the march of prosperity that was so cheerfully and hopefully begun at the start. It is well remembered that during the latter '70s and early '80s, Brenner was an excellent grain market, being supplied with grain by the farmers of Wayne, Centre, Union and Wolf River townships. The buyers bought principally for the Atchison millers, who always paid high prices for good grade grain, such as the glorious county of Doniphan has always furnished. How proud were the industrious farmers to learn that the wheat raised by them was made into flour to be shipped to England and other parts of Europe! Not a few biscuits made from Doniphan county flour have tickled the palates of the royalty who demanded the best, and got it.

FRAGMENTS.

A depot was built in 1872 or 1873, and the boom began.

A few years later, Jeff. McNemee opened a blacksmith shop, and the ring of his anvil gave a business-like air to the cosy village so beautifully located on Rock creek.

Andrew Loyd, a young man fell under the cars and was killed, somewhere near the depot, February 25, 1879.

II. Boughman, stockman, did a good business here during the early '80s, buying and shipping hogs.

In November, 1881, the depot agent at Brenner, endeavoring to get the mail

sack on a very early train, made a ridiculous, if not a serious, mistake. He was in bed when the train whistled for the station. He rushed out in the twilight to meet the train, carrying the mail sack in one hand and his breeches in the other. The train did not stop, and in his confusion, instead of throwing the sack into the car, he mailed his only breeches. The train went thundering on, leaving the agent standing disconsolate with the chill morning breeze fanning his naked and trembling limbs. For this attempt to perform his duty his name, a few weeks later, was emblazoned on the pink pages of the New York Police Gazette, together with a picture and a graphic description of the shirt tail performance.

The first depot agent for the Atchison & Nebraska railroad was Harry Nesbit. Brenner has turned out, at least, half a dozen competent telegraphers, all having been born and raised in the neighborhood.

The only store in 1882, was owned and operated by Cook & Hinckley. The enterprising gentlemen of this firm had, at the time, about all the business there was in town--merchandising, grain shipping, notary and legal work, and the agency at the depot.

Frank Welton who, for many years, had been a merchant at Norway, engaged in the grain business here about 1883.

The first Harrison pole raised in Kansas was raised in Brenner, June 25, 1892. The pole was seventy-five feet high, in three sections, painted red, white and blue.

William A. Stanton was for some years engaged in the mercantile business here. He sold out and went to Atchison about 1892.

Brenner has always had good schools, and during the '90s, was famous for its literary societies conducted there. Also, for a great many years it was the liveliest village in the county in the way of amusements; plays and balls being frequently given, and always with good success.

Brenner continues to hold her own as a grain and stock market, and farmers delivering their products there have the advantage of the services of a good store, filled with a well selected line of general merchandise. The prices at this store will compare favorably with Atchison prices, and the proprietor, Mr. Geo. Weatherhogg, is not only a good judge of what goes to make up a first-class store for a country town, but is an obliging, courteous gentleman who believes in supplying honest goods at fair prices. Mr. Weatherhogg is also postmaster and has charge of the telephone office. Patrons of the store will find Mr. Weatherhogg as obliging behind the counter as he is at the telephone or your Uncle Sam's mail box. A visit to the store will please you.

A careless conductor of a freight train on the B. & M. railroad at Brenner, left a part of his train, with the caboose, on the main track, on which the fast train from Denver (the Cannon Ball) comes and which goes by at full speed. There being a sharp curve in the road just before reaching Brenner, made it impossi-

ble for the engineer to avoid the collision. The brakes were quickly put on; the engine was reversed but the collision could not be avoided. The engineer and fireman jumped and the engine struck the caboose, splitting it from end to end. The end flew out of the boiler, the water pouring into the caboose where seven men slept, scalding them badly. One man, Mr. Wroth of Red Oak, Iowa, died from the effects. They were all workmen. The conductor of the freight train at once fled.

The following are now in business: George Weatherhogg, general merchandise; Jeff McNemee, huckster; J. W. Lehew, blacksmith; Frank Severin and Mr. Smith, grain and stock buyers.

Geary City.

Early in 1857, a Leavenworth company purchased of C. Lewis 260 acres of land on the Missouri river above Doniphan, and laid out the town Geary, which was named for the governor. For a short time it was believed that the new town would become a great city, but the hope soon vanished, and within a few years Geary took a back seat with plenty of company; for many another town that had started out with high hopes of achieving greatness had, within the same short time, seen the end of their prosperous days. Geary City is still on the map, and while it may have no brilliant future to look forward to, it cannot be robbed of its pleasant recollection that it saw greatness in its time.

FRAGMENTS.

The first building on the site of the town was a log house built in 1854, and used as a saloon.

The second house was a hotel, and the third a printing office, the home of the Era.

Early storekeepers were: M. Cuttle, Porter & Cooper, J. L. Roundy and C. Lewis.

Franklin Grubb was the pioneer physician.

The first lawyer to hang his shingle in the sun at Geary was Jas. McCahon, afterwards better known both to fame and to fortune.

A postoffice was established in 1857, with J. L. Roundy as postmaster.

A paper called the Era was started in June, 1857. This ambitious journal was well supplied with editors, having had three at the same time. E. H. Snow, Republican, furnished political red pepper for his political friends. Joseph Thompson, Democrat, tickled the pride of the Democrats with the feathery end of his quill and took in some money on subscription. Earl Marble, American, wrote patriotic editorials in measure, advocating love and devotion to the "Star Spangled Banner", but did not hold himself above the writing out of receipts for subscription money. What strange scenes must have been witnessed in the Era office! Republican subscribers rushing in to congratulate Mr. Snow on the appearance of his red hot editorials, scorching the Democrats to a Vandyke brown;

Democrats tossing their money to Mr. Thompson who, with beaming face and winking eye, produced a cork-screw which was soon put to its natural use with true Democratic skill; Americans interviewing Mr. Marble, offering potatoes on subscription and original patriotic poems for publication in the Yankee column. How very early in her childhood did Kansas show herself a "genius"!

In 1858, the first municipal election was held.

The first saw mill was owned by Franklin & Grubb, about 1858. Later the property was owned and operated by Franklin, Frick & Price, and it may be added here that some of the sycamore lumber sawed by this mill in the early '60s, is still doing good service in some of the older buildings in the central and southern parts of the county.

In 1858 or 1859, Flickenger & Langdon built their "muley", or up-right saw mill, which continued in operation until the fall of 1859.

In the spring of 1858, Charley Lenhart, a printer on the Era, got drunk and began to use his pistol recklessly. He went into the store of Porter & Cooper, in the upper story of which there was a dance in progress. The enlivening effect of the music on his already excited nerves made his trigger finger restless and he began shooting up through the floor of the ball room. Alexander Patterson, a clerk in the store, being a lover of peace and not wishing to have the harmony of the dancers disturbed, picked up his own pistol and warned Lenhart to behave

himself. Lenhart's trigger finger was too limber for prompt obedience, and the firing continued. Patterson then used another argument. He fired at Lenhart. Lenhart fell, and it was thought he was past all harm, but remembering that there was another load in his pistol, he fired at Patterson, the ball striking his arm, disabling it. The fight ended. Lenhart was laid up for some time, but eventually recovered. When the war broke out he went into the army and died in Bentonville, Ark., in 1863. He had been a first lieutenant under Col. John Ritchie.

The first grist mill was erected by Franklin & Frick, in 1860. Later it was removed to Doniphan, and from Doniphan to Severance, where the same firm continued in business until about 1898.

Most of the threshing in this neighborhood, and for miles around, is done by Lemison Bros., who, by their strict attention to business and good services rendered, have won the confidence of their patrons; but their long experience as threshermen would be sufficient recommendation. The popular saying that "bacon is good enough for threshers", doesn't hold good when the women hear that Lemison Brothers are coming. They also own and operate a saw mill.

Further mention of Geary City will be found in the "Nutshell" or paragraph history. At present there is but one business house in the "city". Mrs. Flickenger owns a small grocery store and is postmistress.

Won't the old City go when she gets the electric car line? Then she'll strut!

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

James R. Whitehead was the first white settler to locate in this township. He obtained permission from Indian Agent W. P. Richardson and erected his cabin near the place, which later was known as Whitehead, and still later as Bellemont. At first the place was called "Whitehead Post". The township, one of the original five, was organized September 1, 1855. Three changes were afterwards made in the boundaries. The first change was made September 16, 1856; the second, October 20, 1856, and the third June 21, 1859.

FRAGMENTS.

Albert Head and F. Mahan were the first justices of the peace, and H. J. Johnson was the first constable.

Early in 1851, Wathena, chief of the Kickapoos, built a wigwam on Peters creek, where he lived until about 1855.

In the spring of 1852, Benjamin Harding established a trading post near the present location of Wathena. During the same year he raised twenty acres of corn. Mr. Harding died at his old home in 1904.

At the house of M. F. Moss was held the first election, in October, 1855.

Indian Agent Daniel Vanderslice directed a road, 100 feet wide, to be cut through the timber from the ferry landing on the west bank of the Missouri, opposite St. Joseph, to the Wathena trading post, a distance of three or four miles. The contract was let to Ebenezer

Blackiston and Henry Smallwood. The work was done in 1854.

The first white child born on Washington township soil, was a daughter of J. R. Whitehead. This little lady made her appearance one day in the fall of 1854; but her stay was brief. She did not live to see the snow.

The first religious services were conducted by a Methodist minister in 1854, in Chief Wathena's wigwam.

One of the first fruit growers in the township was Christian Poirier, who located near the Wathena post in 1854, and began the cultivation of grapes and berries.

What is said to have been the first marriage ceremony performed in the township, was by Justice J. T. Braidy, in the spring of 1856, when Samuel Piles and Mary Hazelwood were happily united.

During the year 1856, three or four subscription schools were taught. The early teachers are here named: Misses Creal and Alward, and Messrs. Patching and Clough.

The first regular school district, No. 1, was organized in the spring of 1858, at Wathena, by the first County Superintendent, John Bayless. Benj. Harding was a leader in the organizing of this district.

A large bed of coal has been discovered in Doniphan county, Kansas, within three miles of Bellemont. A large bed of what is known as petroleum shale has been found cropping out of the ground.

which burns almost as well as pure coal. Experienced miners, who have looked at the situation, say that there can be no doubt about finding coal. Indeed, one has backed his confidence by investing several thousand dollars to secure a one-fourth interest. Work will begin on the spot soon.—St. Joseph Herald, May 8, 1866.

Elwood.

In the fall of 1852, a trading post was established at a point on the west bank of the Missouri river opposite St. Joseph. The post was kept by Henry Thompson. In 1856, the Roseport Town Company, consisting of a man named Rose (George Ingraham ?) and a few St. Joseph capitalists, came to this point and, buying 160 acres of land of Henry Thompson, for about \$10,000, laid out the town of Roseport. The town at once began to grow and prosper, and soon became a dangerous rival to St. Joseph. The Great Western Hotel, with its seventy-five rooms, was built and it enjoyed a most liberal patronage. Early in 1857, Rose sold out his shares in the Town Company, and quietly left the town forever. In June of the same year, the Town Company was reorganized, and the town received the name of Elwood. "During this season," says the historian of the '60s, "a newspaper was started, called 'Elwood Advertiser', which sent forth its weekly issues to herald the progress of our young state. The growth of the city was almost incredible, and in 1858, we had ten stores, three good liv-

ery and sale stables, a good steam ferry, three good hotels, (one of them the Great Western, the largest hotel in the state, being 200x40 feet, and three stories high). All professional and mechanical branches were proportionately represented. During this season the Advertiser changed its name, and came out as the 'Kansas Weekly Press', and was published until June, 1859, when it again changed its name, to appear as the 'Elwood Free Press'. Elwood continued to grow rapidly up to this time, and in July, 1859, boasted upwards of 2,000 inhabitants. In the spring of 1859, when the river was at its highest, the banks being very sandy, began to cave and fall into the river and, in one month, the river had made such inroads into the treacherous soil, that many people were compelled to move their houses in order to save them. This, however, did not impede the growth of the town, and it continued to grow rapidly until the spring of 1860. During this spring the river again commenced sapping the foundation of our city, this time carrying away acres of the best and thickest populated portion, threatening to carry us away altogether. This frightened the inhabitants, and Elwood began to show signs of going down, and the tide of emigration sought a more permanent investment for their means. In 1861, Elwood was but a shadow of its former self. The newspaper was discontinued, and nearly all branches of trade were brought to a stand still, buildings were sold at one-half their original cost and removed, some into the country for farm houses, and many helped to build up other towns in the county."

FRAGMENTS.

The first store was opened by A. N. Campbell, in 1856.

The first blacksmith on the ground was Henry Poor, who came about the year 1856.

In 1856, Wm. H. High built a steam saw mill which he operated for a year or two. The second saw mill was built three years later by W. L. Lewis.

J. E. Dryden was the first carpenter, in 1857. He built the Great Western hotel.

The postoffice was established in 1857, with James P. Brace behind Uncle Sam's counter. During the same year Daniel Webster Wilder, author of the "Annals of Kansas", opened a real estate office.

The town has been the birthplace of two newspapers. The Advertiser, established in 1857, by Fairman & Newman, and the Free Press started in the winter of 1858-9, by Tracy Brothers. The writer of this has a sample of the job printing done in the Free Press office in 1859. It is a tax receipt, "neatly executed with promptness and dispatch."

Albert L. Lee was the first attorney. He came in 1857.

The first company of the first regiment sent into the army by Kansas, was organized here.

Dr. S. D. Smith of New York, was the pioneer physician. He arrived in the town about 1857.

Abel Montgomery, in 1858, was the first to offer to the hungry public, home-made sausages and steaks.

In 1858, Noyes & Smith opened a drug store, and the people were no longer without Vinegar Bitters and Radway's Ready Relief.

In 1860, the town was incorporated as a "city of the first class".

The first mile of railroad on Kansas soil was built out of Elwood in the dry year of 1860.

From the spring of 1860 to the fall of 1861, the town was the starting point of the famous Pony Express, an account of which will be found elsewhere in this volume.

In 1863, Geo. D. Bennett and, we believe, one or two other Jayhawkers, were "hung by the neck until dead" at this place.

One of the greatest enterprises ever located in the state of Kansas, is the Harroun elevator at Elwood. It is one of the largest in the west, and can handle more grain than all the elevators of St. Joseph combined. It has a capacity of half a million bushels of grain and will be able to average 150 cars a day. The actual time to unload a car, or 600 bushels, is less than two minutes. The weighing capacity of six pair of Howe scales is 45 tons each, or 270 tons. The elevator building proper is of immense proportions, being 140 feet wide, 154 feet long and 156 feet high. The bins are from 4 to 16 feet square by 8 feet deep. When one is standing on top of the immense structure, a magnificent view is afforded, his head being above the hills on either side of the great Missouri valley. The great panorama of ten to fifteen miles, in-

cluding the cities of St. Joseph, Elwood, Wathena, Amazonia, Atchison and the Missouri valley and river stretched out to view, affords a sight hardly comparable. The engine and machinery were started November 25, 1899. A special train of two coaches brought over a large number of officials of the road and elevator companies, also a number of St. Joseph men, and a formal reception was held by Alic Harroun, the junior member of the firm. This building was partially destroyed by a cyclone in the spring of 1905, and one man was killed.

Wathena.

Wathena perpetuates the name of a well known chief of the Kickapoo Indians, who owned the land in that vicinity up to the time of the treaty in 1854. The town stands on the site of the village over which Chief Wathena held sway, the flouring mills now occupying a place very near the site of the chief's wigwam, which his squaw erected for him about the year 1852. In 1856, the town was laid out by Milton Bryan, P. Morse and W. Ritenbaugh, who bought the land of a man named Cox, paying him \$750 in gold. The original townsite included 160 acres. Had the men, who located Roseport, or Elwood, located at Wathena, their town would now be as large as St. Joseph, and would have been the metropolis of the state.

FRAGMENTS.

Peter Cadue, a Frenchman, was perhaps the first white man to make his home in Wathena's country. The time of his

arrival is not now known, but it is certain that he was there as early as 1840. Like all the early French settlers, he was welcomed by the Indians, and made himself useful in many ways, beginning by taking an Indian maiden for his wife, and continuing by filling the office of interpreter. He won little less fame than his chief, for, while Wathena's name is immortalized in the town, the waters of Peter's creek are continually babbling Cadue's name and deeds. About the year 1847, he left Wathena's country, retiring to the place now known as Petersburg.

The first white man's dwelling was erected by Milton Bryan, in 1854. In the same year a postoffice was established and was known as "Bryan's postoffice".

Albert Head opened the first hotel. He had a bar in the hotel, and old timers used to say that he kept a good article.

August Mouirguis was proprietor of the first small store in the vicinity. It was in operation some two years before the founding of the town, or in 1854. The first store in the town was opened by Thompson Kemper, in 1856.

A man named Florian Leiber came with his bellows and anvil in 1854, and a new kind of echo was awakened in the picturesque hills surrounding the little city. The shop was a curiosity to the Indians, who stood around near the forge grunting out their surprises and stepping upon hot fragments of iron that lay here and there on the ground. Strange that Mr. Leiber could keep track of his tools with so many curious and kleptomaniacal visitors around him daily.

A few 1854 settlers in and around Wathena: Benj. Harding, Osborne Hulan, Alfred Larzelere, Milton Bryan, Henderson Smallwood, John W. Smith, Samuel Montgomery, John Fee, J. J. Keaton, T. W. Watterson, Cary B. Whitehead, Anderson Cox, Joseph Siceluff, Tapley Ralph. We think all of these have passed away.

Dr. Smith came about 1855 with his little black grip, and a year later came Dr. Crossfield to assist him in the battle with ague, which was then the most persistent of the white man's ills.

About 1857, Sidney Theriet, a disciple of Blackstone, opened an office in the rising city.

The first school house, a frame building, was built about 1857.

The first Baptist church was organized in 1858, by Rev. Wm. Price and Rev. Alward. In 1871, their first church, costing about \$5,000, was erected.

The first Methodist church was organized in the same year by Rev. T. K. Munhall. Rev. D. H. May was appointed pastor. One of the early pastors of this church was Rev. O. B. Gardner, who "pulled down the rebel flag".

Rev. Ephriam Alward, a Baptist, taught the first Sunday school in 1858. Meetings were held in the school house.

In 1860, the St. Joseph & Denver railroad was laid to this point, and a few trains were run to and from Elwood. A big flouring mill was built the same year, at a cost of \$10,000.

The Wathena water mill was built on Peter's creek by S. Cox, in 1862. This mill was burned in March, 1881.

In 1864, Ferguson & Co. erected another grist mill.

The first postoffice money order issued from the Wathena postoffice in October, 1866, was issued by Aug. Miller, P. M., to W. P. Craig.

The town has had seven newspapers. The Reporter, established in 1867, by E. H. Snow and G. W. Larzelere; The Advance, established 1878, by E. A. Davis; The Mirror, started after the demise of the Advance, by G. W. Larzelere; The Gazette, established in July, 1889, by C. C. Bartruff; The Star, established in 1899, by Pool Grinstead; The Republican, started in 1900, by Pool Grinstead; The Times, established in 1901, by Pool Grinstead. Mr. Grinstead seems to have the backbone of the traditional editor that cannot be downed.

The German Methodist Episcopal church society was organized in October, 1867, by Rev. H. M. Meniger. In 1878, they purchased the church building of the Campbellites for \$1,100. In 1872, a parsonage, costing \$1,500, was erected.

In 1868, the town had 1,400 inhabitants. Prior to this time five additions had been made to the original townsite, as follows: North Wathena, Constanti-nople, Wilson's addition, Seaman's addition, and Smallwood's addition.

Wathena Lodge, No. 65, A. F. & A. M., was organized January 27, 1868. The first officers were: S. Hatch, W. M.;

W. H. Smallwood, S. W.; Obe Craig, J. W.; A. E. Campbell, secretary, and Milton Bryan, treasurer.

The Catholic congregation was brought together in 1869, by the pioneer Benedictine, Father Thomas Bartl, and a brick church, costing nearly \$6,000, was erected. At that time the congregation consisted of about one hundred members. In 1880, a Sisters' school was erected and placed in charge of the Benedictine Sisters.

Phoenix Lodge, No. 41, I. O. O. F., was organized February 26, 1869, with the following officers: J. T. Wheeler, N. G.; W. H. Wilson, R. S.; J. C. Gordon, V. G.; J. Robertson, P. S.; P. M. Sturgis, treasurer.

In 1870, a fine brick school house was erected at a cost of about \$10,000.

In 1873, the town was incorporated. Obe Craig was the first mayor, and James Mitchell the first clerk.

The Second Colored Baptist church was organized in September, 1873, by Revs. D. Lee, Lawrence; John Bourn, Ft. Scott; Williams and Clarkson, Elwood, and S. Jackson of Wathena. A church building was put up that year, the members of the church doing most of the work.

From the Reporter of June, 1872, we glean the following sketch of the early history of Wathena:

"Little did the hearty pioneer who passed over the present site of Wathena, twenty years ago, enroute for California, imagine that here in so short a time

would be a densely populated country, diversified by towns, villages and highly improved farms, orchards and vineyards. As we take a retrospective view, dating back from the year 1855, and compare the appearance of the country then with what it is now, we are amazed at the change time has wrought. Then a vagrant band of Kickapoo Indians, of whom old Wathena was chief, resided in bark lodges near the present site of Snively & Hedge's mill, and roamed over the prairies between this place and Kennekuk, forty miles distant. Wathena kept a "toll bridge", which spanned Peter's creek near the place where the upper bridge now (1872) stands, and his children, of whom he possessed enough to form half a dozen families, would on the approach of a traveler, rush out in battalions and regiments, yelling "two bits! two bits!" until they received the amount, or a curse or two for their racket, when they would disperse and await the arrival of another customer. A short time previous to that year, the only white man in the vicinity was Benj. Harding, who resided about half a mile above St. Joseph street, and the quarter section of land that he entered now comprises a portion of Wathena. Mr. Harding removed here in 1850, previous to the opening of the territory of Kansas to immigrants, and is the oldest settler in this section of the state. The eye had an unobstructed view of miles of the country, and not a sign of habitation was visible; no evidence of civilization; nothing but a vast expanse of verdant growing grass, gracefully swaying to and fro in the gentle winds, reminding one of the undulating waves of the ocean."

In 1854, Milton E. Bryan built the first house in Wathena proper. H. S. Creal soon after erected a small house on a claim near the townsite. Soon after this Henderson Smallwood, O. Hulan, A. Larzelere and many others "took claims" or "squatted" on a quarter section each.

The affairs of the Wathena State Bank had been in an unsatisfactory condition for some months prior to January, 1901. State Bank Examiner Breidenthal, who had been corresponding with the cashier, J. F. Harpster, finally notified Harpster that he would be at Wathena on the 15th of January, and asked him to call a meeting of the directors of the bank for that evening. When Breidenthal arrived, he discovered that no meeting had been called and that Harpster had gone to supper. Harpster was sent for, and although he sent word that he would be down, he did not put in an appearance. Another messenger to his residence a short time after failed to locate him. It was then that Breidenthal went into an examination of the books with the book-keeper, continuing until midnight. The result of the examination was to close the bank next morning and to declare it insolvent, at noon. Harpster did not put in an appearance until nine o'clock Wednesday morning, the 16th, and when asked to account for \$2,000 worth of securities held by a St. Joseph bank, he said he would telephone and find out about the papers. This he pretended to do, and said they would be over on the evening train. Breidenthal telephoned later and discovered that Harpster had not telephoned to the St. Joseph bank. When

Harpster was informed of this, he said he would telephone again, and leaving the bank he proceeded to the undertaking rooms of Bauer & Elmer. He passed into the rear room of the establishment, and shortly afterward Bauer heard a shot. Rushing into the rear room Bauer saw Harpster fall. He had shot himself in the right temple with a 32-calibre revolver, and the ball had gone entirely through his head, coming out above the left ear. He lived but a few moments after the shot.

Miss Carrie Dieter's "The Great Rock Island Waltz" was composed by her and dedicated to the Rock Island railroad in March, 1895. She was a native of Wathena.

Wathena is one of the most enterprising towns in Northeastern Kansas. There never has been a time when the town took a backward step. In dull years, when no progress was made, it maintained its own, and that, too, regardless of the fact that it is located almost in the shadow of a great city. It is the home of Doniphan County's Chautauqua, which this year held its Seventh Annual Assembly. In the following chapters, and especially in the "Nutshell" History, will be found some recent notes concerning this model town, that gives promise of becoming, some day, a suburb of St. Joseph. From the advertising columns of the town's newspapers we copy the names of the present business men, and present them here. Chas. H. Bauer, jr., undertaker; Wathena Fruit Company; J. A. Stewart & Brother, general merchandise; Gordon-Brown Fruit Co.; N. B. Forbes, fruit;

Farmers' State Bank; Jacob Miller, drugs; Wathena Fruit Growers' Association; Ernest Fuger, drugs; J. H. Grable, M. D.; Dr. Matthews; P. E. Milbourne, barber; Clarence Davis, Wathena "Pantatorium"; Blum & Whitney, livery; Groh & Estes, general merchandise; W. J. Shalz, general merchandise; and the Fruit Growers' State Bank.

IOWA TOWNSHIP.

This township received its name from the Indian tribe that had its reservation in the northern part of what is now Doniphan county. It is one of the five original townships organized in 1854. A majority of the land is rough and, even "bluffy", although some of the finest land in the county lies south and west of Highland. It is perhaps the best watered of the townships, the largest stream being Wolf river, which flows through the eastern part of it. There is an abundance of good timber. The first settlements of the county were made here by Rev. S. M. Irvin, who located as a missionary near the present site of Highland. In May, 1837, an account of which will be found in another part of this book. Between the years of 1837 and 1854, few settlers appeared, but about 1854, and immediately after the conclusion of the Indian treaty, settlers came by the dozen. Iowa Point was located in 1855, and White Cloud and Highland in 1856 and 1857. During the first three or four years of Missionary Irvin's residence in this county, there was an extreme scarcity of mail. The good man had to go, or

send, a distance of 100 miles--to Liberty, Mo.--for his mail, and it took about a week to make the round trip. Mail was then a luxury, indeed. In 1840, when a postoffice was established at St. Joseph, the trip to the postoffice was comparatively short, and the run was considered only as an ordinary exercise. In 1855, Uncle Sam's carrier came nearer, crossing the Missouri river and bringing the mail to Iowa Point. After that, to receive mail once or twice a week was no unusual thing, and the stout-hearted pioneers felt the way growing smoother in the path of civilization.

FRAGMENTS.

In 1837, the first religious exercises were held at Mission, with Reverend Irvin in charge. The first school was taught at the Mission, also, about the same time, the teachers being Rev. Wm. Hamilton, S. M. Irvin, Miss Walton and Mrs. Fullerton.

Mrs. Comstock, the wife of a California emigrant, died near the Mission. According to Bird's History this was "perhaps" the first death of a white person in the township; but it is stated in the Chief that Thomas Jefferson Southerland died at the Mission and was buried there in September, 1850. We believe, however, that Mrs. Comstock's was the first death, and that the year of its occurrence was much earlier than 1852, as stated in Bird's. We believe that her death occurred about 1843.

The lumber used in the construction of the Mission building at Highland, came all the way from Pittsburg, Pa. It made

exactly a steamer load. The building was begun in 1845.

Bird's History, 1882, states that the first marriage in the township was that of "J. Poteets and Nancy Bancroft". Evidently this is a mistake, and there being no date given it cannot be counted. The Historical Chief, 1893, says that the first marriage ceremony in the township, and probably the first in the state, was performed by Rev. Hamilton on July 3, 1845, the happy principals being Silas Peirce and Mary Shook.

The honor of being the first child born in the county has been given to Daniel Vanderslice, son of Thomas J. Vanderslice, who served a term or two as sheriff of the county. He was born in 1854, with the Territory, near the Mission, and died in Troy in 1873.

Pryor Plank took up his claim in 1855, blazing a walnut tree with this loud hint to "jumpers": "If any man jump this place he will have bad luck. Pryor Plank."

A few early settlers in the vicinity of Eagle Springs: George Logan, Fred Dickenson, John Alfrey, James Kennedy, and Thomas Crozier. All these came in 1855. In the Iowa Point neighborhood, the same year, the following settled: James Martin, Mrs. Martha Martin, Henry Swinny and Mrs. Steve Marcum.

In 1855 or 1856, a party of voters headed by Doc Long, went in a wagon to the polls on Wolf river to cast their vote. Each man was armed with a Sharp's rifle. The fact that a few of the party remained

with the wagon to guard it while the others voted, would show that the "political pot" was hot to "b'ilin'", and even slopping over, about that time.

John Pierson of White Cloud neighborhood, committed suicide about 1857.

Some time late in the '50s, young Dana Fox was shot from ambush and killed by an unknown assassin. This occurred on the Fox farm near Highland.

Eagle Springs, the only mineral springs in the county, was not discovered by the whites until 1857, although the Indians had for a long time been acquainted with its existence. The Iowas had a village located there long before Kansas was carved out of the Indian territory, and it is believed that a prehistoric race once had its camp there, the place being rich in stone implements and rude relics of a prehistoric race.

In 1858, a man holding shares in the Buffalo Town Company, traded four of his shares for 450 acres of land in Pennsylvania. Buffalo was one of the early paper towns of the county.

On July 23, 1858, the first school meeting was held, and a school district, called by the organizers, "No. 1", was organized. This district is now No. 56. The following officers were elected at this meeting: S. Pritchard, director; M. M. Sharp, secretary; G. L. Martin, treasurer. The first term of school was taught by John F. Sparks in a log house erected for the purpose on, or near, the present site of the school house now belonging to district No. 56.

George Bird, who, in the early days, was a teacher of band music, and who still resides in the vicinity of Highland, organized a band early in the '60s. Later, he organized and taught the Severance G. A. R. band.

In 1859, John Chapple of Iowa township, owned an ox that measured 18 hands high and weighed 2,000 pounds.

Sixteen negroes were kidnapped near White Cloud on Tuesday night, May 13, 1862, from the farms of Boliver Beeler and Dr. Nuzum, by a party of men from Missouri, aided by men living near town. The kidnappers knocked Dr. Nuzum down with a club and beat him over the head with the butt of a revolver.

The Indians had a ball-play upon the reservation, Sunday. Jim Whitewater, on the occasion, was handsomely dressed in a breech-clout; Little To-he sported an elegant suit of black paint, and Ki-ke appeared in a tasteful costume of a bow and arrow.—White Cloud Chief, May 15, 1862.

On one occasion, when one of the soldier Indians from the Iowa tribe returned on a visit to his home, a big Indian dance was had in his honor. The soldier Indian brought a number of scalps home with him which he hung upon bushes and danced around them.

About the last of May, 1863, a span of mules was stolen from Thomas Martin, near Iowa Point, and a set of new harness from John Beeler near Highland. A party from Highland and vicinity pursued the thieves and came up with them in Brown county, near Kennekuk. One

of the party drew a revolver and shot both of the thieves; then tumbling them out into the road, they took the wagon and mules and started for home. One of the thieves was wounded in the shoulder and the other in the neck. They were left lying where they fell, but they recovered and were caught and brought to Highland and given a hurried trial. They made confessions, giving their names—Melvin and Shannon, from Missouri. "It was decided to hang them", says the Chief of June 4, "and in the afternoon of June, 3, 1863, a large crowd gathered at Highland to witness the hanging. The prisoners were taken to a grove a short distance below town where they were strung up. Owing to the bungling manner in which the cords were fastened, or in letting the victims drop, their death was not instantaneous, but they hung for some time. We learn that one of them struggled for ten minutes, or perhaps fifteen, when one man attempted to put him out of his misery by shooting him, but was prevented by the crowd."

The first distillery in the county, if not in the state, was operated by William Flynn in 1864, at or near Iowa Point.

On the afternoon of May 25, 1865, Charles Fox, then living near Highland, went to town, leaving his wife home with a child some three or four years old. Shortly after he left the house a stranger entered with a drawn revolver, demanding all the money in the house. Mrs. Fox told him there was no money in the house; that all they had, had just been loaned to a neighbor the day before. The man told Mrs. Fox that she was lying and

threatened that if she did not immediately tell where the money was, he would kill her child, at the same time making an attempt to seize the little one. Finding that threats would do no good, the brute went up stairs to search the house, after warning Mrs. Fox that he had an accomplice outside who would keep watch on her movements. When the fellow had gone up stairs Mrs. Fox proceeded to hide her watch and some other valuables. There were two revolvers in the room, one loaded the other empty. She hastily seized one. Pretty soon, the man, having failed to find any money up stairs, came down. As soon as he appeared she leveled the revolver at him and pulled the trigger; but unluckily she had picked up the unloaded revolver, and there was only a harmless snapping of the hammer. The fellow knocked the poor woman down with his own revolver, kicked her in the breast and side and left her lying senseless on the floor. She lay in that condition several hours before regaining consciousness.

The Highland Ku-klux caused a reign of terror in the southern part of the township in September and October, 1875. Death warnings were served on citizens and other ugly threats made. A barn belonging to Dana Fox was burned and an attempt made to assassinate Geo. Brinton by members of the gang.

In the correspondence of an early settler in this township, we find mention of an Indian pappoose buried in a tree-top on the bluffs near Cedar creek. A rough trough hewed out of a small tree held the remains of the little warrior.

The township has four defunct towns: Cincinnati, near the present site of Wil-low Springs school house; Buffalo, near Eagle Springs, at the place now known as Buffalo Hollow; Iola, near the spot where the school house of that name now stands; Winona, on or near the county line west of Highland.

The townships contains 52,480 acres or 82 square miles.

Iowa Point.

Iowa Point was located in 1855, by two of the Forman brothers and S. Pemberton. The land on which it was located was originally Irwin's 160-acre "float". Building began at once, and soon the town was in a booming condition. In 1857, it had outstripped Atchison. One of the storekeepers of that time used to say it was a poor day when he did not take in a thousand dollars in yellow money; that he was "tired of handling gold". The good times remained with the town until the beginning of the war. About this time misfortune overtook it. The City hotel burned down; the ferry boat went to the bottom of the river; the newspapers suspended, and the war brought trouble into the camp. The town was practically Southern in sympathy. In 1862, a great fire destroyed the main portion of the town and gave it a set-back from which it never recovered.

FRAGMENTS.

Boliver Beeler built the first hotel in 1855.

Early storekeepers, 1855-6: Beeler & Williams, X. K. Stout, and Leach Bros.

A saw mill was built by Forman & Pemberton, in 1855. Two years later they erected the Iowa Point mills.

The first blacksmith located the same year. His name was John White.

The postoffice was established early in 1855. Postmaster Pemberton's task was not a heavy one, for it is said that he could carry all the mail in his hat.

The first drug store was opened in 1856, by Leigh & Brown.

Burkhalter & Hobbs were proprietors of the first meat market, opened the same year.

The first physician to locate was Dr. Leigh, in the second year of the town's existence. Soon after him came Dr. Long, of the "Electric" school, wherever and whatever that was.

The first lodge of Good Templars organized in the state was instituted here in 1856.

The first church was erected by the Presbyterians, in 1857. About the same time the Baptists and Methodists began to hold meetings.

The Smithton Lodge, the first in the state, was removed to this place in 1857.

In the same year, "the first, last and only" negro slave ever offered for sale in the state of Kansas, was sold at auction on the streets of the town.

In 1857, all the voters in the township voted here. "The voter handed his ticket

to the judges, when it was at once opened and the names of the candidates read off, and recorded on a tally sheet, in the voter's presence."

In this same prosperous year, a \$10,000 hotel was built; but it was destroyed by fire two or three years later.

In 1858, the town had a few "whole-sale" houses whose trade extended southwest to the old stage station of Kennekuk, and west to Marysville. About this time Joseph Slickmann started a brickyard, and sold brick at \$50 a thousand.

In 1861, a company of militia was organized and put under command of C. J. Beeler. The next year a company of the Eighth Kansas was stationed here.

The town has had two newspapers: The Enquirer, established July, 1858, by Thos. Key, of the defunct Doniphan Constitutionalist, and the Dispatch, established 1859, by Ansel Watrous and J. W. Biggers.

Highland Station.

This little town was located on the A. & N. railroad, four miles east of Highland, in 1869 or 1870. The Town Company consisted of J. P. Johnson, B. F. Herring, J. A. Kennedy and G. W. Glick. From the first the place has been alive with business, and has been the receiving and shipping point for Highland. Although the town is situated in a timber country, there are some of the richest farms near it that are found in any part of state. The population of the town is small, but the country immediate-

ly around it is densely populated. Of late years Highland Station has been the field for the annual holding of the County Fair, which is patronized by thousands from all over the county.

FRAGMENTS.

In 1849, the gold seekers began to pour westward over the California and Oregon trail, the St. Joseph branch of which ran some distance to the south of this place. In that year a wagon train camped upon ground which now belongs to John Etherton. Five persons belonging to the train died of cholera, and were buried there. The burial was made without coffins, blankets being used to wrap the bodies. Friends carved the names of the dead on a large tree near the graves; but the tree was cut down long ago. The land over the graves has been plowed up, and now there is no one who knows exactly where the unfortunates were laid. Some years ago one of the bodies was exhumed and taken to Missouri, near Savannah, for permanent burial.

Early in the '50s, there were three or four Indian villages in this section of the county. The woods were full of game. Wolf river was well stocked with fish, and the bottom land being exceedingly rich and fertile, it was possible for the red man to raise corn, potatoes, pumpkins, etc., in abundance, without the expenditure of much physical labor. Here he lived in peace and plenty until the white man's canoe began to nose its way up the little stream to seek out his camp fires and offer its cargo of trinkets in trade for his land.

An early settler in the vicinity was James Gurwell, who came in 1854. Prior to his coming to Kansas, he resided in Holt county, just across the Missouri river. During his residence here, 1838 to 1854, he frequently crossed the river to engage in deer and buffalo hunting in the Wolf river country. From him the early settlers had their first account of the great battle fought between the Sacs and Foxes and the Pawnees, somewhere near the present site of Severance, in 1844.

The first stores were opened by J. A. Kennedy and B. F. Herring, in 1870. In the same year a blacksmith shop was added to the town, a depot was built, a postoffice established, and a hotel was opened by J. Browning.

The Union church was built in 1881.

The first depot agent was Howard Vanderslice.

On the McIntyre farm east of town is a grove of persimmon trees. It is the only persimmon grove in this part of the state.

In 1894, Highland Station claimed to be the center of the greatest population in the county, there being 1,400 people within a radius of three miles from town.

The present business men are: George Miller and Ed. Kent, dealers in general merchandise; Dr. A. Herring, druggist; Paul Jones, restaurant; L. Myers, blacksmith; F. Troxel, hotel and liveryman; B. F. Martin, blacksmith, and N. N. Gallagher, dealer in hardware, and buyer and shipper of stock and grain.

White Cloud.

A company composed of John H. Utt, James Foster, Dr. H. W. Peter, Cornelius Dorland and Enoch Spaulding, was organized to "found a town on the bank of the Missouri river in Kansas Territory." The town was located in 1856, receiving the name of White Cloud, for a noted chief of the Iowas who had been killed in battle in the region of the Nemaha about 1854. The land on which the new town had been located still being in possession of the Indians, no title could be secured until the spring of 1857, when the land was put up for sale. The Town Company was reorganized and enlarged, Dr. Richard J. Gatling, later the inventor of the famous Gatling Gun, and his brother being new stockholders. On July 4, there was a steamboat excursion and a barbecue. Two thousand people were in attendance. Four steamboats from important points on the river were there, and a band from St. Joseph furnished the music for the occasion. It is said that \$24,000 worth of lots were sold that day. Redpath's Handbook, 1859, has this to say of White Cloud: "It contains 500 inhabitants, five stores, a printing office, from which is issued weekly a LIVE paper, the Kansas Chief; also a good school. Good coal is found here, also iron ore, limestone and an abundance of excellent timber. The landing is a good rock one."

FRAGMENTS.

Thomas Lease, the first settler, built his cabin near the spot where the depot now stands.

Michael Bird was the proprietor of the first store.

In the fall of 1857, an artist, traveling in a skiff, painted the "Panorama of the Missouri", in which White Cloud appears as she was in her Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, July 4, 1857.

A Pawnee Indian exposition and singular ceremonies observed by the Indians, were described in Sol Miller's Chief, August 1, 1872, in the following manner: "On last Saturday about fifty Pawnee Indians, men, women and children, mounted on horseback, and with their goods and chattels strapped on pack-horses, came to White Cloud to cross the river on the ferry. They were on their way to Iowa to visit and to hunt, where they expected to remain for two months. They hauled up beneath a large tree on the river bank, and dismounted to go through the ceremony previous to crossing. The Indians have superstitious ideas connected with crossing the great river on a journey, and make a sacrifice to propitiate the spirit of the water. Their sacred animal is the dog, and this animal is selected for sacrifice. After dismounting, they formed a circle beneath the tree, and the old chief delivered an address, or pow-wow. At the conclusion of this an old squaw gathered up a dog by the hind legs and dashed him with full force against the tree, killing him the first blow. Then she tore a strip from her calico dress and tied it around the dog's neck; after which the chief took the dog and pronounced another rigmarole over it. The Indians then formed in single file, the chief at

the head, carrying the dog, and marched down to the water's edge, forming a circle around the leader. Here the chief stood with the dog in the water, holding it up with one hand and went through another pow-wow. After this he dipped his hand into the water and sprinkled it off into the air. Then the rest of them, one at a time, approached the water, dipped in their hands, and threw off the water in the air. The ceremony being completed, the chief gave the dog a shove and started it down the stream, after which they went upon the ferry-boat and crossed the river."

J. C. Pierce owned the pioneer livery stable.

Isaac Cleveland was the first on the ground with the hammer and anvil. W. H. Forncrook developed his muscle in this shop.

The first steam ferryboat belonged to Joshua Taylor, who arrived with it from Wellsville, Ohio, on June 3, 1855. He entered into a partnership with J. W. Moore, and the firm, having named the boat "White Cloud", was ready for the ferry business which was carried on until the spring of 1862, when the boat was sold to O. Bailey. Mr. Bailey operated the boat about five years, or until it became unfit for further use. In May, 1868, a new boat was built by Bailey & Noyes, the name of "White Cloud" being transferred from the old boat to the new one. In 1881, J. H. Lynds became the owner.

The first "hocht zeit", as the Dutch would say, came off last Sunday, and was

a rich affair. The wedding party started from the "Jug Tavern" or "Globe Hotel", in a two-horse wagon, in the morning to proceed two miles below town, where the ceremony was to be performed. Upon their departure they were saluted with yelling, screaming, and hammering on all manner of tin pans and buckets. In the night a crowd proceeded to the house where the happy young pair was roosting, after they had stowed themselves away for the night. They entered the house, seized the bridegroom, and dragged him out amid the firing of guns and the yelling of the crowd. They were taking him en chemise to a creek nearby to duck him, but were bought off by the promise of a treat on the morrow. Matrimony is no small undertaking in White Cloud.--Chief, September 10, 1857.

The first boarding house was erected in 1856, by Enoch Spaulding, near the present site of the City Hotel.

In the same year, Samuel Lappin and Charles G. Scrafford set up the first saw mill. It was a "muley".

About the same time the first disciple of Æsculapius, Dr. Thomas C. Shreve, located, and the first carpenter, R. S. Wakefield, opened his shop.

The first drug store was opened by Shreve & Macy, 1857, and a saw mill with a circular saw was built by John H. Utt.

On the 28th of March, 1857, Sol Miller came from Ohio, and established the Kansas Chief, which he published here until July, 1872.

A Methodist Episcopal church was organized by Reverend Graham, in 1857.

Six newspapers have been established here: The Chief, by Sol Miller, in June, 1857; The Leader, Yard & Overholt, August, sixteen years later; The Review, G. H. Holton, November 1, 1880; The Resurrection-Eagle, David Magoun, October, 1887; The Review (revived), Saunders Bros., 1888, and The Globe, J. J. Faulkner, April, 1892.

August 3, 1857, the White Cloud town company received from Wm. Walker of Wyandotte, a painted picture of "Mahush-ka" (White Cloud), chief of the Iowas. This painting was made in 1826 by James O. Lewis.

The first school in White Cloud was commenced by Mr. Slauson in the Town Company building, Monday, November 28, 1857.

There was great rejoicing in White Cloud Wednesday afternoon, June 2, 1858, the occasion being the arrival of the steam ferry, "White Cloud", from Wellsville, Ohio. The boat's arrival was greeted with cheers from the crowd collected on the levee, and with the firing of a couple of anvils.

A butterfly, "alive and kicking", flew into the Chief office at White Cloud, January 24, 1858.

V. D. Markham was the first lawyer to locate.

The City Hall was built in 1858.

The first school house, a frame building, was erected the same year. Soon afterwards it was burned and was re-

placed by a brick building. This was sometimes used for church purposes.

At an early date the town was supplied with manufactories, there being a large grist mill, a carding mill, a planing mill, four saw mills and two shingle mills.

The firm of Russell Majors & Waddell, government freighters, made this their starting point, in 1859. Their trains were sent out from here for about a year, when a change was made, the company removing their headquarters to Atchison.

A flat boat was operated by a Tennessean named Stonecipher, for a great many years.

A planing mill was erected by J. H. Utt, in 1863.

In 1870, the A. & N. (Burlington) was graded through the town, ever since which time prosperity has never folded her banner here.

In 1874, a fine brick school building, heated by furnace and elegantly furnished, was erected at a cost of \$12,000.

To the credit of White Cloud it may be said that it has excellent schools and fine churches. It is the only one of many river towns established in the '50s, on the Missouri, that has survived to hold its own after a half century of severe trials. Sol Miller, while residing here with his Chief, always was proud of the town, and when he went to Troy to occupy a more central location, he preserved a warm corner in his heart for the town that was the birthplace of his Chief. For many years after taking up his residence in Troy, Mr. Miller exercised a father's care

of White Cloud, frequently visiting it, printing good news concerning it and even scolding the people there when they strayed from the path of rectitude, or showed symptoms of chronic indolence. White Cloud has kept pace with its neighbors in the building of schools, churches, business houses and dwellings. The columns of the local paper, the *Globe*, is well filled with advertising, which proves that the business men there are well acquainted with the secrets of modern success. In different chapters of our History will be found notes and sketches of White Cloud and her people.

Highland.

The design of the founders of Highland was to make it an educational town, and when the town was laid out in 1857, a site for a University was chosen. The following year actual work on the University began, and ever since the school has enjoyed a prominent place in the list of educational institutions of the state. Highland is a beautiful town, and has more of the picturesque appearance of a residence city than any other town in Northeastern Kansas. Although there is no railroad there, the nearest being about four miles to the east, it is a lively place with plenty of business houses and enterprising merchants, and is surrounded by some of the finest farm lands in all the West.

FRAGMENTS.

The first Sunday school was organized by Superintendent E. M. Hubbard of the Presbyterian church, about 1857.

About the time of the founding of the town a school was commenced in a log cabin, which was one of the first buildings on the townsite, and which had been used as a pre-emption house. W. McGookin, an Ohio man, is given as the name of the teacher.

In the same year, Stevenson & Deane opened the first general merchandise store.

The first inn was operated by E. M. Hubbard. There were fourteen rooms in the building.

E. Snyder was the first on the ground with his saw, hammer and square. He came in 1857.

The town has had five newspapers. The first was the *Highlander*, which began publication in January, 1859, with Faulkner & Seaver, publishers, and T. P. Herrick, editor. It was a strange conglomeration, a neutral paper, the publishers being Democrats, while the editor was a Republican. The paper had but a brief existence. In 1878, the *Sentinel*, an Independent paper, was started by George Hammar. It was dead within a few months. In November, 1880, John L. Parker established the *Central State* which soon passed into the hands of a man named Moore, whom Sol Miller frequently roasted to a delicious brown. In 1889, the *Nuncio*, a school paper issued by the University pupils, was established and continued for some little time. The latest was the *Vidette*, started in 1892, by H. S. Hogue, and still continued by Tobias Larsen.

Dr. J. Leigh opened the first drug store, but Dr. Palmer, a Homeopath, was the first physician, in 1858.

In 1859, a printer named Charley Whittaker bought the printing outfit of the Highlander, at Highland, and took it with him to Savannah, Mo., where he established a Democratic paper supporting the Union. A few years later when the war began, some rebel recruits, on their way south to join Price's army, ransacked the office, loading the type and other material into their wagons and taking all with them. Running short of ammunition at the siege of Lexington, they used the type and quads for shot. After the war a few of the besieged soldiers brought home with them and kept as relics, some of the type and quads that the rebels had stolen from Whittaker's office at Savannah, and which had been fired at them during the siege.

The first blacksmith, Aaron Baldwin, located in 1859.

In July, 1861, Major Herrick organized Company A, Seventh Kansas Cavalry. The company was familiarly known as the "Kansas Jayhawkers". It is stated that the "Kansas Jayhawkers" participated in four score of fights. The members were mustered out "with honorable mention" in September, 1865.

James Shaffer opened the first meat market in 1865.

A destructive fire occurred at Highland on Monday night, February 13, 1887. Six buildings were destroyed; a sudden change of the wind saved a large portion of the town.

The hailstorm at Highland on June 3, 1899, lasted less than five minutes, but the ruin wrought can only be estimated by thousands of dollars.

Fanning.

In the spring of 1870, a station was located on the Atchison & Nebraska railway, in the extreme southeastern part of Iowa township, and called Fanning, by Jesse Reed and James Bradley, who laid it out. It is located in a very hilly country, covered with heavy timber, but for a time was a lively village. We attended a Fourth of July celebration at this place when we were a boy and were well pleased with the friendly spirit of its people and the manner in which they made the eagle perform on that day. We shall always have a friendly feeling for Fanning, regardless of the fact that it is credited with producing larger mosquitoes and more of them than can be found anywhere north of the Yazoo river.

FRAGMENTS.

A blacksmith shop was the first building erected on the townsite, in 1870.

In the same year, a depot was built, and a postoffice was established with James Bradley to answer the important query: "Is there any mail for me?"

William Hedrick built a stone grist mill in 1872.

In 1879, the Catholics of the town and neighborhood erected a fine church.

F. G. Hedrick is still in the general merchandise business. He is postmaster and also deals in stock and grain.

The Latter Day Saints have an organization in the neighborhood, and other religions are represented.

A dreadful railroad accident occurred on the Atchison & Nebraska road near this place on Saturday night, June 8, 1872, resulting in the death of two men and the destruction of much railroad property. Superintendent Major Firth was making a tour of inspection over the road with his secretary, Mr. Allan. There had been floods and washouts on the road and as the engine was crossing the bridge near the Flick farm, near this place, with Firth and Allan riding on the cow-catcher, the bridge gave way, precipitating the engine and her passengers into a deep gully. Allan was instantly crushed to death, while Firth received injuries from which he died some days later.

WOLF RIVER TOWNSHIP.

Wolf River, one of the five original townships, was organized in 1855. It is one of most resourceful of the townships, containing an overshare of the excellent lands of the foremost county in the state. Along the line of the Rock Island railroad, between Troy and Purcell, lies 30,000 acres of land as fair and fine and rich as any that the sun, in his daily journey around the world, finds to shed its glory on. The township is, in fact, one large and beautiful farm, lavishly soiled and plentifully watered by copious springs and clear-running streams. There are scores of farms in the township, whose owner hold them above \$100 an acre, a pretty fair price for ground twenty-five

miles from a city! The first settlements were made on Wolf river in 1854-5. Some of the earliest settlers are here named: Parker Hooper, John Cummings, A. Q. Rice, J. C. Clark, Geo. Dittmore, Nathan Springer, John Prawl, Hugh Robertson, Grandison Wilson and John Wood.

The township has six towns--Leona, Severance, Moray, Bendena, Denton and Purcell. Three railroads--the Grand Island, the Rock Island and the B. & M. pass through the township.

FRAGMENTS.

John Cummings and Caroline Hooper, both of the Hooper's ford country, were the first to be joined in wedlock in Wolf River township. The ceremony was performed by 'Squire A. Q. Rice, one of the very first justices, in the spring of 1855.

The credit for having been the first white child born within the boundaries of this township is given to Perry Dittmore, a son of one of the very first pioneers, George Dittmore. The birth occurred in the Wolf river country in 1855.

The first death to occur was that of J. Waggoner, or Wagner, in 1855, mentioned elsewhere.

According to Bird's History, the first election in the township was held at the house of Milton Utt, at what was known as the Sac village, on the first Monday in October, 1855. Another account, more descriptive, yet lacking in date, is as follows: "The first election in Wolf River township was held in a blacksmith shop near Hooper's ford. Everything was

quite primitive. The voters handed their tickets to one of the judges who deposited them in an iron kettle upon which he sat." This, if the account be true, was, indeed, an original election.

A. Q. Rice and S. D. Gilmore were the first justices of the peace, appointed in September, 1855. William Lewis, the first constable, was appointed at the same time.

The very first settlements were made in the township by John Prawl, Nathan Springer, Parker A. Hooper and John Cummings in 1854. In 1855, G. R. Wilson, C. C. Clonch, George Dittmore, S. D. Gilmore and W. T. Rittenour, took up claims along the river. In the same year, W. Wood and Hugh Robertson staked their claims in the northeastern sections, while the Gronniger family came to the Independence country. In 1856, John Wood, George Bromley, Laban Jackson, Osul Nelson and George Malon took up claims in the northeast, while Charles Phillips, Thomas Lyons, Abram Bennett and Pat. Kirwan located in the eastern parts. Silas Loyd, David Hoppins and John Starr made their dug-outs in the southern sections in 1856 or 1857.

More than three-fourths of the early settlers of eastern Wolf River township came from Ohio, and each brought with him and retained his politics and religion.

A store of provisions was kept by Abram Bennett, on his farm near Prairie Grove, during the years 1856-7-8. He supplied the travelers who passed through on the old Pottawatomie trail. Perhaps

this was the first store opened in the township. It stood on what is now the Wynkoop farm half a mile west of Bendena.

Here is a copy of the advertising card of the first physician to locate in our township, the advertisement appearing in Smith & Vaughn's Directory:

GEORGE J. ARCHER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Residence half mile east of Syracuse,
Doniphan County, Kansas.

Calls promptly attended to from all
parts of the county.

CHARGES REASONABLE.

During the early days, 1856 to 1858, there hung in the postoffice at Doniphan a list of the names of fourteen residents of the Syracuse neighborhood. Anyone of the fourteen calling at the postoffice brought the mail for all and left it at Syracuse for free delivery. A little later they had a postoffice of their own.

One of the early blacksmith shops in the eastern part of the township was owned by Grandfather Osul Nelson and Samuel Hardy, first opened in 1857, on the Nelson farm just west of where Moray now stands. The blacksmiths needing coal went prospecting and discovered a mine in the Syracuse neighborhood which furnished them a supply. It was not the best coal in all the world, but it was the cheapest to be found. The shop did good business sharpening breaking plow shares, welding log chains, clevises, wagon tires, etc., and had the patronage of the travelers on the early trails, going out from St. Joseph

Another early shop, owned by Jacob Bursk, was located on the old Pottawatomie trail about three-fourths of a mile east of Syracuse. The site of this shop is still marked by a clump of trees, and scraps of iron used in the old place may still be found there. Bursk did much work for the emigrants and freighters. It is said that they kept him on the jump from morning till night as long as he remained. During the summer the lightning had been unusually severe, two men having been killed within a half mile of Bursk's shop, and Bursk decided to return to Ohio, where the lightning was not so freakish.

In 1860, G. M. Clem, a Virginian, settled on the upper Independence and opened a shop in which he did work for neighbors in both Doniphan and Atchison counties. The shop was situated on the northeast corner of the place, just one-half mile east of where the Mt. Vernon school house now stands. For many years it was a land mark. Every neighbor's house was referred to as being situated so many miles in this or that direction from "Clem's blacksmith shop".

Later, along in the middle '60s, Francis Fry opened a shop which was continued for many years. At first it was located on the Pottawatomie trail, a little less than a mile east of the old site of the Bursk shop. Within a few years he removed the shop to his house, where he did work for the neighbors until late in the '70s. It was in this shop that the first glass ball trap ever used in the

county was made. Fry was also a gunsmith.

In 1858, a mill was built on Wolf river by a man named Bartlett. Three or four years later the dam was washed out and the mill was abandoned. The site of the mill was above Severance about three miles.

About 1858, a postoffice was established at Walnut Grove, near Bayne's bridge, and Capt. Hugh Robertson was made postmaster. Some time later the office was removed to a point on Wolf river, where the mail, according to the testimony of an old resident, was kept in a dry-goods box.

A big Fourth of July celebration was held at Syracuse in 1858 or 1859. A big hailstorm was one of the attractions not announced on the bill of the day's programme.

In 1861, a Miss Strode taught a subscription school in a small cabin situated on the prairie about half a mile north of where Bendena now stands. The seats were rude benches fastened to the walls. There were no desks to lean upon.

Perhaps the first cotton raised in the county, was on Wolf river in 1861. A farmer raised fifty pounds and it was said to have been almost as good in quality as that raised in the South.

J. P. Bitner, who for five consecutive years, was trustee of Wolf River township, from 1862 to 1866, had, at one time, as much as \$800 of the township's money on hand at his house. At that time the county was full of robbers and

Mr. Bitner was placed in an unenviable position, for the law required that he should post up a notice, stating how much money of the township' she had on hand. Wishing to comply with the law, he was placed between the horns of that fabled monster called a dilemma. He knew that most likely he should be robbed within twenty-four hours after it had become generally known that he had so much money on hand, yet he actually complied with the law by posting up the required notice. No sooner was the notice posted than a friend, who understood the difficulty, slipped around while Mr. Bitner was not looking and tore off the notice, thus preventing the opportunity for a possible robbery. And Mr. Bitner never asked who it was that tore down the notice.

Wolf river was called Shnetonga Sepo by the early Indians. We regret that we are unable to find the significance of the word. No doubt the name is appropriate. Indian names usually are faithfully descriptive, conveying the true idea with great accuracy, if not always in terms exactly suited to delicate ears. It is said that the name "Wakarusa" was thought beautiful by the very refined ladies and gentlemen from the East, until the Indian legend concerning the river of that name was told about. The legend says that an Indian maiden (more practical than modest), while fording the river on horseback astride, getting into deep water, cried out to her friends on the bank the single word, "Wakarusa", which signifies "hip deep". After the legend had been "told around", the name became

unpopular and unpronounceable with the Class "A" Esthetics.

The young fellows of the Syracuse neighborhood had considerable fun mixed with excitement in the early days of the civil war. The Syracuse prairies were used as a drilling ground. Many a dashing charge was rehearsed there, and many a raw soldier received a full share of "kicks and cuffs and sharp rebuffs". One of the lieutenants was a spry young man weighing a little less than 250 pounds.

One of the first teachers in the Syracuse school district, No. 7, was "Old Maid" Baker, a lady scarcely on the sunny side of forty. Her christian name we were for some time unable to ascertain; but one of the old settlers of the neighborhood informed us that her name was Fanny. This same gentleman had the pleasure of taking the lady and her trunk from Prairie Grove to Doniphan when, responding to a "call of duty", she started for the South to help educate the Negro. Miss Baker was a highly educated lady, and was considered a most excellent teacher. She was wealthy, also, and was the owner of a quarter section of land on which a Mr McNulty now lives, near Denton.

During the '60s, wild turkeys were plentiful along Wolf river. In our youth we have patiently listened to the recitals of tales told by turkey hunters of the Hooper's Ford country, and to make a careful estimate of the number of birds killed there by these marksmen of unerring aim during the early days, we should feel like placing the number at

18,701, taking for correct their own reports. Yet it is scarcely possible that each hunter killed as many birds as have been reported, and in justice to our readers we feel that the estimated number should suffer a generous reduction. A well known failing of weak humanity is to overestimate and enlarge. Objects viewed in the blinding light of fame or glory often assume distorted proportions, and soft colors are made to blend and blaze riotously. Then, let us content ourselves by believing that the actual number of turkeys killed in these early times was much less than the above named figure, and that the narrators of the stories were honest men led, for the moment, from the straight path of veracity by the flash-light of enthusiasm. Hower, turkey shooting was, for many years, a favorite sport on Wolf river, and once in a while a bird strayed across the country to Independence, just to excite the curiosity and stimulate the ambition of the high prairie marksman.

Andy Weir, Joe Malon, Bob Pope, Sam Poynter and other good fiddlers, whose names we have forgotten, furnished the music for the dances attended by our fathers and mothers during the '60s and '70s, when high-heeled boots, corduroy pantaloons and paper collars for the men, and grape-vine hoop-skirts, Grecian bends and waterfalls for the women, were in fashion.

One of our early settlers traded his ox-team for a barrel of whiskey, and the friends he invited in that winter to help him drink it, declared that the old man had made a good trade.

At the time of the earthquake on April 24, 1867, a young lady pupil in the Syracuse school, which was then situated about a mile north of its present location, became the innocent victim of a misunderstanding. The teacher, absorbed in her writing at her desk felt a jar which shook not only her desk, but the whole house. Glancing up to learn the cause of the disturbance, her eye met the frightened gaze of this young lady pupil. Quickly arriving at the conclusion that the pupil was the author of the mischief, the teacher accused her of having used the desk for a drum. The young lady declared her innocence, but the teacher was in a pout, and made the pupil stand on the floor as a punishment for her supposed misdeed. Later, investigation on the part of the teacher proved that Dame Nature had had a spasm, and that the young lady pupil had been misjudged and wrongly punished. The teacher had mistaken an expression of fear in the pupil's face for a sign of guilt.

One of the largest eagles ever killed in the county was shot by John Gray in 1868, on the southeastern section of Wolf River township. The bird measured 8 feet, 6 inches in expanse of wings.

A third of a century ago, in 1871, the farmers of Wolf River township cut 3,565 acres of wheat, making 88,466 bushels; 1,465 acres of barley, making 25,334 bushels; 10,872 acres of corn, making 378,640 bushels; 1,482 acres of oats, making 44,064 bushels.

On the Charles Ladwig farm, on the boundary line between Center and Wolf

River townships, a short distance east of where Bendena is now located, there was kept, 1873, a pet deer that belonged to Victor, the youngest son of Mr. Ladwig. The deer had been brought from the West by the boy's uncle, but it never made a desirable pet on account of its disposition to butt visitors and make itself generally obnoxious when there was little or no provocation. It refused to reform and had to be killed.

The first threshing done by steam power was by Cook & Otten of Wayne township, who brought their outfit into this township about 1877.

One of the first self-binders to come into use in the township was a Walter A. Wood wire binder, in 1879, and was owned by the Gray Brothers.

About the year 1883, ten or a dozen of the farmers of the southern and eastern portion of Wolf River township, tried the experiment of having negroes do their farm work. After the first year's trial a few of the farmers let their negroes go and employed white men. After the second or third year the remainder of the farmers discharged their colored help and again took white men into their fields. These negroes were a jolly set, all Southern born, jet black and genuine sons of the cotton field. After their day's labor they would congregate at night at some neighbor's house to sing their Southern melodies, in which happy occupation they often would continue until a late hour. Stealing watermelons was their favorite pastime. One of the most successful raids on a watermelon

patch, of which we have any knowledge, and in which we confess to having been implicated in our younger days, was conducted by one of those colored gentlemen of which we write. They were a jolly set but failed to suit their employers. They bore the family names of distinguished men.

A Wolf River township man, who resided in Doniphan in the early days, described Captain Dunning's band of "Tigers" as being fine looking, brave men, dressed in gray pantaloons and blue shirts with red cord ornaments on the breasts, all anxious for smell of gunpowder and a little of the experience of battle.

Severance.

The town was laid off in 1869 by C. C. Clonch, John Severance and Dr. Robert Gunn, and \$500 was donated to the railroad company to build a depot at the place. When the railroad was built through Ryan Station, which was located about a mile and a half east of Severance, the company agreed with Joel Ryan not to put in a station within three miles of Ryan's. Nevertheless, soon after the locating of Severance, the railroad company put in a platform and a side track at Severance. Ryan went to law with the company, and after a great deal of wrangling the trouble was settled in a way, and a depot was built at Severance in 1874.

FRAGMENTS.

The first building on or near the town-site was the log cabin of C. C. Clonch, which stood some distance west of the

present site of the mill, and which was erected in 1854. Here, in 1855, Clonch was attacked by Swintz and Waggoner, whom he met at his door with a shot gun. With a single shot Clonch killed Waggoner and fatally wounded Swintz. These were, perhaps, the first deaths in the vicinity. The trouble is said to have originated over the alleged trespassing of stock.

The first grain dealer was Adam Brenner, 1869. Wm. Ward engaged in the grain business two years later.

The first store building was erected by Alexander Gunn, in 1869. The building is still standing and is in use by Wm. Ward.

The first blacksmith was Al. Porter, who came in that lucky year, 1869.

In the same year a postoffice was established with Alexander Gunn as postmaster. A few of his early successors are here named: A. S. Campbell, Nathan L. Springer and N. A. Springer.

J. J. Glass, (Johnny), was the first to don the "pinafore" and dish out "wet goods" to the thirsty, in the hilarious year of 1869.

Winchester Bell was the proprietor of the pioneer shoe shop.

The first hotel was erected in 1869-70. Its first proprietor was Elder Wright, who had been a preacher in Kentucky.

A mill-dam across Wolf river above the town was built in 1869, by Reuben Small, Thomas H. Franklin and Hazel Frick, and in 1871, a mill was erected within a quarter of a mile of the town

limit, west. In the year 1900, the mill was removed to town, the dam having been useless for many years.

The first school house "on the hill" was built in 1871, at a cost of \$1,200. The building, which is still standing, was bought by the Christian church people in 1894, and has since been used for church purposes. Some of the earlier teachers of this old school are here named: D. J. Mawherter, 1871-5; D. L. Carpenter, 1876; Wesley Trevett, 1877; Emma Plank, 1878; Lou Clonch, 1879; D. L. Carpenter and Georgia Scott, 1880; T. B. Marshall and Lena Linder, 1881.

The first hardware store was opened in 1871, by L. C. Nelson.

The first school was taught in 1871, by David J. Mawherter, an old-fashioned teacher of the old-fashioned school, with paper collar and red hair, worn pompadour. Mr. Mawherter was the first teacher of the author of this book, at Prairie Grove, in district No. 8, in the eventful year of 1869.

John Toner opened a harness shop in 1871.

In November, 1871, James A. Campbell and his brother, Arch. S. Campbell, opened up the first drug store. They had been in business in Chicago until the time of the great fire, in October of that year.

The Methodist Episcopal church was organized January 25, 1871, by Presiding Elder W. K. Marshall. The first pastor was Rev. G. Wood, 1875. In 1874, a church, costing \$2,700 was built. About the same time a parsonage, cost-

ing \$1,000, was erected. A tireless worker for the church was Mrs. Catharine A. Rippey.

Dr. D. J. Grandstaff, a Virginian, and the first town physician, located in 1871. He was followed by Dr. Bell. Dr. G. J. Archer of the Syracuse neighborhood, had been practicing in the country for some nine or ten years.

Dr. Guy S. Hopkins, who was a resident of Severance from 1874 to 1879, lost a child here by accidental poisoning. In August, 1879, the doctor and his wife removed to Gardner, Johnson county, Kansas, where, about thirty days later, another child, a girl, was born. During the doctor's residence in Severance, a strong friendship sprang up between his family and the family of Judge W. H. H. Curtis, and when this new little girl was born in Johnson county, the doctor named her Grace Curtis Hopkins, in the honor of Judge Curtis' daughter, Grace. About 1888 or 1889, the doctor's little girl was taken into a company organized for the purpose of reproducing Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy", receiving the part of the "Little Lord". Little Grace being a child of uncommon beauty, and possessing remarkable dramatic talent, for one so young, soon won her way into the hearts of the theater-going people of the two continents. Her mother accompanied her in her travels with the company, and she has played "the Little Lord" to great audiences in the capitals of the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland and Australia. All her successes and the flattery and admiration of the thous-

ands that have seen her, failed to turn her "pretty golden head", and she remained a sensible, sweet American girl, and today she is a bright star in the theatrical firmament.

Simon L. Ryan, the first servant of the "Blind Goddess", located here in 1875. Mr. Ryan was also the first station agent here, 1874.

In 1877, the town was incorporated. The first officers were: Mayor, W. H. H. Curtis; City Clerk, L. C. Nelson; Police Judge, J. A. Campbell; Councilmen, Amos Sanford, Dr. G. S. Hopkins, W. D. Rippey, Walter Clonch and John T. Kirwan. The first meeting of the council was held April 15, 1877. The town park was bought and improved by this council. W. D. Rippey is the only surviving member of the council of that year.

Small-pox made fatal ravages in the town in the winter of 1877-8. Some four or five persons succumbed to the disease.

A Severance man in poor health, failing to find relief by the use of Walker's Vinegar Bitters, so heartily praised by Horace Greeley in his time, tried General Pleasanton's "Blue Glass Cure", in 1877, and reported that relief had been obtained.

King Lodge, No. 144, I. O. O. F., was organized September 17, 1877. The first officers were: J. A. Campbell, N. G.; W. B. Hargis, V. G.; A. S. Campbell, R. S.; G. T. Dooley, P. S.; A. E. Cyphers, treasurer. About 1884, the Order built a large hall which has a large stage and plenty of room for the audience.

In the second story is the lodge room, ample and well furnished. Severance is a first-class play town, and the old stage in this hall has been well worn with the "tread of many famous feet".

B. F. Harpster was the first to open a bank in the spring of 1878. It was a private bank. Mr. Harpster continued in the banking business here until about 1895.

In 1879, Thomas McGee was found dead lying on a railroad bridge on the east line limit of the town. The coroner's jury found that he had fallen there during the night, and that his death had been caused by the rupture of an artery in the brain.

In the same year, Marshal Joseph Sykes was stabbed and killed by Ira McIntyre, at Sykes' door. This occurred on the old hotel block, the exact spot being unknown; but the location of Sykes' house was on the northern part of the block, not far from the railroad.

Early in the '80s, the Franklin Brothers, Ed. and Will, had a job printing establishment here. They did some most excellent work, and a great deal of it, for the merchants. One of the jobs turned out was a book of poems for a rising young poet of the county, printed in 1884, with red marginal lines and colored paper cover.

A Public Library was established in 1881, which is still in existence, furnishing the reading public with the newest and best literature.

Along in the '80s, the Barlow boys, local terrors from Union township, put a few dashes of red paint on the town, on one or two occasions. About the same time they robbed the postoffice at Normanville and shot Mrs. Normile, wounding her seriously. The Police Gazette published pictures of "the boys" and gave an account of their raids.

In 1882, the first elevator was built by Snively & Moll, at a cost of \$4,000.

In 1882, St. Vincent de Paul's Catholic church was built at a cost of about \$2,000. Father Pirmin M. Koumly, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's parish in Union township, was placed in charge.

Severance has been the home of three newspapers. The Enterprise, started by H. H. Brooks, in February, 1883; The Times, established in August of the same year, by E. J. Vandeventer; The News, born in April, 1889, is still living. The first editor was W. T. Randolph; the second, P. L. Gray; the third, L. P. Johnson; the fourth, Eva Ryan; the fifth, M. Lacey, and the sixth and present editor is Mrs. Hattie E. Peeler.

Frank Dixon's threshing machine broke through the Wolf river bridge at this place August 7, 1886. The engineer, Jake Mulkey, and his son, Caleb, went down with the engine and were badly bruised up.

Poke Wells, a notorious river horse thief from Missouri, was captured on a farm, one mile east of Severance, in the spring of 1887, and taken to prison. It was thought that he would be a hard

man to take into custody; that he would not be taken alive, etc., but he was caught "napping", as it were, on a very windy day, when his captors approached without being detected. When the officers came down on him they found him engaged in the very prosaic occupation of sharpening his pocket knife on the grind stone!

Severance had a conflagration Sunday morning, January 22, 1893, the most destructive in its history, which swept one side of the street, almost the length of the block. About 4 o'clock that morning, a clerk sleeping in the upstairs of J. A. Dillon's store, was awakened by something falling in the room below. He found the room full of smoke, and saved himself by jumping from the window. The lower part of the store was in flames and nothing could be saved. This building was on the southwest corner of the block. The fire spread to the adjoining buildings on the north and swept the entire side of the block, except Campbell's drug store on the northwest corner. The other buildings burned were, Leonard's drug store, Harpster's bank, Vigus' harness shop and a billiard hall. All these saved a portion of their goods.

On the night of Hallowe'en, 1894, a crowd of boys and girls, while engaged in a Hallowe'en serenade, was fired on with a shot gun in the hands of a man named Wood, who became angry because the crowd had made too much noise at his door. Two shots were fired at close quarters into the crowd, which quickly scattered in all open directions. No one was seriously injured, but the doctor was

busy for some time picking shot out of the lower limbs of half a dozen of the serenaders, both sexes having shared equally in the distribution of the leaden pellets.

A. C. Manwaring, once a resident of Severance, was elected to the Indiana senate from the Kosciusko and Wabash district, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of a senator, in February, 1895.

"Triss", a catchy little drama, was presented by the Severance Dramatic Company, in July, 1896.

One of the most interesting games of bass ball ever played in the county, was played at Severance on July 4, 1896, between the Severance News club of little girls and the "old boys" of the G. A. R. It was not only a contest between youth and old age, but was, also, a struggle between father and child, for many of the girls were daughters of the veterans. The veterans' costumes consisted of check shirts, blue overalls and straw hats, while the little girls wore caps, shirt waists, and bloomers and short skirts. Each club had its friends who furnished plenty of applause. The veterans made many good hits, sending the ball far and high, but stiff joints and dried muscles hindered them from making many runs. The girls won the game, the secret of their success being in their ability to run bases and score tallies; indeed, they batted the ball harmlessly enough, as if it were a thing of delicacy. Although the day was very warm, the game did not lag until the end, and the audience was the most enthusiastic ever seen at a base ball game

in this county. A game between June bugs and grasshoppers could not have caused greater excitement. The game was witnessed by about 2,000 people. Following is a list of the names of the players:

G. A. R. Club--Geo. H. Robb, Sam Moyer, Lafe Bowman, Bowen Small, Henry Dresser, Geo. Bird, W. Stewart, and Wm. Ward.

Girls' Club--Daisy Robb, Pearl Turner, Virginia Crady, Linnie Hancock, Rosie Delaney, Lulu Weaver, Lottie Tracey, Katie Delaney and "Harriet" Chapman.

During the years of 1894-5-6, five brick buildings were erected. Delaney & Lyous', Harpster's bank, now Morley's bank, J. A. Dillon's, now Gus. Ebner's, Ed. Heeney's, and the Turner hall. The years from 1892 to 1896, were the most prosperous ever enjoyed here. The Severance News, then an 8-column paper, had to put on side-boards to carry all the advertising--that is to say, it had to issue a supplement week after week. Ed. Heeney's appropriate title, "Car Load Heeney", was bestowed upon that hardware prince during this time. The Bank of Severance began reaching out for business to the farthest ends of the county, and soon found itself in the front rank. Gus. Ebner built a new store with a fire-wall, and sold shoes to everybody that had feet. W. N. Vanbebber had charge of the livery barn and his axle grease bill was no small item of expense, for the busy wheels of his rigs kicked up the dust continually. Franklin & Frick's mill kept rumbling on, singing the song

of prosperity. Delaney & Lyons used printers' ink by the gallon, Burnett Brothers actually sold diamonds to the farmers, and A. B. Showers was kept jumping about in his restaurant sixteen hours a day. Mrs. P. A. Corcoran had a dozen boarders and never served them a lean meal. Frank Leonhard, druggist, prospered and was happy. Frank is still in the harness with new collar, tough tugs, brass buckles and plush back and belly bands. Dentist Doc Bennett waxed fat in purse and person, never deserting the town except for a few weeks, when, in 1893, astride of his good horse "Calamity", he raced with Lucy C. Hunne-cut for a farm in the Cherokee strip. Bob Vigus, tonsorial artist, was continually busy in his neatest of parlors. He put his customers "next" from two chairs and was considered the most skillful barber in the county. J. A. Dillon, an excellent business man, was drawing trade from all over the county. J. R. Hopkins used half a page in the News to advertise his goods, and swelled his bank account to most comfortable dimensions. W. H. H. Curtis, one of the most able lawyers in the county, worked hard and won honor and the reward of coin. Judge Curtis has often been weighed in the balance and found full weight. Billy Ward, the pioneer business man, fed the hungry from his meat shop and grew fat himself. M. H. Peeler, dealer in grain, kept his elevator humming day and night. C. N. Willis, known in advertising as "Screen Door Willis", had gratifying sales. He was a persistent and sly advertiser. The Grand Island railroad re-

ceived a good patronage from stock men, grain men and merchants, and the coffers of the county treasury were filled with tax money from the town. Truly Severance occupied a conspicuous place on the map. She continues to hold her own and, in our opinion, will never be induced to take a seat in the rear.

Present business houses in Severance: Ed. Heeney, hardware; J. M. Morley, Bank of Severance; Lyon's Cash Store; Gus. Ebner, shoe dealer; Ebeling & Laverentz, millers; Gregg & Gregg, hardware; J. H. Blevins, cider mill; J. W. Pry, auctioneer; Jake Kersch, clothier; David C. Hall, barber; A. B. Showers, confectioner; J. A. Campbell, notary public; T. H. Franklin, justice of the peace and insurance agent; A. J. Clyman, coal and grain; George Springer, general merchandise; Mrs. Hattie E. Peeler, The Severance News; W. N. Vanbebber, liveryman; Mrs. E. R. Chapman, milliner; Mrs. R. A. Corcoran, "Shamrock" Hotel; L. M. Bennett, dentist; Chas. J. Foster, stockman; A. D. Hall, blacksmith; Mrs. M. J. Hambaugh, milliner; Miss Belle Zimmerman, milliner; R. H. Merrick, dentist; T. E. Horner, M. D.; T. J. Francis, lumber; H. C. Hansen, insurance.

The town has, at least, four men who have been in business continuously for more than a third of a century. William Ward and J. A. Campbell, who came in 1871, W. D. Rippey, who was on the ground when the town was located, and Col. J. W. Pry, veteran auctioneer, and author of two manuscript books, "The

Bachelor's Guide" and "Experiences of an Auctioneer".

Fire dates--Heeney and Lyon's hardware store, Frank Dixon's place and others on the north side of Linn street, 1883; Dillon's, Harpster's, Burnett's, Vigus', Leonhard's and the billiard hall on the east side of Dryden street, January 23, 1893; Leonhard's, on the south side of Linn street, 1894; Roach's elevator, 1901, and City Hotel, 1903.

Norway.

In January, 1869, a stock company composed of six farmers--Osol Nelson, G. Nelson, Thomas Steanson, N. G. Nelson, Abram Bennett and Tyre Nelson--selected a site for a station on the St. Joseph & Denver City railroad, to be called Norway. The company purchased of John Hoverson eighteen acres of land for \$360, and the town plat was made and prepared for record. In 1870, ten acres, belonging to G. Nelson, were bought by the stock company and donated to the railroad company, to secure a depot and side track for their town, which was built in the same year.

FRAGMENTS.

The first store, which was kept in the depot, was opened by Abram Bennett & Son, in the spring of 1870. We recollect that the goods were kept on the counter and on the cross braces of the building, there being no shelves of any kind. A very coarse brown paper was used for wrapping all classes of goods, from the best gunpowder tea to the cheapest ten-penny nails. Peaches sold

at from 50 to 60 cents a can. Sugar, a very inferior quality of dirty brown, sold for 20 cents a pound. Green coffee cost about 30 cents and other things were proportionately high in price. Even the staple goods for little boys and girls--raisins and candies--commanded extravagant prices, and the little fellows with the sweet teeth soon made the discovery that only five sticks of candy were given for a nickel, while at Doniphan the storekeepers gave six.

Silas Bennett was the first depot agent, in 1870.

In 1871, Abram Bennett erected a large grain house and store room combined. The stock of goods was then moved out of the depot and new goods added to the stock until the interior of the building began to have the appearance of a real town store.

The old parsonage, which still stands on the hill, in the southeast corner of the townsite, was erected during the same year.

A postoffice was established here with C. W. Bennett as postmaster, early in 1871.

About 1873, Tyra Nelson bought Bennett's stock of goods, but he did not long continue in business. When Frank Welton of Blue Rapids, came looking for a location, Nelson sold out to him. Welton continued in the store business until about 1880, after which he gave all his attention to the buying and shipping of grain and hogs.

The town has had, at least, three blacksmiths: T. Nelson, about 1874, Joe Senter, 1875, and A. Ferguson, 1880.

District No. 48, although nearly two miles from Norway, has long been known as the Norway school. It is one of the most widely known schools in the county, and has always employed capable teachers, paying generous salaries. The first school taught there was in a log house belonging to Chris. Turkleson. The teacher was Miss Betty Pry, now Mrs. George H. Robb of Severance, and the time was early in the '60s. The school had many a friendly spelling contest in the early times, with its neighbors, and especially with the Wolf river school near Bayne's bridge. The boys and girls that attended those spelling matches are now wearing locks of gray, but their eyes brighten when the subject of spelling school is mentioned, and the young folks, who are wise enough to listen, are certain to hear of something to their interest and amusement, in the line of a story that is certain to be told.

In 1877, Frank Welton moved his stock of goods from the warehouse into his new building which had been erected on the south.

In the same year, Hardy Brothers erected a store building and engaged in business. A little later fire destroyed their building together with Welton's which was close beside it. Welton did not re-engage in the general merchandise business, but the Hardys built again and continued in business for many years.

About 6 o'clock p. m., May 25, 1877, on the east bound freight train, on the Denver road, Conductor Peter Sharp met his death in the following manner: The train was so heavy that they had to double over the hill between Norway and Troy Junction. Half the train had been brought over the hill and the engine was returning for the other half. Sharp was on the engine and as it neared the train he jumped off on the track to run ahead and be ready to couple the instant the cars were reached. It is supposed that he slipped and fell across the track. Two wheels of the tender passed over his body almost cutting him in two. He gave a scream, but it was too late, the engine could not be stopped. Death was almost instantaneous.

The Norway Gun Club was organized in 1877, with half a dozen members. The practice was glass ball shooting; later clay pigeons were used. The club had a few crack shots that derived a lot of pleasure from the meetings. The grounds upon which the club used to shoot were literally covered with glass, and to this day millions of fragments of green, yellow and blue glass are to be found after the plow.

Sunday night, September 23, 1877, two stores--Hardy's and Welton's--were destroyed by fire. Welton who was sleeping in the store, broke a side window with his boot-jack and made his escape; not, however, without singeing his luxuriant beard.

About 1879, a large section house was built some distance down the railroad

from the depot. The building was burned a few years later. The house was occupied by Aaron Root, who gave many a gay ball for the young folks.

In April, 1879, a telegraph office was put in here with W. H. Smith operator.

In March, 1882, Leander Hoverson, station agent, fell under the cars and his leg was so severely injured that amputation became necessary. His injuries caused his death, March 23.

About 1884, the Lutherans erected a handsome church on the hill just north of town, adjoining the cemetery, which had been located there for many years.

The first and last regular saloon was opened in the winter of 1884-5. It was a small building and a very tough place. Before the doors had been opened for a second or third week's trade, the boys "shot up" the "chebang" and then overturned it. The keeper, from his retreat in a corn-shock, witnessed the ceremonies of inversion, and the next day, without protest or farewell, he went away in sackcloth and ashes.

During the '80s, buyers and shippers of grain did a well paying business, the town being situated in the heart of a farming and stock raising community.

A boy named Surensen was accidentally shot while attending target for some shooters, and died a few days later. This occurred in the winter of 1881-2.

November 4, 1887, Winfield Earhart attacked Andrew Delaney, stabbing him in the breast with a knife, inflicting a serious wound.

We can't close this sketch of Norway without mentioning Joe Howland, the pioneer carpenter, who came to Kansas more than a third of a century ago, and who has built more stores, dwellings and school houses than any other carpenter in the county. Mr. Howland is still a master of the saw, and square, and level, and never thinks of taking a rest. People trust an old carpenter as they trust and cling to an old and honored physician. We are proud of Mr. Howland's work and record.

Leona.

Leona is situated in the northwestern part of Doniphan county. It was laid out June 15, 1873, by a stock company of which J. W. Shock was president. This land was part of the farm owned by David Kercher, and was selected as the central point from which to ship the products of this fertile neighborhood. To secure railroad facilities, the company gave the St. Joseph & Denver railroad the land for a depot and about \$1,000 cash. The following year the stock company sold out to Henry Gregg, he assuming the part of the road in its contract with the town.

FRAGMENTS.

The first building in the town was the house of D. Kercher, which has since been purchased by Henry Edwards and by him remodeled.

The first business house was the combination store room and depot of Henry Gregg.

The first postmaster was D. Kercher, who, prior to the building of the store, had the postoffice in a cracker box in his house. Robert Mailler was the next postmaster, and he was followed by J. B. Brooks, J. A. Myers, E. B. Gatchell, George Schofield and Dr. Hoover.

The first death in the town was that of Ray Carpenter, a child of D. L. Carpenter.

The first wedding was that of P. A. Floodin and Ida Shock.

The first physician was Dr. S. H. Blakely. He was followed by C. B. Channel, R. W. Lewis, E. Walters, R. C. Pierce and C. E. Hoover.

The second store was built by Reed & Wilson.

The first drug store was that of C. B. Channel.

The first hardware store was that of P. A. Floodin, who also owned the first blacksmith shop.

The first Notary Public was D. L. Carpenter.

The first harness shop was operated by Frank Case.

The first meat market was opened by Kopietz & Marak, in 1875.

The first school house, near Leona, met with a tragic and unique end. School was taught in it in 1867, and when the fall term of the next year was to begin it was discovered that some enterprising spirit had stolen the house bodily. It was tracked to a point near Padonia, in Brown county, but was never recovered. In the fall 1868, what was then known as

the old school house, was built, and in it school was taught up to 1879, when it was sold to John Kaufman to be used as a barn. The third school house was completed in October, 1879, at a cost of \$2,300. Its size is 28x48 feet. The first teachers, in the new building, were R. L. Teague and Miss Nannie Nesbit. In 1880-81, Charles Bowers and Miss Emma Plank were the teachers, and in 1882, Misses Nannie Nesbit and Augusta Parsons were engaged; the same teachers taught in 1883. In 1884, Miss Francis Katner and Miss Parsons. In 1885, there was only one teacher, R. W. Norris, who had nearly sixty pupils enrolled. In 1886, Oliver Sarber and Miss Alice Brown were the teachers. In 1887, G. Watkins and Miss Ida Gouglar. In 1888, W. H. Speck and Mrs. C. E. Hoover. In 1889, W. H. Speck and Miss Mary Hill. In 1890, W. H. Speck and Miss Lizzie Brown.

Leona has but one church which was built in 1886, at a cost of \$2,000. Before it was built church was held in the upper room of the school house, every two weeks, by Reverend Kloss.

In 1885, Leona had a good library of nearly two hundred volumes. The library was open every Tuesday and Sunday evenings. Miss Ida Gouglar was librarian. The books were free to those living in town, the institution being supported by entertainments.

The I. O. O. F. have a lodge of about thirty members. They hold their meetings in the town hall every Saturday night.

Leona has had several literary societies. She also had a skating rink in the fall of 1884, but the building association found that it was ruining the floor, and it was closed.

The first fire in Leona was a small affair, destroying only the residence of Mr. Hartzell, in 1879. The second fire caused a serious loss to the town, and at one time threatened the destruction of the entire town. It broke out in the hardware store of P. A. Floodin, between 11 and 12 o'clock on the night of May 1, 1882. The third fire occurred in March, 1883, and resulted in the entire destruction of the grain elevator of J. B. Price. The elevator was an entire loss as there was no insurance. January 7, 1896, four buildings were destroyed by fire. The buildings burned were the hotel, Scott's drug store, the postoffice building and Dr. J. I. Hartley's office.

The pride of Leona, is her Farmers' State Bank, organized in 1895. The present officers are: J. D. Hazen, president; George Kimmel, vice-president; A. O. Delaney, cashier; P. M. Leonhard and O. Larsen, directors.

Business houses represented in the advertising columns of the Hustler: McCormick Brothers, grain dealers; Farmers' State Bank of Leona; R. G. Harper, live stock dealer; E. A. Kinsley, blacksmith; J. I. Hartley, M. D.; J. W. Robinson, contractor and builder; Leonhard Brothers, druggists; J. Ritterbush, general merchandise; Hendren's harness shop; E. Moyer, hardware; C. N. Willis, lumber; Gregg Brothers, grain; W. F.

Cook, restaurant. The population is about 250.

Leona is an excellent grain market, and the merchants are wide-awake and progressive. Scores of the wealthiest farmers in the county have their homes in this neighborhood. A number of the best Fourth of July celebrations ever held in the county are to the credit of this energetic little town.

Bendena.

The Chicago, Kansas and Nebraska railroad was graded through the county in the summer of 1886. Early in the fall track-laying was finished and people began riding on the new road. Three stations were located in Wolf River township—Albers, Denton and Purcell. The first of these, of which we now shall give a history, received its name from John Albers, a most worthy pioneer in the neighborhood, who owned the land on which it was located, and who marked off about twelve acres in the southwest corner of the southeast quarter of section 33, town 3, range 20, and divided it into lots to be sold at \$25 each. For a short time only was the town known as Albers. When Uncle Sam was asked to establish a postoffice here, he rejected the name "Albers", for the very good reason that there were other names of postoffices in the state of Kansas that might be easily confused with Albers. Many names were suggested, but a young man named Morgan, who was the first telegraph operator at the station, crept into the

good graces of the "powers that be", and was permitted to immortalize the name of his sweetheart by having the town and postoffice named for her. The name being a beautiful one, full of sweet vowels, it was well received, and the young operator ascended to the top notch of mundane bliss; but the romance did not end romantically, for the agent married another woman.

Bendena lies in the heart of one of the richest farming tracts in the Missouri valley. The townsite is an ideal one, situated as it is on the crest of a range of hills of splendid elevation, and commanding an almost unobstructed view of more than half the county. From the first it has been an enterprising grain and stock market, and now is made up of energetic business men and a good class of citizens. The trade line is not limited, the merchants being alive and ambitious, reaching far and wide for patronage that is retained by methods of fair dealing and the exchange of honest goods at living prices. There is no citizen of Bendena, who may not be justly proud of the town, and no neighbor whose love and praise are not for it.

FRAGMENTS.

A man named O'Brien, who lived in a shanty on what now is the Wm. Schwab farm, near Bendena, kept a barrel of whiskey for the boys in the dry days of 1857-60. He had a very good looking young wife who used to help him dispose of his far famed elixir at a handsome profit. It was said that their marriage had been a romantic one; that they had eloped on a mule by the light of a sum-

mer moon, he on the saddle holding her bridal dress, she behind on a gunny sack holding to her future husband. At any rate O'Brien's wife was a fortunate possession. Because of her winning way and her fair face she was a good drawing card. She could sell a dozen pints and get the money for them while her husband was convincing one customer that the stuff was equal in quality to that to be had in St. Joseph.

In 1859, or thereabout, David Morse, now of Oklahoma, began the manufacture of brooms at his farm house, half a mile west of Prairie Grove, on the farm which is now the property of Wm. Webb, jr. He made very good brooms for which he charged 25 cents each.

The pioneers of the Prairie Grove country used to tell a good story of the absentmindedness of Charley Phillips, the planter of the famous grove that shaded his home from the parching sun of the '60s. Mr. Phillips owned a store in Doniphan during the early days, and all the settlers of eastern Wolf River township were customers of his, with their accounts on his books. One day a number of them were gathered in his store. Phillips was sending out statements of accounts. Rising from his desk he came back to the stove where his customers were seated absorbing the genial smiles of the big and generous tempered wood stove and conducting with more or less vigor a political debate. "Can any of you gentlemen tell me," he asked absentmindedly, "what Jeremiah Dooley's first name is?" Instantly the laugh was on him, and

there was nothing left for him to do but set out the glasses and work the spigot.

Along in the middle '60s, one of the most treacherous mud-holes along the Pottawatomie trail from St. Joseph west, was in the hollow just southwest of town, where the cross-roads are now located. Many an ox-driver swore himself hoarse at this place, and stood for a moment on the brink of despair, while his animals floundered in the mire. Another infamous mud-hole was on what is now the Schwab farm, one-half mile east of town. A. B. Dickens, who lives south of town, was a freighter along this trail along about 1866, and well remembers these mudholes and the difficulties encountered by the early plainsmen.

A Bendena man has in his possession the sole of a shoe worn by him when he was a five-year-old baby. The shoes were made in Doniphan in 1869, by F. C. Hahan. The sole is exceedingly thick and heavy, and the heel, broad and high, is filled with large, long, zinc nails which made the shoe a load to carry.

According to the testimony of men of veracity the largest snake ever killed in the county, was found by a party of hunters on the prairie some distance southwest of Prairie Grove, in the summer of 1861 or 1862. When straightened out alongside a sixteen foot rail, the snake was found to be only a few inches shorter than the rail. It was a bull snake.

The first play ever given on an erected stage in the Bendena neighborhood was "The Charcoal Burner", presented Saturday night, January 15, 1881, at the

Prairie Grove school house with John J. Baker as manager, and the cast of characters as follows:

Edmund Esdale, . . .	Willie Kilkenny
Valentine Verdict, . . .	James H. Ryan
Matthew Esdale,	Pat Gray
Poynt Arden,	John J. Baker
Caleb Brown,	Dennis Delaney
Godfrey Harrington, . .	Victor Ladwig
Edith Harrington, . .	Kate E. Delaney
Old Mother Grumble, . .	Etta Robins
Barbara Jones,	Maggie Delaney

In addition to this drama two farces were given—"Turn Him Out" and "Poor Pillicody"—in which the following named girls together with some of the above named, took part: Celia Kilkenny, Rosa Lyons, and Mollie Delaney. A second series of plays was given February 25 and 26, in which all of the above and a few new players took part. The new plays rendered were, "We're All Teetotalers", "Michael Earle," and "Sarah's Young Man". The new players were, John M. Robbins, George Campbell, in "Teetotaler"; John Kirwin, in "Michael Earle," and Nancy Gray in "Sarah's Young Man".

The first man to open a store here was Bill McLin, of Brenner, who built a small "shack" in the summer of 1886. It was located on the lot now occupied by the store building belonging to Mrs. J. B. Severin. One night in the fall of the same year, this building was burned, the fire being caused by the upsetting of a lamp. McLin, whose custom it had been to sleep in the building, narrowly escaped being burned to death, his life having been saved by some young men who broke in the door and dragged the help-

less man out, but not a moment too soon. The store and all its contents were destroyed. Thus ended the business career in Bendena, of the town's first merchant.

The first building was the depot, erected in the summer of 1886.

The first dwelling was erected by Peter Pillods in the fall of 1886. He had his choice of lots and selected two of the best in the townsite.

The next improvement was the erection of scales by J. W. Howard, the pioneer grain man. These scales stood a few rods southwest of the depot. For a time there was not a great quantity of grain shipped, but the scales were not permitted to rust. The boys and girls came up from school every day through the tall grass and weeds of the townsite to be weighed, and they always found Mr. Howard accommodating.

In the fall of 1886, Victor E. Ladwig and John B. Severin erected the store building now occupied by J. P. Severin, and put in a thousand dollar stock of merchandise. The firm instantly won a good patronage, drawing considerable trade from the country south of town, which had been tributary to Atchison. It was an inspiring sight to see a score of grain and hog wagons in town and this single store filled with eager customers. Mr. Ladwig soon withdrew from the firm and Dennis P. Delaney became the partner of John Severin. Late in the fall of 1888, Delaney & Severin moved their stock of goods to Severance, and Bendena had its first attack of blues. There was little business in town that winter, the black

smith shop of Jake Bastian being the only headquarters for visitors. It was feared for a short time that Uncle Sam would discontinue the postoffice, it being a difficult matter to secure a man who would assume the responsibilities of attending to the distribution of the mail. Jake Bastian, the good natured blacksmith, accepted the position for a short time, and we distinctly remember the big, black thumb-marks he left on the letters he handed out to Uncle Sam's patrons. A few months later, in March, 1889, John Albers was appointed postmaster. Pat Gray put in a stock of goods in the Ladwig & Severin building, and Mr. Albers made him assistant postmaster. In August, 1889, Gray & Morgan—storekeeper and depot agent—established the Bendena Echo, which soon reached a circulation of about seventy-five or eighty. The paper was soon discontinued, but the types were not left to rest in idle repose. Gray printed and bound his book, "Butterflies and Roses", between calls of customers. In 1890, J. M. Wilson bought a half interest in the store, but soon sold out to E. Morgan. Gray & Morgan operated the store until July, 1891, when it passed into the hands of Morgan & Campbell. About 1893, it again changed hands, coming into the possession of J. B. Severin, who operated it until the time of his death, in October, 1899. For a short time afterward Mrs. Severin had charge, but not desiring to continue the business, she disposed of the stock of goods to J. P. Severin, who is the present proprietor with an encouraging patronage.

Councilman & Company erected an elevator about 1890. It soon changed hands, passing into control of C. E. Miller. In 1893, it became the property of John B. Severin, a man of great energy and courage, whose labors for the advancement of the town will ever be remembered with gratitude by the citizens and the town's neighbors. In October, 1899, John Severin died and his wife sold the elevator to Peter Severin, the present owner.

A postoffice was established at Albers Station and named Bendena February 20, 1887, with V. E. Ladwig postmaster.

The first blacksmith was Jake Bastian, from Atchison. He came in 1887 and did a lively business for a few years. His shop stood just west of Severin's store.

One of the most distressing fatalities that ever fell upon a family in this county came in December, 1890, when four members of the Delaney family passed away at Bendena. John Delaney, the father, passed away on the 18th. His wife died a few days later, and on the 31st of the month two of the elder sons, John and Daniel, followed their parents to the grave, thus making four deaths in the family within twelve days. Maggie Redmond, a relative of the family, lay sick in the house during and after the sickness of those that died, but she finally recovered. Typhoid-pneumonia was the cause of the deaths.

In 1890, a pleasant party was had at the school house on May day. Two queens, Myrtle Brown and Evie Kirwan, were chosen to reign. The pupils

marched from the school house to the shade of Mr. Howard's grove, and there in the beauty and quiet of the noon hour did they assemble to make preparations for the double coronation. Myrtle received a crown of plum blossoms and Evie, her sister queen, wore one composed of apple blossoms. After the coronation of the pretty little queens all sat down on nature's carpet of grass to eat a royal dinner. After dinner followed singing, dancing, marching and homage paying to the fair little crown bearers, until 1 o'clock when the teacher, Mr. Clem, rang the bell for school.

James Aylward was an early property owner in the town. He purchased lots in 1890, and erected a store room, which was rented to different parties. In 1903, he opened a restaurant which he still owns and operates.

Early in the fall of 1890, the Bendena Dramatic Company was organized to produce "Psyche, the Beggar Venus". The company was composed of six young men and three young ladies, who came together almost every night to rehearse the play and erect air castles in the land of the future. On the night of November 15, the company broke the ice at Severance, playing to a \$96 house and giving great satisfaction. Thus encouraged, the troupe decided to visit other towns. The play was reproduced at Troy, Wathena, Brenner and Doniphan, with the best of results. Three or four years later, responding to the urgent and repeated requests to reproduce the play, the company again went the rounds, meeting with the most gratifying suc-

cess. This company was a party of jolly good girls and boys, each possessing a fair share of real stage talent, not stage struck, but going in for a share of fun, glory and—well, the company earned something like \$300 within two weeks! From an old programme we reprint the cast of characters.

Psyche, the Beggar Venus,	Clara Brown
Roger Buckingham,	P. L. Gray
Lady Shirley,	Mamie Campbell
Lady Romelda,	Florence Albers
Viscount St. Aubrey,	L. W. Campbell
Ivan,	A. O. Delaney
Baron Wilanski,	J. Z. Clem
Felix,	E. Morgan
Father Alphonse,	J. B. Severin

In the summer of 1890, a 25-foot boat was built here by J. F. Bastian, for use on Independence creek during the fish-fry-picnic season. About that time there was a big fish pond on the Ladwig farm a mile east of town; this was the scene of the launching and christening of the "Minnehaha". Fully a hundred people, old and young, were there that beautiful moonlight night, and a more pleasant evening never was spent in this neighborhood. The boat, laden with some fifteen or twenty passengers, was cap-sized in the middle of the pond, where the water was nearly chin deep, and many a young fellow took advantage of the opportunity to perform the heroic act of saving the life of his sweetheart, only to have some other fellow marry her in after years.

In the early '90s, the town had an Indian inhabitant—Sam Jewett—who could tell as good corn-husking stories as any white man. He belonged to a Dakota

tribe of Indians, and went up to that country about 1896 to claim a share in their lands.

The first death in town was that of John Kosman, a Prussian, who lived just across the street from where the hotel is now located. The first child born in town was Gracie Bastian, in 1887. This is the little girl whose life was saved by the heroic act of W. J. Edwards, who snatched the child up from the railroad track where she was playing, just in time to prevent a freight train from mangling her.

Gabriel Gerardy opened a blacksmith shop about 1894. He was a first class machinist and had the instinct and ambition of an inventor. An invention of his, a disc sharpener, is now about to be patented.

In 1896 a hotel was built, and the town began to feel the first aspirations of ambition. For a time F. W. Reipen was proprietor of the place. In 1905 it became the property of J. C. Albers. During the summer it was operated by Mrs. Callaway, but Mr. Albers expects to take charge early in the fall.

The first telephone line, owned by the Northwestern, reached the town in 1896. Shares were owned by the merchants and farmers. In 1902, the first Farmers' line was extended out of town. Within a few months other lines were extended. At present there are twenty-five lines connected with the board. The very first telephone line in the town was one constructed of two cigar boxes and a coil of binder wire connecting the postoffice with the depot. It was put up by Gray & Morgan in 1889, and did very good service.

In 1896 the merchants and the farmers built a creamery. The Continental Company soon took control and operated it for some time. At first it seemed a paying business, but poor management made it unprofitable. In 1903, J. C. Albers, purchased the building and was rebuilding it to be used as a dwelling when, in December of the same year it was burned. The origin of the fire is not known.

"Bound by an Oath," a second play by the Bendena Dramatic Company, was presented in many of the county towns, in April, 1896, with unusual success.

In the summer of 1899 the big railroad well was dug here. It is one of the largest railroad wells on the line, the dimensions being : diameter, 24 feet ; depth, 80 feet. It is substantially walled with brick and the tank has a capacity of about 55,000 gallons. The supply of water is inexhaustible. The water is pure and sweet. The tank stands on the divide between the headwaters of Wolf River and Independence creek.

A big celebration was held here July 4, 1899, with about 2000 people in attendance. This was the little town's first Fourth celebration, and she did herself much honor. All visitors were well entertained and cared for, and many friends were made for the town.

One of General Grant's relatives sleeps beneath the sod of this county — John Valmore Hudson—who died at this place December 12, 1899. He was the general's first cousin, and had been a resident of the county for more than 25 years. He had seen trouble and his life had

been full of adventure. He served in the Mexican war. From Mexico he went to the California gold fields, but finding no fortune awaiting him there, he wended his way eastward until he reached Kansas where he was satisfied to remain. He was extremely modest in speaking of himself or his doings, but occasionally when in good humor he would give glowing accounts of his experiences in the "Greaser war." He was present at the capture of Santa Anna, and was one of the boys that kicked poor old Santa up out of the grass where he had been hiding. Although nearly blind from the effect of a wound on the nose received in battle, he was an enthusiastic reader. He was not especially proud of his illustrious relative, because of some trouble he had had with him. Hudson lies in a neglected grave in the cemetery at Moray, with "only a wooden slab at his head," but those who knew him as "old Uncle Johnny" will long remember him as a good and honest old man, who had a long and weary march through life with not a relative to help him on the way.

December 27, 1900, a big fire started in the lumber yard of Rappelye and Brother. A strong wind was blowing from the north and within a short time the shed and some small office buildings were reduced to ashes. Rappelye's loss was estimated at about \$5000, about two thirds of which was covered by insurance. The Rappelyes were wide awake business men. This blow to them was the prime cause of their leaving town.

In 1902 a side track half a mile in length was built for the accommodation

of passing trains. It is no unusual sight to see three or four trains at this place, at the same time.

Rural Route No. 1 was established in 1902, with George Swartz carrier. This was a great convenience to the farmers south of town who for many years had been obliged to depend on neighbor mail service by which the entire neighborhood received mail through the kindness of some man who had business in town.

The Rock Island road has many a small but pretty grass plot under the windows of its depots, but few of them are more attractive and beautiful than the tiny park laid out and lovingly cared for by agent O. B. Monroe.

The present business men of Bendena are: J. P. Severin, general merchandise; H. L. Vanverth, hardware; O. C. Hardy, drugs; R. R. Clutz, M. D.; W. C. Albers, lumber; Tony Schroeder, general merchandise; James Aylward, confectioner; W. J. Edwards, barber shop and notions; Tilbury and Son, blacksmiths; J. C. Albers, livery; The Bendena State Bank, and The Roycroft Shop, P. L. Gray.

UNION TOWNSHIP.

In June, 1878, a new township was created out of the territory of Wolf River township, and called Union. This township contains 36 square miles and occupies the south western corner of the county. Within its boundaries are most excellent farm and pasture lands. Independence has its rise here, in this region of never-failing springs. It is the banner stock raising township, especial attention being given to the raising of hogs — fine

whopping fellows—the equals of which were scarcely to be found in the West.

The history of Union is so closely woven with that of Wolf River that they stand today in the relationship of mother to married daughter.

FRAGMENTS.

The “Barlow Boys,” acquired widespread notoriety during the early eighties by their bad behavior in both Doniphan and Brown Counties. They were hard drinkers and reckless shooters. Raid after raid was made by them on the small towns. For a time they were permitted to pay their fines and go free; but the long suffering public lost its patience and the “toughs” were brought to time. The fact that they were very cowards was proved one day in Severance when a man named Miller took a few stones and battered and scattered the four of them. On the evening of April 18, 1883, they made a raid on Normanville, demanding liquor which Mr. Normile had been in the custom of keeping in his small grocery store in a room adjoining the room in which the post office was kept. They got into a row with William Normile. Mrs. Normile, his mother, came to his assistance, attempting to hold the door shut to keep out the assailants, when “the boys” began firing their pistols into the door and windows. One ball passed through Mrs. Normile’s ear and lodged in her head. They ended by robbing the post office of money and stamps. A day or two after this they were arrested. The “boys”—Tom, Jim, and Ed.—made no resistance. Later they were handed over to the government authorities. The eastern papers

made much of the boys, classing them with the James Boys and giving extended and glowing, but greatly exaggerated accounts of their depredations. The Police Gazette, the literary vulture, printed their pictures with a highly colored account of the raid on Normanville, and we recollect that many copies of the paper were purchased and read by people wishing to see how “the Boys” appeared in print.

On September 10, 1888, eight wheat stacks belonging to John Green, of this Township, and containing a thousand bushels of wheat were destroyed by fire caused by a spark from a threshing engine.

Centenarian Edward Heeney died at the home of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bernard Heeney, near Denton, July 12, 1901, aged 103 years, having lived in three centuries. All his long life he had been a stranger to sickness. He despised to ride in a vehicle, choosing to walk, unless the distance was altogether too great. Perhaps he went more miles on foot during his quarter of a century of existence in Kansas than any other man that ever lived in the state.

Denton.

Denton was laid out October 27, 1886, by D. C. Kyle assisted by Moses, John, and William Denton. The townsite is a beautiful one, and the surrounding country is the pride and wealth of northeastern Kansas. During the early nineties the little town enjoyed a most healthy boom, stores and dwellings springing up like May flowers. It began a friendly race

with Bendena toward the goal of prosperity. This race still continues, and at present the racers appear to be about neck to neck. The town has two churches and a good school.

Some early settlers in the neighborhood: John B. Gronniger, 1856; R. P. Shulsky, 1858; Nicholas Delzeit, 1859; John Normile, 1860; Peter McNulty, 1860; John Riley, 1865; Wm Denton, 1865; D. W. Edwards, 1868; J. S. Byers, 1869; Geo. Chaney, 1870; Geo. Denton, 1873.

FRAGMENTS.

Wm. Kirby, of the Doniphan neighborhood, erected the first store, in the fall of 1886.

The first dwelling was built and occupied by E. Callaway, who was also the first carpenter.

The first blacksmith in town was Tom Griffis who opened a shop in 1887.

One of the very early grain dealers was James Bundage, about the same time.

The second store was opened by L. H. Priester. A hall was built over the store soon afterwards.

David Schnee opened the first meat market in 1888.

Seward McConnell came in 1889 with a stock of general merchandise.

The first physician was Dr. Stewart, who was also the proprietor of the first drug store. He came about 1889 with his little black grip in his hand.

In the fall of 1893 more than forty car loads of apples were shipped from this point. The price paid was \$2.50 a barrel. The apples were extra fine.

E. Callaway was one of the mail carriers between Severance and Kennekuk, in the early eighties.

The town is situated near the site of the old stage station, Syracuse, on the Pottawatomie trail, where the Vickerys kept store early in the '60s supplying neighbor and traveller with bacon, brown sugar, and what is said to have been a fine quality of a certain elixir usually contained in a little brown jug.

It was while he was a resident of Denton that Wm. Kirby published his interesting book on Mormonism.

Business houses: Bank of Denton; Tom Griffis, blacksmith; J. E. Stepp, M. D.; Len Roberts, hardware; W. H. Pennebaker, general merchandise; S. L. Denton, meat market; Cummings and Elliott, live stock; Charles Murray, general merchandise; I. S. Pinyerd, contractor and builder.

Purcell.

This little town came into existence about the time Bendena and Denton were born. It at once became a good shipping point for the farmers who had long been obliged to haul their grain to distant points. It is not likely that the town will ever develop into a city, but it will always remain "a handy little place to have on the map." The farmers in the neighborhood are among the wealthiest in the county. One of the finest church buildings in northeastern Kansas is St. Mary's near this place, erected about 1898.

Patrick Shaughnessy, John Whelan, Patrick Brady, John Purcell, David Whelan, Peter Reichenberger and Kasper Troll were some of the earlier settlers.

CENTRE TOWNSHIP.

Centre Township was organized October 21, 1856, out of the western portions of Washington and Burn-Oak townships. The surface is mostly rough and broken, especially those portions lying north and east of Troy. Much good, comparatively level land lies in the western portion. Three streams find their source near the center of the township. They are : Mosquito creek, Peter's creek, and Cottonwood branch. The township contains 61 square miles, and some of the finest vineyards and berry fields in the county are within its boundaries.

FRAGMENTS.

The first marriage in the township was that of John Granfield and Nancy Jane Edwards, which occurred on Christmas Day, 1854, the ceremony being performed by Rev. S. M. Irvin, of the Mission. At that time there were only four families in the neighborhood, but all were invited to the wedding, and of course "everybody was there."

The first death occurring in the township was that of N. Carter, who died of cholera, September 8, 1856.

Rev. H. Maxwell, a Methodist minister from Doniphan, held the first religious services in the fall of 1856, at the home of H. Calvert.

One of the first saw mills in the township was built at Lafayette, in 1856, by a man named Lyman ; but it ran for a short time only.

Early in 1857 Mrs. Brown taught the first school in Troy.

In the same year J. F. Kotsch kept a small provision store on his place on the old trail just south east of town.

The township has three railroads and about 25 miles of track.

Three brothers, Jacob, John and Lewis Zimmerman built a threshing machine at their home south west of Troy, in the early sixties. The machine was made up of the good parts of many old and worn out machines so well put together that it gave good satisfaction. The brothers threshed nearly all the grain in the neighborhood with this machine. In those days the capital of a corporation would have been required to purchase a new threshing outfit, but the patience and ingenuity of these men gave to the neighborhood a "separator" almost as good as new. The fact of the machine's being constructed of the bones of old machines gathered from all points of the compass did not worry the farmer, because the work done by it was quite satisfactory. The Doniphan county man has always been resourceful. Whatever he stood in need of he was bound to have. If he could not buy it, he made it, whether it were a threshing machine or a ten-penny nail.

Grace Bedell, the little girl who asked Abraham Lincoln to let his whiskers grow, grew up and was lost to public view until John Carrol Power, a Doniphan county man owning the "Bony" Wood place near Troy in 1868, discovered her at Delphos, Kansas. She was married to a Mr. Billings.

A Mr. Newton was cleaning out a ninety foot well on the Ab. Kent farm near

Troy, in July, 1867. When he was about ten feet from the bottom the well caved in on him and held him fast. A great many people gathered around to dig out the supposed dead man. They worked about twenty five hours at the end of which time Mr. Newton was taken out conscious, and with the exception of a few bruises, sound and well.

On Monday afternoon, April 29, during the heavy rain which fell here, a terrible whirlwind, or tornado, passed over a narrow strip of country between this place and Wathena. The wind covered a track of not more than fifty or sixty feet in width, and its power was most fearful, and its effect destructive. The new frame house of a family named Doms living some three or four miles down the Wathena road, and a house near by belonging to a Mr. McClellan, were completely blown away. All the children of the Doms family were more or less injured though not seriously, but Mrs. Doms received injuries from which she died on the morning of May 3, 1872. — Troy Reporter.

In March, 1875, a wild cat weighing 40 pounds, measuring four feet two inches from tip of nose to end of tail, was killed on Mosquito creek.

James N. Gibbons, a resident of this township, is one of the few men now living in the county who saw the great flood in the Missouri river, in the spring of 1844. He was then a boy of nine and witnessed the flood from the Missouri shore.

October 6, 1881, a prominent citizen of

Troy had a fine blooded boar at the Fair which for size and other good qualities, took several premiums. The animal was literally decked with blue ribbons from ears to tail. At the close of the Fair the owner started to drive his pork home, with a rope tied to his hind leg. Just as they got on the bridge crossing the railroad, a freight train came thundering along underneath. The hog made frantic efforts to run, and the owner braced himself and held on, the rope wearing blisters on his hands. As the caboose passed from underneath the bridge, the hog gave a loud "woosh," and leaped off, falling flat upon the hard track twenty feet below, and bursting himself like a rotten pumpkin. "O, God! there goes my hog," exclaimed the proprietor of the remains, as he gazed below, upon the shapeless mass of sausage meat, bristles, and blue ribbons.—Sol Miller.

Troy.

On the 12th of October, 1855, the town-site of Troy was located by three commissioners appointed for the purpose by the Territorial Legislature. A few days later a survey was ordered, and eighty acres of land were laid off into town lots. The lots were offered for sale December 15th, of the same year, according to one report, while according to another report, the sale was not held until January 1st, 1856.

Troy not being closely surrounded by the best farm lands, has never been an advantageous point for the buying and shipping of grain. During the '60s there was no railroad, and after the building of

the two roads in 1869 and 1870, the town found herself in the race with many of the young and vigorous rival towns situated in the heart of the richest and best farm lands in the state. The first history of our county, published in 1868, said of Troy: "That it will make a great city is not expected, but that it will maintain itself as one of the first towns of the county cannot be doubted." Time has proved that the early historian had his glasses properly adjusted.

It is said that the town narrowly escaped being named Saltillo. The commissioners who located it in 1855 promised to leave the naming of it to the lady with whom they were boarding; but when they selected the above name, the men winced and began to weaken. After a great deal of circumlocution they broke their promise, and substituted for Saltillo the name of Troy. The excuse they offered for the substitution was, that they were poor spellers and quite unable to spell Saltillo without looking on the book. The Trojans may thank the commissioners for this; for, had the town received the Mexican name, sooner or later, the pet name of "Sal" or "Sally" would have been fixed upon it.

The town lacks only two miles of being the geographical center of the county.

According to Smith and Vaughan, and Bird, the first house, a frame building, was erected in 1855; but Sol Miller's historical edition of the *Chief* states that the "first house erected in Troy was by Nelson Rodgers, in the spring of 1856." Take your choice.

The stake marking the location of the county seat was driven within a few feet of where the court house is now building. On one side of the stake was written the names of the commissioners with the date of locating, while on the other side was inscribed: "The County Seat of Doniphan County on this quarter section."

Troy has been the home and birthplace of ten newspapers. Late in 1858, the first paper, the *Democrat*, by Joseph Thompson, began its existence which, however, was very brief. The second was the *Dispatch*, established in the fall of 1860, by J. W. Biggers. It lived for about a year. The third was the *Doniphan County Patriot*, a Jim Lane paper, edited by E. H. Grant. It began in April, 1862, and continued about two years. The fourth was an anti-Lane paper, the *Investigator*, started in 1864, and edited by H. C. Hawkins. It was short lived. The fifth was the *Doniphan County Soldier*, established 1865. It soon marched away. S. H. Dodge was its patriotic editor-in-chief. The sixth venture was the *Reporter*, established in 1865, by Joseph H. Hunt. In 1867 it was removed to Wathena. The seventh was the *Doniphan County Republican*, established by C. G. Bridges, 1868. This paper changed hands many times, and in 1875 was gobbled up by the *Chief*. The eighth was the *Chief*, which came down from White Cloud in July, 1872, and which is still reigning. The ninth was a second venture of C. G. Bridges, the *Bulletin*, began in 1877. It lasted about two years. The tenth, and latest up to date, was A. W. Beale's *Times* started in 1886.

After a "checkered" career it was absorbed by Pool Grinstead's Times at Wathena, about 1900.

The first store was operated by Head and Earle, in 1856.

One of the very first lawyers was Capt. A. Head, who tacked up his shingle in the same year.

Two pioneer carpenters are named by the historians—A. Simonson and C. Calvert.

A post office was established in 1856, with Captain Head as postmaster. The Captain never had the opportunity to read postal cards as they were not in use at that time. Other early postmasters were: C. Leland, Isaac Powers, George Wheeler, A. B. Burr, Antone Brenteno, and Daniel Bursk.

Connors and Howell were the first to don the white apron to administer to the wants of the thirsty.

The first hotel was opened by John Wilson, about 1857.

The first resident physician mentioned in the histories, was Dr. Payne, who arrived with his blue pills and black plasters in 1858.

J. B. Maynard organized the first Sunday school in 1859, and was the first superintendent.

The first shoe shop was opened in the same year by John Frank Kotsch.

The first court house, which Sol. Miller called a "brick barn" was erected in 1859, and was destroyed by fire in March, 1867. In 1868, after a bitter county

seat war, another court house was built near the ruins of the old one. In 1870, an \$800 jail was built near the court house, and is still in use. Until the building of the jail, prisoners were confined in the lower story of the court house.

Joe Nixon's cannon which stood in the court house yard for so many years was captured by Union men from Elwood from Jeff Thompson's soldiers in Missouri. Nixon bought it and brought it to Troy.

In the winter of 1862-3, two Jayhawkers, "Whitehead" and "Ridley", received their deserts at the hands of two citizens. Both were fatally shot, Riley dying immediately, while Whitehead, who was taken out of town by some friends, lived for some time.

The Presbyterian church, which was begun in 1864 and finished in 1865, at a cost of about \$2,500 was dedicated, January 1, 1866, the services being conducted by Rev. F. E. Sheldon, who remained as pastor until 1871.

Early in 1866 a brass band was organized.

The first Methodist church was incorporated in 1866. For a time the court house and the school house had been used for preaching and meetings. The first preacher was Rev. A. Bennett, of Wolf River township, in 1858.

Troy Lodge, A. F. & A. M., was organized February 4, 1867.

A brick school house was begun in 1867 and completed two years later. Prior to the erection of this building there

had been a small one story house of a single room in which the school had been taught by F. Brown. A few of the early teachers in this school are here named : Lyman, Emmons, Barrett, Woodworth, Daughters, Rose, Dinsmore, Cochran, Thompson. A third building now in use was erected a few years ago, and the town has good reason to be proud of it.

Troy Lodge, No. 38, I. O. O. F., was organized September 23, 1868.

In 1869 or 1870 David Morse began the manufacture of brooms.

N. B. Wood came to Troy in 1869, and bought 67 acres of land. He commenced his orchard in 1871, when he set out 600 trees. The next year he set out 2,000 more. Ten years later, 1882, he had 160 acres of land and 13,000 trees, 11,000 of which were bearing fruit. Of these, 1200 were Ben Davis, 4500 Wine saps, 1000 Missouri Pippins, 2000 Rals' Jenet, or Gennettings, 500 Rambo, 750 Willowtwigs, and 250 Dominie. The remainder was made up of Jonathans, Bell-flowers, Russets, etc. It was estimated that he raised and sold more than 10,000 bushels of apples that year.

In 1870 the first bank was opened by Henry and Louis Boder. Their place of business was a frame building which was destroyed by fire in 1872, and which was replaced by the present brick building.

Dr. F. C. Hoffmeier the first homoeopathic physician in the county, began his practice here in 1871.

At a fire in town in April, 1872, the women formed a "bucket brigade" and helped save the town. Credit for heroic

work was given to the following ladies whose names were printed in the White Cloud Chief: Miss M. E. Strahan, Miss Julia Blakely, Mrs. Otto, Miss Siglitary, Mrs. Lewis, and Miss Ellen DeLong.

An engineer named Clauser attempted suicide while pinned under his derailed engine near the Banner Mills, in December, 1878. About a year before this, his wife and child received fatal injuries at the same place.

Troy Lodge, No. 1317, Knights of Honor, was organized December 30, 1878.

A "Buckeye Reunion" was held October 3, 1878. The register was signed by 356 Ohioans.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, XIXth wife of Brigham Young, lectured here April 25, 1879.

In 1880, St. Charles' Catholic church was erected at a cost of about \$1,000. There was then a membership of about seventy-five. Rev. Father Timphaus was one of the first pastors.

The Colored Missionary Baptist church was organized January 9, 1881, by Rev. Henry Bacon. There were but eight members.

An American Auxiliary Branch of the National Land League of Ireland was organized here August 13, 1881. The object of the League was to render moral and financial aid to the people of Ireland in their struggle against Landlordism.

The W. C. T. U. was organized in March, 1882.

Helloing over the telephone began here

in the early part of December, 1885.

At the Fourth of July celebration in 1889, Thomas Davis, of near Fanning, the oldest man in the county, and the oldest horse, belonging to J. W. Baldwin, near Troy, were attractions. Mr. Davis was in his ninety-fourth year. The horse was forty-five.

In January, 1894, a Charter was issued from Secretary of State's office, making the S. L. K. Library Association a body corporate with the following board of directors: Laura B. Harley, Lelia Miller, Mrs. Mabel Campbell, Chloe L. Brown, and Minnie M. Schletzbaum.

First officers of the society were: President, Miss Eva Wood; vice president, Mellie Parker; secretary, Emma A. Toner; assistant secretary, Alice A. Amos; treasurer, Ida Byers; assistant treasurer, Effie Bridges.

In 1897, the 40-acre orchard of Ben Davis apples belonging to M. J. Rhue, made an extraordinary yield. A buyer from Waterloo, Iowa offered Mr. Rhue \$6,000 for the apples on the trees. Mr. Rhue shook his head, and his friends said he was foolish; but the wisdom in his upper story showed forth some days later when he sold 7500 barrels of the apples at about \$1.50 per barrel. Mordecai just pocketed the money and smiled a beaming smile.

Fire broke out in McClellan's hardware store on the morning of November 15, 1899, and within the space of a few hours after the discovery of the first blaze, one third of the business part of the town was in ruins. The fire quickly spread

from the hardware store to the opera house, an elegant brick structure which had cost \$5000. A lively bucket brigade was formed, and 150 buckets were operated with speed and skill, but to no avail. The Higby House, a large frame building, one of the landmarks of the town and the county, took fire from the sparks falling from the blazing opera house, and soon was ablaze from foundation to roof. Jenkins' grocery store situated near the Higby House, soon caught the flame and mingled its fury with that of the others. Leland's large brick store was partly burned, it being nearly fire proof. The St. Joseph fire department was sent for, and on its arrival, which was somewhat delayed, a line of hose was run from Hayton's pond a quarter of a mile from the scene of the fire, and a stream of water was poured on the blazing buildings; but the assistance came too late to save the buildings. However, some residence buildings in the immediate vicinity were saved by this help. The losses may be estimated: Opera House, \$6,000; Higby House, \$2,000; Jenkins' grocery, \$1,500; Doniphan County Bank, \$600; Baker & Bell, Attorneys, library and office furniture in the McClellan building, \$1,800. The total insurance was about one half the total loss.

Saturday night, September 1, 1900, an attempt was made to burn the Court House. The building was saved by the prompt action of the officials.

Henry Wagenknecht, of Wathena, secured the contract for the building of the new court house which is now in course of erection, and which is expected

to be ready for occupation by the Blind Goddess and her coterie of efficient servants, by June 1, 1906. The cost will be about \$40,000. It will be of stone and brick, with cornices of galvanized iron. A special levy was provided for by a bill passed by the legislature in 1903, which had been introduced by Cyrus Leland.

There is not a citizen of the county who may not be justly proud of this new court house which will be one of the finest county buildings in the state.

From the columns of the Chief we cull the names of the town's business men and business houses : The Chief, H. J. Calnan ; George McClaren, drugs; Helvey & Son, grocers ; Winzer & Klostermeier, hardware; Bank of Troy; Kemp & Conaway, undertakers; D. C. Sinclair, drugs; Hotel Avon ; Sturgis & Sturgis, restaurant and confectioners ; Norman & Zimmerman, general merchandise, C. Leland, dry goods etc.; J. W. McClellan, hardware ; Chris Jenkinson, grocer ; George Hagenbach, general merchandise; Frank Hauber, restaurant; Nate Swiggett, restaurant; George Burkhalter, general merchandise; Clark Brothers, millers; Briggs and Chapple, meat market; W. A. Morgan, livery; E. Monroe, veterinary surgeon; J. C. Myers, dentist; Wm. W. Minter, hardware; A. L. Perry, abstract of titles; W. B. Campbell, M. D.; R. S. Dinsmore, M. D.; Fleming & Lair, barbers; A. D. Jones, hardware; Grant Sweet, barber shop; Elwood, photographer.

Stray Notes.

R. M. Ladwig, a Center township pioneer now residing in St. Joseph, tells of an interesting scene witnessed by him in

the early days on the high prairies between Troy and Syracuse—a train of government wagons five miles in length, each wagon drawn by a span of spanking big mules. Mr. Ladwig says the scene suggested to him the idea of a huge white snake gliding across the hills, its head nearing the horizon of the west while its tail wiggled in the hazy hills of the east.

Doniphan County may be proud of at least four talented artists whose drawings and paintings are ample proofs of genuine talent. Miss Lelia Miller's fine painting happily illustrating her famous father's quaint poem, "Paw-paws is Ripe," is well known, and her work adorns the walls of many admiring friends. Miss Lou Nelson is very skilful in the execution of portraits. The excellent quality of her work has been acknowledged by competent judges of real art. Miss Lola Kelley, for many years a resident of this county, but now residing in St. Joseph, has an eager demand for all work coming from her brush or pencil. We are rather proud of our frontispiece picture which was designed and drawn by Miss Kelley especially for our History, and are glad to accord it the honor that it deserves. Miss Bessie Franklin, a Bendena young lady, is a real art worker. Her home is filled with beautiful portraits, landscapes and designs. She draws and paints for the pure pleasure it affords her, which is a true sign of artistic genius.

J. M. Morley, owner of the bank of Severance, was the first banker in the county to make use of an electric bell apparatus for the protection of his bank from the acts of burglars. It seems to

us that it would be an impossibility for any person or persons to make a successful raid on this bank. The apparatus possesses almost human intelligence. Mr. Morley has done much to protect the interests of his hundreds of patrons, and his labors and careful consideration are duly appreciated by them.

Rev. D. G. Saunders, of Stewartsville, Missouri, one of the county's pioneer Baptist ministers, is still laboring in the Lord's Vineyard, being in charge of a Baptist congregation in southern Wolf River and western Wayne townships. The Independence Baptist church which was organized early in the sixties was reorganized by him about 1877. A church was built, but was destroyed by fire. A second church was erected and the good man continued his faithful labors with untiring zeal. In the early part of his ministerial career in this state, Mr. Saunders had charge of a wide scope of country embracing three or four of the northeastern counties. He is a man of superior intelligence, broad minded, sociable, and kind, with a large circle of friends of all religious denominations both in Kansas and Missouri.

Mrs. Samuel Dawson, of Iowa Point, is a great grand daughter of Voyageur Charboneau, cook and interpreter for the Lewis and Clark expedition party up the Missouri river and over the Rocky mountains down to the Pacific coast, in 1804-6. Charboneau was the husband of the famous Sacajawea, the Shoshone Indian girl, who led the great explorers across the rocky wilderness, preserving them from famine and the hostilities of unfriendly tribes of savages. Charboneau ransomed the brave and beautiful maiden from the Blackfeet who held her in captivity, and made her his wife. She was loving and faithful. It is related of this noble woman that she saved from loss the Expedition party's journals which fell by accident into the icy waters of the upper Missouri. Being a woman of heroic courage and possessing the natural skill of a swimmer, she plunged into the rush of the ice laden water and rescued the papers from certain loss, thus performing an act which should endear her name and memory to every citizen who loves the doer of a heroic deed.

CHAPTER II.

POETS AND POETRY.

We here present a collection of verse written by Doniphan County writers, selected from the files of the county papers. Many of the writers here represented are natives of the county. Others have had their birth in the different states, and a few were born in foreign lands, but all have resided here, and the selections presented were inspired and written in Doniphan County.

SQUEAKS FROM THE SORGHUM MILL.

SOL. MILLER.

Tune—"Villkins and his Dinah."

As Martin was grinding some sorghum one day,
The mill got to squeaking and thus seemed to say:
Above sorghum, there's that to which man
should aspire;
Does your heart never throb with some lofty
desire?

Ri tu ral, lal lu ral, ri tu ral, lal la.

The commerce in sorghum's declining you
know;
The truck's a bit thin, and prices are slow;
And when you have sold it from skimmings to
dregs,
'Twill scarce pay for the hoops on your cotton
wood kegs.

Chorus.

I detected your darkies remarking to-day,
They'd put up with less love, and a little more
pay;

'Dis friendship's a good ting, as far as it goes;
But golly, it won't buy de chillen no close.

Cho.

"A feather bed's good, if they had time to sleep;
But midnight is feed time, and out they must
creep;

They must hush from the moment the sun shows
its tip.

And p'low by the light of the dip of a cheap tallow
dip.

Cho.

"So Martin you'd better be changing your
gait;

Instead of this drudging from early to late,
Take a high toned short cut after riches and
fame—

As a Christian and statesman build up a proud
name.

Cho.

"The hypocrite business is pretty good pay;
Build churches in which you can snivel and pray;
Then turn your old minister out on the sod,
And be your own sexton, and preacher, and God.
Cho.

"If men have besmeared you—embrace them
and kiss;
If men had faith in you, just kick them for this;
In deeds of sweet charity, nevermore shirk,
Relieve the distressed—but first take it in work.
Cho.

"Take contracts to work for the great public
cause;
Keep the outside free from all blemish and flaws;
But fill the odd corner with refuse and trash—
In that lies your profit—and profit is cash.
Cho.

"Be upright—whenever it brings you the pelf;
Be faithful—when that's the best show for your-
self.
Those men strictly honest are never in luck;
And honor with poverty runs "nip and tuck."
Cho.

As Martin thus heard, did his wonder increase,
Not thinking the mill only needed some grease;
"That voice is prophetic—I haste to obey—
Thus surely does Providence point me the way."
Cho.

"Thence forward the grinding was dismally
low;
The cane grew no more, and the juice ceased to
flow;
No more the old crow-bait walked patiently
round;
No more the rank pulp, rotting, littered the
ground.
Cho.

Men ransacked the markets and thought it so
queer
That the clear strained sap should no longer ap-
pear.
A wail of despair went up o'er the land—
Children cried and women longed, for Bow-
owner's brand.
Cho.

"Years came and years went, as the years al-
ways do,
While Martin unswerving his course did pursue,
Determined with might and with main to fulfil
By the fate pointed out by the squeak of the mill.
Cho.

"I saw him once more after seasons had rolled,
And he had worked out what the squeaking fore-
told.

Would you know how he looked when he acted
it through?

Then pick from this list a symbol or two;
Cho.

"The last end of pea-time—the skin of the snail—
A battered old can on a mangy dog's tail—
A bladder that's busted—a bubble that's pricked,
An old hat that's crownless and banged up and
kicked—
Cho.

"A tow-linen shirt that is minus a tail—
Old Jonah when just taking of leave the whale—
A cow sick on buckeyes—a three legged steer—
A shyster well played, with a flea in his ear.
Cho.

"And as he trudged onward thus did he com-
plain:

"I'll have to go back to the sorghum again.
The mill is a prophet, I think—so to speak—
By the profit I've found in the juice, not the
squeak."
Cho.

MORAL.

"Whenever you see a great hog of a man,
Who tries to get more than he honestly can,
That his purse and his fame may grow bulky and
fast,
You will find him come out mighty peaked at
last.

Cho.

On the high prairie, October, 21, 1872.

DID YOU EVER?

PAT. GRAY.

Did you ever take a ramble through the wood,
With the little girl you wanted by your side?
Did you ever feel so happy or so good?
Are her kisses any sweeter as your bride?

Did you ever to the orchard go to spark,
While her papa was a sleeping like a log?
Did you ever go a-groping in the dark,
Feeling 'round to get a brick to hit the dog?



Harry Mailer,
Editor Leona Hustler.



A. W. Themanson,
Editor Wathena Republican.



Mrs. Eva Ryan Swayze.



Tobias Larson,
Editor Highland Vidette

Did you ever keep your lady out too late,
 When she'd promised to be in by ten o'clock?
 Did you ever grease the hinges of the gate,
 Just to please the quiet people in the block?

Did her father ever catch her on your knee,
 With her loving little arms around your neck?
 Did he look as if he thought it shouldn't be?
 Did he tell you it was time for you to trek?

Did you ever fondly kiss her curly hair?
 Did you clip a lock to have when she'd be gone?
 After marriage was the article so rare?
 Did you find it in the butter later on?

Did you ever find her in a little pout?
 Did you pat her head and kiss away her tear?
 Since you're married, when you have a falling out,
 Do you think to kiss her good and call her
 "dear?"

When your sweetheart had a package to be
 brought,
 Did you ever dare to grumble at the weight?
 Since you're papa, do you do the things you'd
 ought?
 Do you think to carry baby much of late?

KANSAS.

CHARLES R. HEWINS

We're just as glad as we can be,
 That Kansas is not Tennessee,
 Or any other sovereign State,
 No matter whether small or great,
 Because we love her even more
 Than man has loved his State before;
 And if from her we choose to roam,
 We'll ever think of her as home;
 We blow our country's bugle horn,
 And bless the day our State was born.

The boundless prairies, all our own,
 Our homes among the greatest flowers—
 A barren waste before the war,
 But it's a barren waste no more.
 New countries have privations great;
 'Twas we who built our homes and state;
 Our schools and churches we'll promote,
 And give to each his own free vote;
 And guard our homes, nor let strong drink
 Bring us at last to ruin's brink.

It is the state for you and me,
 With earth and air and sky so free;
 With sparkling dew upon the corn,
 And braeing balmy air at morn;
 With bright green grass and golden wheat,
 'Tis here the flowers of richest hue
 Waste their sweet fragrance on the dew,
 And brightest birds in early spring
 Pipe forth our motto, "Corn is King."

We welcome all to this, our home—
 You can not find a richer loam;
 And if with us you east your lot,
 We'll hand to you the best we've got.
 If all will do what's right and true
 (And that is what we all shall do,)
 Then when we die—for die we must—
 We'll know to whom we leave this trust;
 And stately trees and golden maize
 Will bough their heads to all in praise.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

MRS. EMILY STOCKING.

I walked in the moonlight's shimmering ray,
 To list what the old year had to say;
 To hear some tale of deep distress,
 Of hearts that beat in joyousness.

But the silence of night was scarcely broke.
 So soft and low was the voice that spoke;
 "A lesson of life I'll teach to thee—
 Only a moment listen to me.

Dost hear in the grove the wind's low sigh,
 Telling of hopes which with manhood die?
 He clings to life, but his time has flown,
 And over his joys dead leaves are strewn.

Tiny flowers that peeped out one by one,
 Caressed and nursed by the warm summer's
 sun,
 Lie faded and dead in our Wintry way—
 So innocent childhood passes away.

The earth may be robed in her richest dress,
 And the bride may smile in her joyousness;
 But dying tonight, I lift the pall,
 And breathe to your soul the fate of all.

Dost see yon river? Ice-bound and still;
 Emblem of age; hopes frozen and chilled;"
 They folded their hands on their weary breast,
 'I am done with earth; O, let me rest."

Charleston, Kan., Jan. 1, 1874.

THE GROUND HOG.

BY SOL. MILLER.

It's O, for the times of our fathers;
 And O, for the good old days,
 Ere the up-start prophets of weather
 Came with their new fangled ways;
 When the lowly and humble ground-hog
 That balances the season's fate,
 Knew naught of the puzzle of science,
 But knew how to watch and wait.

In his burrow in woodland hillside,
 Hard-by some ice-covered stream,
 He waits for the time appointed,
 Then wakes from his winter's dream.
 From his door he cautiously peereth,
 For shadows that come before.
 O Wiggins, O Hicks, with their wisdom,
 Might envy his subtle lore.

Then will we not learn from the ground hog
 A lesson of value to man?
 He patiently waits without worry,
 And doeth the best he can.
 He takes whatever is offered,
 With never a growl or scold;
 If it isn't warm to his liking,
 He's willing take it cold.

M. E. CHURCH DEDICATION.

(Highland, Kansas.)

MARY DEANE.

Cradled, O, God within thy hand,
 As suppliants we before Thee stand,
 To do thy will,
 Obedient to command of old,
 Uprose this house thy name to hold!
 It will thy glory fill!

Upon thy loving heart, oh, trace
 This temple for thy dwelling place,
 Most holy One in three;
 Here may the heralds of thy love
 Transfix the eyes on joys above,
 And lead the soul to Thee!

Bless those that bade these walls arise;
 Grant them a mansion with the wise,
 When called from time to go;
 All o'er these prairies, vast and grand,
 May temples rise and converts stand,
 Till all the Saviour know.

THE OLD MAID.

EVA RYAN.

She gave her life to love. She never knew
 What other women give their all to gain.
 Others were fickle. She was passing true,
 She gave pure love, and faith without a stain.
 She never married. Suitors came and went:
 The dark eyes flashed their love on one alone,
 Her life was passed in quiet and content,
 The old love reigned. No rival shar'd the throne.
 Think you her life was wasted? Vale and hill
 Blossomed in summer, and white winter came.
 The blue ice stiffened on the silent rill;
 All times and seasons found her still the same.
 Her heart was full of sweetness till the end.
 What once she gave she never took away.
 Through all her youth she loved one faithful
 friend,
 She loves him now her hair is growing gray.

TO THE RIVER.

ALMA KELLEY.

River, sad and dreary river,
 Flowing where the rushes shiver,
 Where the breezes softly sigh,
 Tell to me the song you're chanting
 In the dreamy days of planting—
 Is it baby's lullaby?

Do you sing of sunny meadows
 Where the snow-clouds trail their shadows,
 Passing like a phantom throng?
 Or to nestlings in the willows,
 Rocking, swaying on the billows—
 Do you sing a cradle song?

ANSWER.

Once beside my laughing water
 Lived a boatman's sunny daughter,
 Fairer than the buds of May.
 Underneath the dancing billow,
 With her gold hair for a pillow
 All alone she sleeps to-day.

And my wavelets onward sweeping
 Pause not for a mother's weeping—
 I must ever speed along;
 But for sake of those who love her
 Gently gliding past above her,
 I must croon my slumber song.



John P. Johnson.



Dr. R. S. Dinsmore.



Dr. W. B. Campbell.

THE FOUNDING OF THE IOWA MISSION.

ANONYMOUS.

Hushed at last in balmy slumbers,
Where the wild flowers drink the dew,
Unlamented lie the red men
Once our rolling prairies knew.

Where the pawpaw trees, still growing,
Spread their broad leaves in the sun;
Where, in tangled dell of hazel,
Brooks with merry babble run.

Mellow Autumn, sadly lingering,
Scatters 'round her withered leaves;
Summer's rainy tears fall gently,
Winter's cold wind o'er them grieves.

Love and hate can thrill no longer,
Life's delirium now is past,
So shall we, like them, be only
Dust, unconscious dust, at last.

Yonder, by the trees half hidden,
Stands the Missions' crumbling walls;
Heedless, if loud beats the tempest,
Or soft moonlight o'er them falls.

Pathways old, with faded grasses,
And with creeping vines grown o'er,
Tell us of what has been only,
And of what shall be no more.

Tell us of one now reposing,
Who so oft these ways has trod;
One who came to teach the savage,
And to turn him to his God.

Feeble though, and frail in body,
His the heart but to obey;
Ah, then, how sublime the sowing
For the harvest of today!

Then there were no home scenes happy
On our prairies spread afar;
Still day came with sun and vanished;
Night with moon and glittering star.

In the distant forest jungle
Sang the lonely whippoorwill,
Sang and listened to the echoes
Answering faintly from the hill.

Flowers of brilliant hue in Spring-time
Poured their fragrance on the air;
Fifty times they've bloomed and withered,
Since arose those walls with prayer.

All hail, wondrous transformation!
Who has made our prairies bloom?
He who dared to pierce the desert,
With its perils and its gloom.

All hail glorious coronation,
Yonder in the bright blue sky!
Lo, the souls he saved from error,
Lift their flaunting banners high.

Rescued from earth's midnight shadows;
Saved from superstition's thrall;
Rolls the great choir's glad Te Deum
Over tower and jasper wall.

TO MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER.

(Aged Ninety-eight)

NORMAN K. HICKMAN.

I count it a love and an honored tie,
That fetters my youthful heart to thee,
Grandmother dear with the silvery hair—
Sweet may life's closing twilight be.

Rosy and fair are the sunset hues;
Rosy and fair was the morning's dawn;
Tho' stormy oft were the hours between,
Restful and sweet is the night stealing on.

The billows roll up from the years long fled,
And passing break on the silent shore;
They are fraught with the scenes of a hundred
years;
With hopes and joys that are earth's no more.

'Tis the honest boast of a life well lived,
Of work well done, that I breathe to-day;
Oh, crown with laurels the worthy brow.
Age is not winter, but flow'ring May.

You say that your skies have a mournful cast,
That the dismal clouds move sad and slow.
But bluer skies shall be thine ere long,
Than the children of dust on earth can know.

The old sights sink in oblivion's sea;
The earthly fades from the aching view,
O, sweet transition from earthly ills—
Behold the Lord makes all things anew.

Come there no sounds from balmier climes
Of the rhythmic strains that the faithful sing?
There the eyes are ever undimmed by age,
And the hills are aglow with perpetual spring.

WHO IS TO BLAME!

MAUD ABBEY.

"Resistance to wrong is obedience to God."

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Still
The cowardly words of Cane
Ring out where'r entrenched wrong
Attains its end through pain.
Are we to blame for aught of woe
That clouds the passing years,
And must we bear upon our hearts
Our brother's pain and tears?

Are to blame for childhood robbed
And sold in labors's mart,
Of God's own bounteous gifts to all
Denied their rightful part?
If from their sordid, untaught youth
Spring deeds of sin and shame.
To flood our land with misery,
Ah, who shall be to blame?

For manhood's treasure, sacred truth
Bartered for daily bread;
For right to win from God's storehouse
Wherewith we shall be fed;
For white souls soiled and dragged into
The mire of sin and shame;
For shipwrecked hopes and darkened lives—
Oh, God, are we to blame?

Oh, may the nation's great heart go
Out to the suffering ones;
The light of hope is dawning for
America's loved sons.
Press onward then, my native land,
Keep well thy upward path;
Escape the anger of thy God,
The winepress of his wrath.

TELLING STORIES.

EVA RYAN.

My little one climbs on my knee to say,
In the coaxingest, cunningest kind of way,
"Please tell me a story, just one," and this
He says with a hug and a long, long kiss,
That he gives as the story teller's fee;
So what can I do but grant his plea?

Shall I tell the story of "Little Boy Blue"?
"No, no, dear Mamma, dest somthin' new!"

This bars the way then for "Little Bo Peep,"
And the boy in the haystack fast asleep;
The pigs that went to market, too:
What kind of a story shall I tell you?

"O, somfin' pitty!" And I begin,
With a kiss for the dimpled cheek and chin,
And what I tell him I scarcely know,
Since the thread of my story tangles so
That I loose the run of it, half way through,
But that doesn't matter—"It's sometfin' new."

The story ends: there's a pause, and then—
"Please, Mamma" pleadingly, "tell it again."
And I tell it over, and when it is done,
There's quick demand for another one.
And the queerest stories that I invent
Are those with which he is most content.

All at once the lids of my little one's eyes
Waver, and droop, and in vain he tries
To lift them, and keep them from closing quite.
A moment more and they shut the light
Away from the eyes that with dreams are deep,
And my lover of stories is fast asleep.

LULLABY.

LOLA KELLEY.

O, sleep, baby, sleep, for the twilight is dying,
And over the clover bright dew drops are
strewn,
While out of the west scented zephyrs are flying
To toss the lace curtain clouds over the moon.
The owl and the whippoorwill down by the river,
Are waiting the death of the day in the west
And the breath of the wind bids the willows to
quiver,
To rock the bird babies to sleep in their nest.
The fairy bell flowers o'er yonder are swinging
And low, dreamy music is wafted to thee;
Then sleep till the birds in the tree tops are
singing,
And sunbeams are raining their gold on the
sea.
Now safe into dreamland go thou a drifting,
While white winged angels their love virgils
keep—
For over your eyelids the sand man is sifting,
The dream sand that coaxes my darling to sleep!

MABEL.

THOMAS W. HEATLEY.

(To my little neighbor, Mabel Perry.)

Mabel—dainty little maiden—
 Sweet blonde of purest type;
 Rose tinted cheeks, and pouting lips,
 Like summer cherries ripe.

Deep blue eyes that sparkle fair,
 Like diamonds in the night;
 And heavy, sunlit tresses flow
 Above her shoulders white.

A voice both soft and musical,
 And in her fair young face,
 Is set the seal of purity
 And intellectual grace.

A fairy form, a gentle step,
 True grace in ev'ry motion,
 As sweet a child as in the land,
 And worth a life's devotion.

And though our dear no princess is,
 Simply a child so fair,
 With any royal maiden born,
 I'm sure she will compare,

And more than this—than outer charms—
 Her beauty lies within;
 And may her goodness ever serve
 To shame away all sin.

WHEN A BOY.

JOSEPH C. CORDONIER.

The old home stands upon the hill,
 And lo, behold, I see it still,
 And there, beneath the sunny sky,
 I sat and watched the birds go by,
 And wondered if I e'er would be
 A man, some day—it troubled me.
 Where there was sorrow now is joy,
 For I'm no more to be a boy.

My father was poor neighbor Bill,
 Who lives across on the other hill;
 He always was willing to do his part,
 And that's the way he got his start.
 He labored and toiled from morn till night,
 In summer days, when the sun shone bright;
 And so he kept me in his employ,
 To drive the cows up, when a boy.

When a boy I worked my father's farm—
 Some days hauled hay into his barn;
 And from our brows streams would flow—
 Even when I had to mow.
 But how the time has quickly past;
 I'm getting old, I can not last;
 My boyhood days will soon be o'er,
 My work days then will be no more.

I often wandered down the hill,
 To watch the weary water-mill
 Grind the wheat up into flour—
 I sat and watched it hour by hour.
 When turning 'round, to my surprise,
 I caught a sight before my eyes,
 My mother's heart then filled with joy,
 Again she found me, when a boy.

Long months and years have come and gone,
 Since first the day that I was born;
 But now the time is growing late,
 'Twill not be long for me to wait.
 The time will come and soon will we
 Be launched into eternity,
 And now my heart is all but joy—
 I only wish I was a boy.

WE WILL FORGET.

EVA RYAN.

We will forget —ah, forget at last,
 Though heart be sad and eye with teardrop
 wet;

The sunshine and shadow of the past
 We will forget.

Our happy hours together, all too fleet;
 Your words of love, that stir me strangely yet:
 The clinging arms; the kisses, tender, sweet,
 We will forget.

In future years the day may dawn at last
 When we may meet as ere we loved we met;
 When, lost in Lethe's wave, the happy past
 We will forget.

And yet, oh heart of mine, that throbs amiss
 With all this weight of sorrow and regret,
 All earth—all heaven—is changed because of
 this—

We will forget.

OLD AND POOR.

MAUD ABBEY.

He stood beside the open door,
 His form bent 'neath the weight of years;
 A man whose life held trials sore,
 And sorrow far to deep for tears.
 His pale, sad face was pinched with cold,
 His feeble, trembling hands were bare,
 While through his garments, thin and old,
 Unhindered swept the wintry air.

"A crust of bread in Pity's name:
 A few hours' shelter from the cold."
 Oh, God, we see with bitter shame
 The fate in store for poor and old.
 We boast of progress all in vain;
 Life's lessons all are read amiss;
 A bitter life of toil and pain,
 E'er hoping, ne'er getting but this.

In hopeful youth no boding fears
 Shadowed the happy hours with gloom
 But now he finds life's closing years
 Embittered by the pauper's doom.
 He gave his talent, strength and time
 To add unto the nation's store,
 And now, long past his manhood's prime,
 His bread he begs from door to door.

Too long have we been blinded by
 The specious lies of greed and sin;
 We give the poor in charity
 What they themselves have helped to win.
 No peaceful home for old and poor,
 No rest for weary, aching feet;
 Behind them clangs the almshouse door.
 Or death at last, upon the street.

DEATH OF GENERAL CUSTER.

MARIAN S. LIVERMORE.

O Custer, valiant Custer,
 Can this dread news be true?
 (The bravest band in all the land
 That wore their Country's blue.)
 Dishonor never stained his name,
 Defeat he never knew.
 O Custer of the golden locks,
 The heart that knew no fear,
 The land that honors heroes dead
 Shall hold thy memory dear.

Nor lack of praise from bearded lips,
 Nor dearth of woman's tears.

On all the Southern battle-fields,
 Where fell our Nation's pride,
 No truer soldiers ever fought,
 No braver ever died,
 Than rest within those deep ravines,
 Or by the river's side.

Be scorned, the envious voice from the East,
 Reproach upon the brave,
 To blast the laurels on the brows
 Asleep in honored graves,
 Who died from worse than carnage red,
 Our Western homes to save.

No lions in the jungle thick,
 Or wild beasts in their lair,
 Were half so cruel as the foes
 Who lay in ambush in there;
 Not all their savage lives were worth
 Brave Custer's golden hair.

The story of that fierce attack,
 Not one was left to tell,
 Of all the brave three hundred
 Who perished where they fell,
 When warriors from wild ravine
 Swarmed up like fiends from hell.

Let vengeance swift their track pursue,
 Till not a lodge remains,
 To shelter in its hostile folds
 The terror of the plains.
 Then Custer and his gallant band
 Shall not have died in vain.

IN MEMORIAM.

MYRTLE R. HACKNEY.

There's a burden of grief on the autumn breeze,
 That blows o'er the land and deep blue seas.
 A song of regret from the birds of the air,
 A shadow of sorrow spreading everywhere:
 On the land where joy has ranged for years,
 But now whose fields are damp with tears.

The stars and stripes droop in mournful state,
 The eagle cries, "Too late, too late!"
 Too late to rescue and protect the hand
 Which once guarded our glorious land,
 But not too late to give homage due,
 While o'er us shines the sky of blue.

Deeds of the man so noble and great,
Who rode at the helm of the ship of state;
Who so gallantly steered o'er the war tossed
wave,

Who bore it back to the home of the brave,
Shall stand as a monument true and grand,
In the hearts on the people of the land.

Yet the nation's heart aches with pain,
And the tears fall as the drops of rain,
For this loyal form of noble life,
Enjoying peace after struggle and strife;
Enjoying pleasures, honor and health,
Mingled with the nation's joy and wealth.

And when he offered his hand to greet,
The hand of another he chanced to meet,
Was slain by this atrocious hand,
Which had been given liberty in our land.
Thrice this nation has borne this pain,
Thrice our leader has thus been slain;
Leaders who thus dispelled the clouds of war,
But now have entered the gates ajar.

We ask in sorrow why was he taken that way?
And not permitted longer to stay;
But he so true and noble-hearted said,
As friends gathered around his bed,
And there remained a few sad hours,
"Good bye to all; God's way, not ours."

His spirit rests neath a golden wall,
Where angels answer to its call,
Where war clouds are never seen;
Where mountains of joy reign supreme;
Where drums and bugles pervade not the air,
But angel's harps are playing there.

On earth his name and memory shall never die,
But grow dearer and dearer as years roll by;
And the place will ever be guarded and blest,
Where our loved one is laid to rest.
And love's monument towering to the skies,
Shall mark the spot where McKinley lies.

MARRIED.

LIZZIE DOMS.

Our beautiful Maggie was married to-day,
Beautiful Maggie with soft brown hair,
Whose shadows fall over a face as fair
As the snowy bloom of the early May;

We have kissed her lips and sent her away,
With many a blessing and many a prayer;
The pet of our home who was married to-day.

The sunshine is gone from the old south room,
Where she sat through the long bright summer
hours;
And the odor has gone from the window flowers,
And the shadow creeps o'er the house with a
gloom;
A shadow that over our paradise lowers,
For we see her no more in the old south room.

I thought that the song of the robin this eve
As he sang to his mate on the sycamore tree,
Had minors of sadness to temper his glee,
As if he the loss of our darling did grieve,
And ask "Where is Maggie?" and "Why did she
leave—

The maiden who carolled sweet duets to me?"
For she mocked not the song of the robin this eve.

The pictures seem dim where they hang on the
wall;
Though they cost but a trifle they appeared very
fair,
Whether lamplight or sunlight illumined them
there;
I think 'twas her presence that brightened them
all,

Since Maggie no longer can come to our call,
With her eyes full of laughter unshadowed by care,
The pictures seem dim where they hang on the
wall.

I lounge thro' the garden, I stand by the gate—
She stood there to greet me last eve at this hour
Each eve thro' the summer, in sunshine and
shower,
She stood by the postern my coming to wait,—
Dear Maggie, her heart with its welcome elate,
To give me a smile, a kiss, and a flower—
Oh, when will she meet me again by the gate?

She loved us and left us—she loves and is gone
With the one she loves best, as his beautiful
bride;

How fondly he calls her his joy and his pride,
Our joy and our pride whom he claims for his own.
But can he, as we do, prize what he has won—
The heart that trustingly throbs by his side?
God knows, and we know that she loves—and is
gone.

March 23, 1882.

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

MARIAN S. LIVERMORE.

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. M. Patee Russell.
Suggested while viewing the city from the bluffs
near Wathena.

Oh, fair, prond city, at whose feet
The dark Missouri sweeps along,
These summer days it were most meet
Some poet greet thee with a song.
But how shall I such tribute bring,
Whose voice hath silent been so long?

I gaze upon the from afar,
(Where the broad river rolls between)
Past trees that toss their branches far,
To hide thee with their lofty screen;
"Twould take a firmer barrier far,
To shut thee from my heart, I ween.

They cannot hide the sunny slopes
O'er which I rambled long ago;
When youthful hearts beat high with hopes,
And panted more of life to know.
They cannot hide thy soft blue sky,
Or drifting clouds of purest snow.

I see afar thy glittering domes.
Flash softly back the broken light,
That falls on many a pleasant home
Filled with fair forms and faces bright.
And rising silent and alone
The slender church spires gleaming white.

On yonder hills once smooth and green,
Or covered but with tangled trees,
Where many a wild flower grew between
And drew the honey-laden bees,
A hundred happy homes are seen
Whose roses woo the summer breeze.

See, far adown yon crowded street,
I've gathered sweet spring violets there,
'Tis trampled now by busy feet,
Where clustered once their blossoms rare.
No more the dear young friends I meet,
That twined them in their glossy hair.

All changed as by some magic wand,
Yet still the pleasant spot I know,
Where once the silver willows spread
Their soft green branches drooping low;
But where are now those busy hands,
And hearts with youthful hopes aglow?

Above yon hill so brown and bare,
That overlooks the restless flood,
How many friends remember where
Upon its brow the cross once stood?
Where o'er some stranger's lonely grave
Once rose the stender cross of wood.

I cannot calmly meet thy hills,
Or bid their sloping curves adieu,
Along whose path my steps once trod,
With dear kind friends, the tried and true;
How light our footsteps pressed the sod
When life and love alike were new.

Alas, beside some grassy mound,
Where many a bitter tear is shed,
I only find their graven names
In the quiet city of the dead;
Ah, better to have perished young,
Than live till hope and joy are fled.

Beneath some pillar fair and white,
Their weary forms have sunk to rest;
But far away their spirits bright
Dwell in the mansions of the blest;
And still we drop the silent tear,
Above their quiet place of rest.

Could I recall the years now fled,
I might a fitting tribute bring,
But ah, my heart is with the dead,
Fair city, while thy praise I sing;
The early loved, the long lost dead,
Around whose graves will sorrow cling.

BEAUTIFUL KANSAS.

BY HATTIE E. PEELER.

Beautiful Kansas sits in the sun,
Smiling and happy, her work well done—
Well done, too, for in sun and rain
Toiled she nobly, nor toiled in vain.
Plentiful showers and warm sunshine
Breathing glad life in each plant and vine;
Plentiful harvests her labors have blest,
Now from her labors she finds welcome rest;
Under the light of the Autumn sun,
Smiling and happy her work all done.

What are the visions that flit to and fro,
As backward she looks o'er the long, long ago?
Visions of battle, of blood, and of strife;
Of dark fearsome days which with carnage were
rife;

Of drouth-stricken fields and of pestilent dread;
Of days when her children were hungry for bread;

Of tempests' fierce wrath which could not be stayed.

Of piteous cries to her sisters for aid—
These are the visions which flit to and fro
Through her mind, as she thinks of the long,
long ago.

How changed is the prospect before her glad eyes!

Fertile plains smiling 'neath radiant skies,
Golden with corn and emerald with wheat;
Orchards all laden with fruits luscious and sweet;
Granaries once empty, now bursting with store;
Food for the hungry and wealth for the poor;
Homes for the homeless, a welcome to all,
Comfort and aid to those who may call—
This is the recompense Kansas has won,
Smiling and happy, her work well done.

Beautiful Kansas, fair and serene!
Up to the stars she has risen a queen;
Scepter and robe she rightly doth hold;
Her garments are fashioned of gay cloth of gold,
Woven by sunshine, by showers and by dew,
Bright as the rainbow in color and hue.
Aid she can now to the needy extend,
Help from her bounty to others can lend,
Beautiful Kansas, fair and serene.
Up to the stars she has risen a queen!

Beautiful mansions now dotting her plain.
Prove that her children have not toiled in vain;
Nestling in beauty by each rippling stream,
Showing her pledges she well can redeem.
Pledged to give to all that shall come.
To her bosom for shelter and safety a home;
Joy and contentment, comfort and peace,
Health in each breath of her life-giving breeze—
These are the blessings that Kansas has won;
Gives she them freely to each worthy son.

TO LIZZIE.

BY "LAMMA."

Oh, memory is so sweet to me Lizzie,
Busy with the past to-night;
Your blue eyes are shining upon me
Still, in their beautiful light.
Have you ever once guessed at the secret
That lay hid in that long sunny time

That sang the sweet songs in such silence,
Which were echoed by your heart and mine?

For never before have I whispered
The story ever sweet, ever new,
Until, with the holiest feelings
I hold it, dear Lizzie, to you.

No blossoms of hope had then perished,
No shadows had passed the first gloom,
And we saw not the key to the future,
That opened our hearts to the tomb.

Ah, Lizzie, the shadows and sunshine
Both childhood and womanhood meet,
And the heart often knows all the bitter
Before it has welcomed the sweet.

For soon, ere the snows of winter
Fell deep at the death of the year,
Did we meet, and together, my darling,
Strew the ashes of hope on the bier.

You kissed my pale brow in your sadness,
When none stood to cheer me but you;
And though you were mute in your sorrow,
Your heartstrings were breaking then, too.

But the sorrow was beautiful, darling,
Your feelings for womanhood years.
While I'll not forget, in my bosom,
The scar furrowed deeper with tears.

Good-bye, for to-morrow has claimed you,
To deck with bright laurels your brow;
But remember, that out in the "sometime,"
There's a parting that's sadder than now.

But ever the love of my darling
Will still be the theme of my rhyme,
Though you pass first across the dark river,
And eternity yours before mine.

NELLIE WHO!

PAT. GRAY.

Yes, I meet her bare-back riding,
Using neither strap nor rein;
Blind her horse, but she was guiding
With her fingers in the mane,—
Sweet little,
Neat little,
Girl on the gray old mare.

"Morning, Sis," with nod I greeted;
She returned a soft "Hello."
"What's your name?" I then entreated,

"Nell," is all she'd let me know,—
 Dear little,
 Queer little,
 Girl on the gray old mare.
 In a simple gown and airy,
 Bare and brown her little feet;
 Pretty as a garden fairy,
 Ev'ry inch of her was sweet,—
 Prim little,
 Trim little,
 Girl on the gray old mare.
 But the mare was very lazy,
 And the sun was boiling hot,
 "Hurry, bossy,—get up, Daisy,
 Coax yourself into a trot."—
 Round little,
 Sound little,
 Girl on the gray old mare.
 As I passed the little ranger,
 With a glance she seemed to say,
 "Don't you mention 'clothes pin', stranger,
 'Cause I'm riding this-a-way."—
 Great little,
 Straight little,
 Girl on the gray old mare.
 On she rode, this happy hearted,
 Sweet, contented little queen;
 Cheeks aglow and red lips parted,
 Showing all the pearls between,—
 Sny little,
 Spry little,
 Girl on the gray old mare.
 For her name I vainly plotted;
 I could get no further clue.
 With a smile away she trotted—
 Nellie—yes—but Nellie Who?—
 That little,
 Fat little,
 Girl on the gray old mare.

WHEN I WAS A BOY AT HOME.

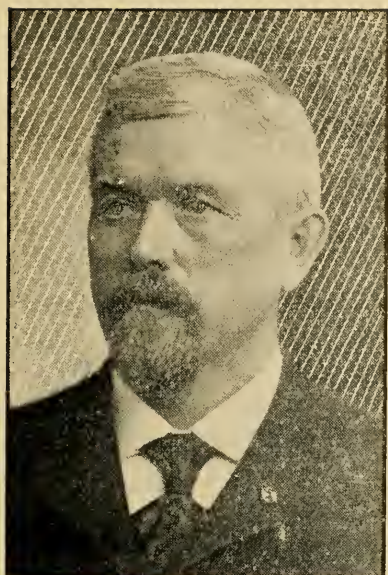
CHARLES R. HEWINS.

There is one place upon the earth a boy will not
 forget;
 Though other thoughts and places fade, this
 place is vivid yet;
 It is the brightest spot on earth, or ought to be
 at least;
 And not a place to crush out life, but for the
 heart to feast.

It is the home of our kindest friends, and where
 our lives begin,
 where we obtain our early thoughts, which
 run along like sin.
 O, what a pleasant time in life without a care to
 mar,
 It is the place (the very place) that make boys
 what they are.
 Oh, no, I never can forget, no matter where I
 roam—
 I often think of those old days when I was a boy
 at home.
 We have such pleasant memories, our thoughts
 run back to when
 We told each other what we thought we'd do
 when we were men.
 But not a thing took place by chance as we
 agreed it should;
 Our aspirations were to nigh—perhaps that's for
 our good.
 Our time was spent at school when young, from
 morn till close of day;
 At night our stories we'd relate; we'd lay our
 cases away.
 Our father and our mother too, would give us
 good advice
 About the downward easy road that we might
 think was nice.
 There'd always be a sacred place, no matter
 where we roam—
 We never can forget the days when we were
 boys at home.
 I care not whether large or small, a house has
 little part,
 In making home what its should be—there's home
 where there's a heart.
 O, is there such a place on earth (though Eve
 and Adam fell.)
 Where life and light and love are crushed—a place
 where demons dwell?
 Our words and actions all should be reflections
 of a soul,
 That had a right regard for all upon the family
 roll;
 And after I am old and gray I know that I shall
 mourn,
 If I cannot return and see the place where I was
 born,
 Those memories will still remain though round
 the earth I roam.
 I never can forget the days when I was a boy at
 home.



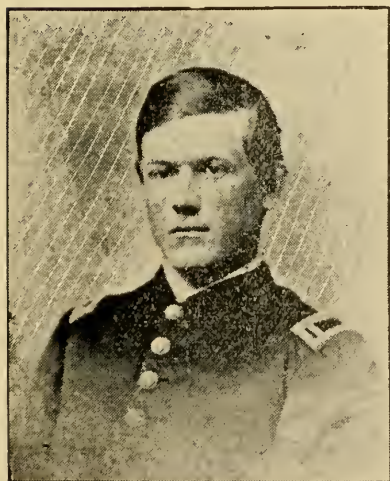
HON. ED. HEENEY.



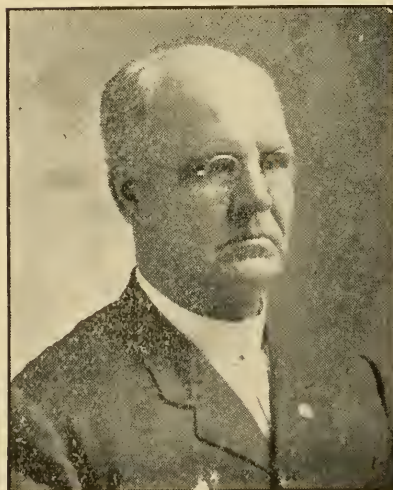
Cyrus Leland, Jr.



Wm. I. Stuart.



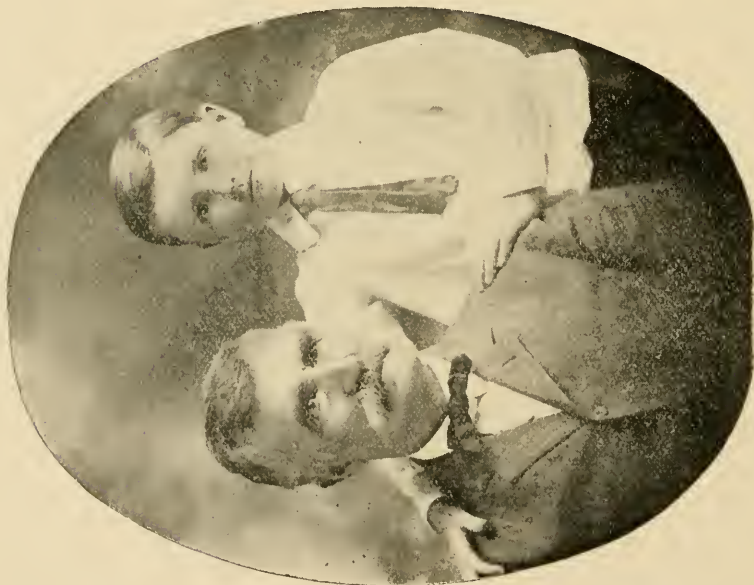
Cyrus Leland, Jr., 1864.



W. H. H. Curtis.



Mr. and Mrs. Wendel Braun,
Doniphan County Pioneers.



Pat Kirwan and Grandson,
Pioneer, 1856.



The Bendena School.



Thomas W. Langan.



Judge Nathan Price.



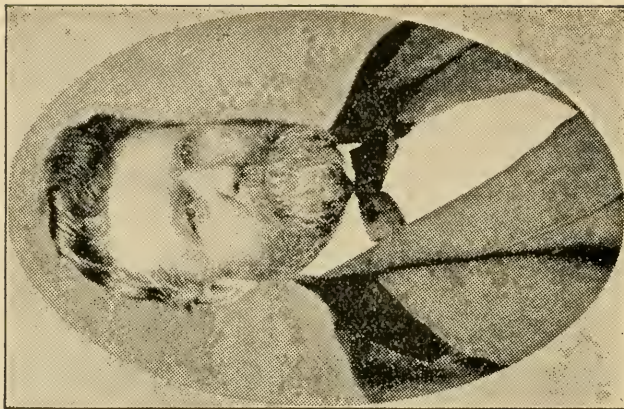
John J. Baker.



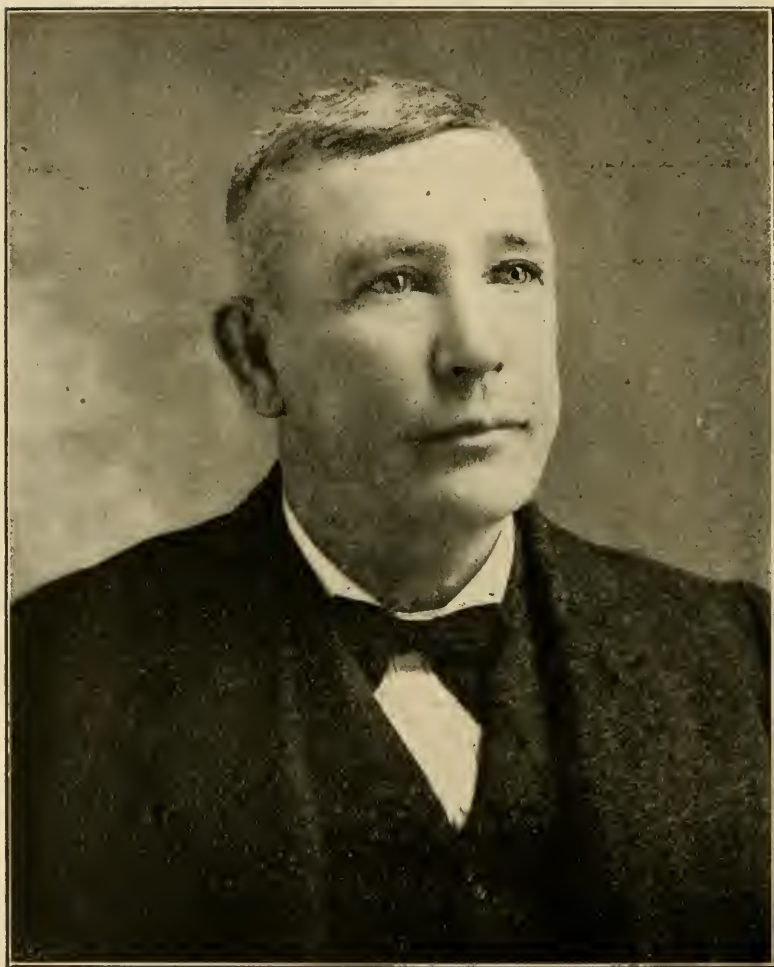
Jacob Brenner.



John W Forman.



X. K. Stout.



HENRY J. CALNAN,
Editor of The Weekly Kansas Chief.



SOL MILLER,
Founder of The Weekly Kansas Chief.



The Noble Family, of Iowa Township.



James Gallagher,
Pioneer Iowa Township, 1859.



Col. A. G. Ege,
Pioneer, 1855.



Mrs. Jane Spencer,
Pioneer, 1856.



St. Benedict's Church, Union Township.



Father Thomas Bartl, O. S. B.
Pioneer Pastor St. Benedict's Church.



Father Matthew Bradley, O. S. B.
Present Pastor St. Benedict's Church.

GRAY'S DONIPHAN COUNTY HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

CORONADO.

There are two sentences in Coronado's letter to his King which seem to prove that he once stood with his thirty companions on the bank of the Missouri river, near the present site of White Cloud, where he erected a wooden cross with the following chiseled inscription: "Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, General of the Spanish Expedition Arrived Here."

In order that our readers may read and decide for themselves, we reproduce Coronado's letter complete.

Translation of a Letter From Coronado to the King, October 20, 1541.

Holy Catholic Caesarian Majesty: On April 20, of this year I wrote to Your Majesty from this Province of Tiguex, in reply to a letter from Your Majesty, dated in Madrid, June 11, a year ago. I gave a detailed account of this expedition, which the viceroy of New Spain ordered me to undertake in Your Majesty's name to this country, which was discovered by Friar Marcos of Nice, the Provincial of the Order of the Holy Saint Francis. I described it all, and

the sort of force I have, as your Majesty had ordered me to relate in my letters; and stated that while I engaged in the conquest and the pacification of the natives of this province, some Indians who were natives of provinces beyond these, had told me that in their country, there were much larger villages and better houses than those of the natives of this country, and that they had lords who ruled them, who were served with dishes of gold and other very magnificent things; and although, as I wrote your Majesty, I did not believe it before I set eyes on it, because it was the report of Indians and given for the most part by means of signs, yet as the report appeared to me to be very fine, and that it was important that it should be investigated for Your Majesty's service, I determined to go and see it with the men I have here. I started from this province on the 23rd of last April, for the place where the Indians wanted to guide me.

After nine days' march I reached some plains, so vast that I did not find their limit anywhere that I went, although I traveled over them for more than three

hundred leagues. I found such a quantity of cows in these, of the kind that I wrote your Majesty about, which they have in this country, that it is impossible to number them, for while I was journeying through these plains, until I returned to where I first found them, there was not a day that I had lost sight of them. After seventeen days' march I came to a settlement of Indians who are called Querechos, who travel around with these cows, who do not plant, but eat the raw flesh and drink the blood of the cows they kill. They tan the skin of the cows with which all the people of this country dress themselves here. They have little field tents made from the hides of the cows, tanned and greased, very well made, in which they live while they travel around near the cows, moving with these. They have dogs which they train to carry their tents, poles and belongings. These people have the best figures of any I have seen in the Indies.

They could not give me any account of the country where the guides were taking me. I traveled five days more as the guides wished to lead me, until I reached some plains with no more landmarks than if we had been swallowed up in the sea, where they strayed about, because there was not a stone, nor a bit of rising ground, nor a tree, nor a shrub nor anything to go by. There is much very fine pasture land, with good grass. And while we were lost in these plains, some horsemen who went on a hunt for cows fell in with the Indians, who also were out hunting, who are the enemies of those I had seen in the last settlement and of another sort of people, who are called

Teyas; they have their bodies and faces all painted, are a large people like the others of a very good build; they eat the raw flesh just like the Querechos and live and travel around with the cows in the same way as these. I obtained from these an account of the country where the guides were taking me, which was not like what they had told me, because they made out that the houses were not built of stones, with stories, as my guides had described it, but of straw and skins, and a small supply of corn there.

This news troubled me greatly, to find myself on these limitless plains, where I was in great need of water, and often had to drink it so poor that it was more mud than water. Here the guides confessed to me that they had not told the truth in regard to the size of the houses, because they were of straw, but they had done so regarding the large number of inhabitants and the other things about their habits. The Teyas disagreed with this, and on account of this division between some of the Indians and the others, and also because many of the men I had with me had not eaten anything except meat for some days, because we had reached the end of the corn we had carried from this province, and because they made it out more than forty days' journey from where I fell in with the Teyas, to the country where the guides were taking me, although I appreciated the trouble and danger there would be in the journey, owing to the lack of water and corn, it seemed to me best, in order to see if there was anything there of service to your Majesty, to go forward with only thirty horsemen, until I should be

able to see the country, so as to give your Majesty a true account of what was to be found in it. I sent all the rest of the force I had with me to this province, with Don Tristan de Arellane in command, because it would have been impossible to prevent the loss of many men, if all had gone on, owing to the lack of water and also because they had to kill bulls and cows on which to sustain themselves. And with only the thirty horsemen whom I took for my escort, I traveled forty days after I had left the force, living all the while on the flesh of the bulls and cows, which we killed at the cost of several of our horses which they killed, because, as I wrote your Majesty, they are very brave and fierce animals; and going many days without water, and cooking the food with cow dung, because there is not any kind of wood in all these plains, away from the gullies and rivers which are very few.

It was the Lord's pleasure that after having journeyed across these deserts seventy-seven days, I arrived at the province they call Quivera, to which the guides were conducting me, and where they had described to me houses of stone, with many stories; and not only are they not of stone, but of straw, but the people in them are as barbarous as all those I have seen and passed before this; they do not have cloaks, nor cotton of which to make these, but use the skins of the cattle they kill, which they tan, because they are settled among these on a very large river. They eat the raw flesh like the Querechos and the Teyas; they are enemies of one another but are all the same sort of people, and these at Quivera

have the advantage in the houses they build and in planting corn. In this province of which the guides who brought me are natives, they received me peaceably, although they told me when I set out for it that I would not succeed in seeing it all in two months, there are not more than twenty-five villages of straw houses there and in all the rest of the country that I saw and learned about, which gave their obedience to your Majesty and placed themselves under your overlordship.

The people are large. I had several Indians measured and found that they were ten palms in height; the women are well proportioned and their features are more like Moorish women than Indians. The natives here gave me a piece of copper which an Indian chief wore around his neck. I sent it to the viceroy of New Spain, because I have not seen any other metal in these parts except this and some little copper bells, which I sent him, and a bit of metal which looks like gold. I do not know where this came from, although I believe that the Indians who gave it to me obtained it from those whom I brought here in my service, because I cannot find any other origin for it or where it came from. The diversity of languages which exists in this country and my not having anyone who understood them, because they speak their own language in each village, has hindered me, because I have been forced to send captains and men in many directions to find out whether there was anything in this country which could be of any service to your Majesty. And although I have searched with all diligence I have

not found nor heard of anything, unless it be these provinces which are a very small affair.

The province of Quivira is 950 leagues from Mexico. Where I reached it, it is in the fortieth degree. The country itself is the best I have ever seen for producing all the products of Spain, for besides the land itself being very fat and black and being very well watered by the rivulets and springs and rivers, I found prunes like those of Spain, and nuts and very good sweet grapes and mulberries. I have treated the natives of this province and all others whom I found wherever I went, as well as was possible, agreeably to what your Majesty had commanded, and they have received no harm in any way from me or from those who went in my company. I remained twenty-five days in the province of Quivira so as to see and explore the county, and also find out whether there was anything beyond which could be of service to your Majesty, because the guides who had brought me had given me an account of other provinces beyond this. And what I insure of is that there is not any gold nor any other metal in all that country, and the other things of which they have told me are nothing but villages, and in many of these they do not plant anything and do not have any houses except of skins and sticks, and they wander around with the cows; so that the account they gave was false, because they wanted to persuade me to go there with the whole force, believing that as the way was through such uninhabited deserts, and from the lack of water, they would get us where we and

our horses would die of hunger. And the guides confessed this, and said they had done it by the advice and orders of the natives of these provinces. At this, after having heard the account of what was beyond, which I have given above, I returned to these provinces to provide for the force I had sent back here and give your Majesty an account of what this country amounts to, because I wrote your Majesty I would do so when I went there.

I have done all I possibly could to serve your Majesty and to discover a country where God Our Lord might be served and the royal patrimony of your Majesty increased, as your loyal servant and vassel. For since I reached the province of Cibola, to which the viceroy of New Spain sent me in the name of your Majesty, seeing that there were none of these things there of which Friar Marcos had told, I have managed to explore this country for 200 leagues and more around Cibola, and the best place I have found in this river of Tiguex where I am now and the settlements here. It would not be possible to establish a settlement here, for besides being 400 leagues from the North Sea and more than 200 from the South Sea, with which it is impossible to have any sort of communication, the country is so cold, as I have written your Majesty, and apparently the winter could not possible be spent here, because there is no wood, nor cloth with which to protect the men, except the skins which the natives wear and some small amount of cotton cloaks. I sent the viceroy of New Spain an account of everything I have seen in the new countries where I have been, and as Don Garcia Lopaz de Car-

denas is going to kiss your Majesty's hand who has done much and has served your Majesty well on this expedition, and he will give your Majesty an account of everything here, as one who has seen it himself, I give way to him. And may our Lord protect the Holy Imperial Catholic person of your Majesty, with increase of greater kingdoms and powers, as your loyal servants and vassals desire.

From this province of Tiguex, November 20, in the year 1541: Your Majesty's humble servant and vassal, who would kiss the royal feet and hands.

FRANCISCO VAZQUEZ CORONADO.

NOTE.--The sentences referred to in the letter are: "It was the Lord's pleasureI arrived at the province of Quiveraon a very large river." The river of "St. Peter and St. Paul" had been designated "a large" river and when the Teucarea was reached, and it was found to be a larger body of water than the river of "St. Peter and St. Paul" it was described as "a very large" river, which is fair evidence that the Missouri river is the body of water referred to.

The other sentence is: "Where I reached it, (Quivera) it is in the fortieth degree." If Coronado reached the Missouri in the fortieth degree, he stood in the vicinity of what is now White Cloud, and it was there he erected the cross, bearing the chiseled inscription, "Francisco Vazquez de Coronado, General of the Spanish Expedition to Quivera, reached this spot."

In the absence of all genuine proof, we are left to accept the evidences that appear in the journals which is that the Great Knight reached the bank of the

river Teucarea, in the fortieth degree.

There is, however, a wide divergence of opinion in this matter. On the map in Winship's Coronado, giving the supposed route of Coronado from the city of Compostela, Mexico, to the northern boundry of Kansas, the nearest approach to the Missouri river is about one hundred and fifty miles. General Simpson outlines the route bringing it a little nearer to the Missouri. Colonel Inman holds that the general and his forty horsemen reached the Missouri at the spot where Atchison town now stands, while D. W. Wilder is rather inclined to include both Doniphan and Brown counties in the path of the Knight's journey. This question may never be satisfactorily settled, but the mistake made by the bold adventurer must be apparent to all. In seeking gold, he spurned turning the rich soil wherein lay a real mine, which, for over half a century has been yielding the yellow metal in paying quantities to the industrious inhabitants. Poor short-sighted knight! His reward was disappointment. All that he received was a hatful of mulberries and a few sour wild grapes. May his weary soul rest awhile.

The Platte Purchase.

In August 1821 when Missouri was admitted into the Union, her western boundary line ran straight north from the northwest corner of Arkansas through the mouth of the Kansas river to the Iowa line. Between the Missouri, the Iowa line and the western boundry line

of Missouri, lay a triangular plot of land belonging to the Indian Territory. This became the "Platte Purchase" land and included all the lands now lying in Atchison, Nodaway, Holt, Andrews, Buchanan and Platte counties, in northwestern Missouri.

Indians have ever been undesirable neighbors. The Iowas and Sacs and Foxes were not only undesirable neighbors of the settlers of Worth, Gentry, DeKalb, Clinton and Clay counties, but also were in their way. To reach the Missouri river, then the only mode of transportation, these men were obliged to travel south to the mouth of the Kansas, and this seemed a difficult thing to have to do while there was a shorter way across. They could not travel through the Indian lands while the Indians were there, and it became necessary that the Indians, long used to moving, should again "move on." The territory being vacated, such beautiful land should not be permitted to lay idle while the industrious Missouri farmers were so anxious and willing to break up its prairies and sow them in grain. The will of the white men to possess the lands having prevailed, the way to obtain them was not long in suggesting itself. A "committee" composed of E. M. Samuel, D. R. Atchison, W. T. Wood and Peter H. Burnett was selected to obtain full possession of this three cornered paradise. The committee soon made a favorable report, and Explorer William Clark, at that time agent for all the Indians west of the Mississippi, was sent to have a talk with the Indians. He met them in council at Fort Leavenworth, in Septem-

ber 1836, and the result was that the lands of the Indians passed into the hands of the whites and the "Platte Purchase" was made. For their home and hunting grounds the Indians received \$7,500 in cash, and 400 sections of land across the river, in what later became Doniphan and Brown counties. Besides these considerations the government agreed to build five houses for the Iowas and three for the Sacs and the Foxes; promised to send an interpreter for each tribe, a farmer to teach them the art of agriculture, a blacksmith to sharpen their implements, and a teacher to teach them the wisdom of books. Lest the noble red man fall in doubt and question the honesty and liberality of the white man, the government further agreed to break out 200 acres of land, to furnish seed to sow the same, and to send provisions for one year. Later another promise was made to build two ferries that the tribes might pay an occasional visit to the old Missouri shore.

The treaty bore the signature of William Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the United States, and also the signature of many of the Indians. Mohoska, White Cloud; Nauchening, No Heart; Wachenome, Orator; Neomone, Raining Cloud; Newanthauch, Hair Shedder; Manhawk, Bunch of Arrows; Chatauthene, Big Bull; Manomone, Pumpkin; Congu, Plum; Wauthaueabechu, One that eats Rats; Chateathau, Buffalo Bull; Chataharaware, Foreign Buffalo, signed for the Iowas.

Cahaqua, Red Fox; Peshawka, Bear; Pecauma, Deer; Neboshoana, Wolf; Suquilla, Deer; Askepakekaasa, Green

Lake; Wapasee, Swan; Nochatauwatasa, Star; Canacarmack, Rock Bass; Seasoho Sturgeon; Peachimacarmack, Bald Headed Eagle, and Peachimacarmack, Jr. signed for the Sacs and Foxes.

S. W. Kearney, John Dougherty, A. S. Hughes, George R. H. Clark, Wm. Duncan, Joseph V. Hamilton, Joseph Robidoux, Jr., Wm. Bowman, Jeffrey Dorion, Peter Constine, Jacques Mette and Louis M. Davison signed as witnesses.

Thus was closed that famous deal in real estate known as "The Platte Purchase," and it is not known that the white man ever regretted having made the deal.

Indian History.

We have many legendary accounts of the character and doings of the aboriginal owners of the land now known as Kansas, but the first date entered in authentic history directly relating to our own little corner of the state records the arrival of M. DeBourgmont, commander at Ft. Orleans, and his expedition at the Kanza village at the mouth of Independence river, on the morning of July 8, 1724. At that time the Kanza Indians were the undisputed owners of the lands of northeastern Kansas, and no doubt they had been in possession for at least half a century. Father Marquette, on his map of the Missouri and Mississippi country, made in 1673, located them (the Kanza) in practically the same region. The land was retained by them, and they held practical dominion over it until about fifty years after the visit of Bourgmont. About that time (1775) the Iowas

and Sauks, who had been making war on the Osages along the lower Missouri, came west, crossing the Missouri above the mouth of the Kansas River, and invading the Kanza country in quest of game, and for the purpose of enriching themselves at the expense of the Kanzas. Although the Kanzas were a brave and warlike race, they were at a disadvantage in repelling the invaders, who were armed with the arms of the whites, purchased or stolen from the white traders on the Mississippi. Beyond a doubt, between 1775 and 1815, the land which we now occupy in peace, was the scene of many bloody encounters between the invaders and defenders. The dust of the century covers the ancient battlefields, and the bones of fallen warriors have long since fallen into dust; yet here and there in the upturned soil we still find broken spear heads, arrow points and stone tomahawks, the last witnesses of the bloody strife of long forgotten days.

From 1775 to 1825 the Kanzas held their lands with difficulty, the government eventually coming to their assistance, buying their land and offering them new quarters further west. The relinquished territory was soon occupied by the Iowas and Sacs and Kickapoos, the former receiving the northern, while the latter were given the southern lands of the territory which, in 1855, became Doniphan County.

THE KANZA INDIANS.--The Kanza Indians being for so long a time identified with the territory now belonging to Doniphan County, a separate sketch of them may well find place in this volume. We have traced them from the time of

Father Marquette's discovery of the "Pekitanou" (Missouri) river in 1673, to their quarters in the West, and now we may, with interest and profit, again go over the ground to examine into their habits, character, etc., and their relationship with other tribes and nations, coming at last to learn what has been their ultimate fate.

Father Douay of the LaSalle expedition, 1687, found that the Kansas, as well as nearly all the other tribes on or near the Missouri, except the Pawnees, spoke the Dacotah language. It is evident from this that the ancient landlords of these hills were descendants of a great nation of red men which has occupied the valley of the Mississippi for hundreds of years. While the Kansas retained many of the wild traits of their war-loving ancestors, they showed themselves capable of harboring great friendships--especially for the representatives of the French government. Bourgmont with his army of Osages and Missouris were kindly received by them at their village at the mouth of Independence. They came to meet their visitors with the pipe of peace and with offerings of fruits, and according to Bourgmont's chronicler, they prepared for the visitors as many as six meals a day.

About the year 1815, the demon in their nature began to show itself. White men passing up the Missouri, or venturing across the prairies to the Rocky Mountains were attacked by them and robbed of their goods and supplies. Each year their insolence increased until in 1819 they attacked Capt. Martin's command which was on its way to a point on the upper Missouri. Shortly

after this occurrence, Indian Agent Major Thomas O'Fallon called a council of the chiefs of the different tribes, and a meeting was held on Cow Island in the Missouri, near the present site of Atchison, on the 24th of August, 1819. The Major made a speech, fired a cannon, shot off a few rockets, hoisted a flag and proved to the red men in many other ways that he was a "good fellow." He obtained a promise from the chiefs that the rights of the whites should be respected ever thereafter.

When not annoyed by the encroachments of the whites, or by the raids of other thieving bands of Indians, warriors of this tribe were peaceful enough; but there were just enough of these disturbances to keep stirred the fires of resentment and revenge. In 1840 these Indians were visited by Father DeSmet. In his "Sketches" Father DeSmet mentions "their unsatiable blood lust, and measureless, ingenious cruelty to their prisoners and foes." However, he does not fail to give them credit for their good qualities. "However cruel they may be to their foes the Kansas are no strangers to the tenderest sentiments of piety, friendship and compassion. They are often inconsolable for the death of relatives, and leave nothing undone to give proof of their sorrow. Then only do they suffer their hair to grow, long hair being the sign of mourning. The principal chief apologized for the length of his hair, informing us of what we could have divined from the sadness of his countenance, that he had lost his son. I wish I could represent to you the respect, astonishment and compassion expressed on th

countenances of three others, when they visited our little chapel for the first time. We showed them an "Ecco Homo" and a statue of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, and the interpreter explained to them that that Head, crowned with thorns, and that Countenance, defiled with insults, were the true and real image of God who died for the love of us, and that the heart they saw pierced with seven swords was the heart of His mother, we beheld an affecting illustration of the beautiful thought of Tertullian, "that the soul of man is naturally Christian."

The Kanzas believe in a Great Spirit and a Happy Hunting Grounds. To them marriage was a solemn and important thing, and was celebrated with becoming ceremonies. None but a chaste squaw might become the wife of a chief, or even an ordinary brave. The women had supreme control of domestic affairs, and took pride in excelling in the neat and convenient arrangement of things both within and without their simple abodes.

In the year 1815 the first treaty between the United States government and the Kanza Indians was "made and concluded." It was a peace treaty, by which all past wrongs and injuries inflicted and suffered by both sides were forgiven and friendly relations established for the future. The Indians made their treaty with August Cheteau and Nini n Edwards, United States Commissioners.

By a second treaty made in June, 1825, the Kanza Indians ceded their lands to the government and followed the fatal march of their race toward the western horizon, bidding farewell forever to the hills and streams that had been their

home and hunting grounds for more than one hundred years.

Emigrant Indians.

The emigrant tribes to the territory relinquished by the Kanza Indians, and now included in our County, were the Kickapoos, the Iowas and the Missouri Sacs and Foxes.

THE KICKAPOOS.--These Indians originally came from the Ohio river country. About 1803 they moved west of the Mississippi, occupying the territory of the Osage river in Missouri. In 1832, they ceded those lands to the government and in 1836-7 were removed to new quarters in the "Indian Territory," of which the lands now known as Kansas were then a part. The tribe, divided into many bands, numbered at that time less than 500 souls. Their reservation included all of the land now included in Doniphan County lying south of the line running west from a point on the Missouri river near where the old town of Bellemont stood, and passing just south of the present site of Highland. We have the names of but a few of the principal chiefs. Wathena was chief of the little band whose village was located on the site of the town that perpetuates its name. Peataquork and his band were quartered somewhere near the western part of the county, and Kennekuk, the prophet and farmer, perhaps was located with his charge near the south central portion. The last named died near the old stage station in Atchison county which bore his name, and where he is said to lie buried in an old well. Early white traders with the Kickapoos were; Peter Cadue, Josephus Utt, J. F. Foreman,

Benjamin Harding, Major Vanderslice, W. P. Richardson, J. R. Whitehead, and others.

The Kickapoos, unlike so many of their race, were industrious and ambitious to learn and follow the ways of their white brothers. They planted corn and raised pumpkins, watermelons and squashes. The stone weapons of warfare found on their lands were not of their manufacture, nor were they made use of frequently, for the Kickapoos were neither warriors nor hunters while they resided in this country. During their residence in the fertile valley of the Independence there was a long reign of peace. The bloody battlefields of the fierce Kanzas were clean washed by the rain, and the graves of fallen warriors were leveled by washing soil and covered with carpetings of grass. So the white man found it when, in 1854, he came with his plow and oxen to furrow its loamy soil and build his cabin on the banks of its silver streams.

THE IOWAS.--The Iowas came from the north Mississippi regions to the lands now included in southern Iowa and northern Missouri. In the year 1837, together with the Sacs and Foxes, they were assigned to new quarters in the "Indian Territory," just north of the Kickapoos, i. e., the lands lying in what now is Doniphan County, Kansas, and Richardson County, Nebraska.

Within a year after locating in their new lands they were visited by many traders, and by Rev. S. M. Irvin, representing the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Early in 1837 this zealous missionary organized the famous

Mission near the present site of Highland. In 1845, with the assistance of Rev. Wm. Hamilton, he founded a school for the Indians, which was continued through many difficulties, and with varying degrees of success and failure, until 1854, for the Iowas and Sacs and Foxes had not the industry and peaceful ambitions of their southern neighbors, the "followers of the great prophet and farmer, Kennekuk. Although the missionaries labored faithfully and continually for the spiritual and temporal welfare of their charge, it seems that little of the hoped for success was attained. Edward E. Hale, in his "Kansas and Nebraska," published in 1854, says, pages 22 and 23: "Just south of the north line of Kansas are a body of Iowas, removed from their old homes. They number 437. They have profitted but little from the payments annually made to them; are seduced into a loitering, lazy life, by emigrants passing to the Pacific; improvident in their habits, and consequently decreasing in numbers. From 830 they have diminished, in sixteen years, to 437; having been all that time receiving annuities from the government; and most of it under the care of missionaries and government agents. They wear no dress but the blanket. Their crops are short, and their houses, built for them by the government, have gone to decay. Of the Iowas and Sacs, nineteen girls and seventeen boys were last year (1853) at school. They live at the school, under the care of the teacher. There is not, in the Iowa reservation, one adult professing Christianity, and the reports of those in charge of them are

are truly disheartening." By way of contrast the same author continues: "The Kickapoos are next south of them on the Missouri river; their condition is better than their neighbors, and the agent seems to consider that it will improve with the stoppage of their annuities, which, by treaty, were to cease last year."

The Iowas had four principal chiefs, White Cloud, Nohart, Walk-in-the-Rain, and Walking Cloud. One of the common warriors was Shoontunga (Little Wolf) but he was no common man, as Commissioner Manypenny discovered, when he came to treat with the Iowas. While the chiefs and other Indians were anxious to trade their lands to the whites whatever price offered, Little Wolf, patriotic as he was wise, fought the treaty and demanded an impossible price for the land. "We are willing to exchange our land for your gold," declared the eloquent redskin, with many a wild gesture of the right arm, and with the lightning of defiance flashing in his eye, "but you must give us pound for pound." However, his speech fell on unsympathetic ears. Commissioner Manypenny knew that things were coming his way and the will of the government was accomplished during the next year when the treaty was concluded.

THE SACS AND THE FOXES.—This band numbered about 300 in 1837. They came from Missouri and were quartered on Wolf River between the Kickapoos on the south and the Iowas on the north, their allotment of land consisting of fifty sections. Three chiefs ruled the band, which was divided into many villages.

Hooper's Ford district was the site of Pet-eokema's band; Nesourquoit's warriors pitched their tents in the Bayne Bridge country, while Moless and his band found comfortable quarters and a health resort at the mineral springs in the hills near the present site of Highland Station. These Indians, although reduced in numbers to almost nothing, were not subdued in spirit. They came from fighting ancestors in the region of Lake Huron, and although they were many times driven from their lands, every foot of it was heroically contested, and when finally relinquished was red with the blood of as true patriots as ever faced death for their rights. Even during their residence here they were participators in a bloody battle with a disturbing band of roving Pawnees which came down on their reservation in 1844, and were the glorious victors.

As large game grew scarce on the reservation the warriors were sometimes obliged to do a little farming, but the science of agriculture had for them little fascination, and falling into the way of easy living, they contracted diseases which soon reduced their numbers to a sorrowful few.

On many Wolf River bluffs, and on the hills of Independence river are still visible the stone covered graves of their dead, and much of their history lies buried with them. The wand of civilization has touched its golden point to hill and valley and there has been a complete transformation which would bewilder the eyes of the aboriginal owners to see. But, alas! they are not here to see.

CHAPTER II.

DONIPHAN COUNTY.

Explored by Coronado in 1541.

Visited by M. DeBourgmont in 1724.

Examined by Lewis and Clark in 1804.

Founding of the Iowa Mission, 1837.

Printing press set up at Iowa Mission, 1843.

Treaty with Iowas, Sacs, Foxes and Kickapoos, 1854.

Organization in 1855, with five municipal townships.

Pioneer newspaper, The Doniphan Constitutionalist, issued 1856.

Highland University chartered, 1858.

The Roseport & Palmetto railroad began building 1860. First railroad in both territory and county.

Contains 379 square miles.

Has 92 miles of river boundry.

Length, 27 miles; width, 25 miles.

Named for General Alexander William Doniphan.

Has eight water courses: Wolf river, Independence creek, Brush creek, Peter's creek, Mosquito creek, Cedar creek, Walnut creek, and Rock creek.

GEN. ALEXANDER W. DONIPHAN.

The following interesting sketch of the great man for whom our County was named, is offered to our readers with confidence. The sketch is new and accurate, having been prepared in 1904, by a special correspondent of the St. Joseph News. A greater monument to his memory than Doniphan County, Kansas, the famous Missouri general can never hope to have, and while we are grateful for the name, he should be thankful for the perpetuation of his memory.

"Born in Kentucky in 1808, Doniphan became a Missourian in 1830.

"In the Mormon riots of Jackson, Lafayette, Clay and Ray counties, in the cause of law and order, and by his own bravery and clear judgment, prevented fighting and bloodshed that would have been a reproach to the state.

"After the capture of some of the Mormon leaders, it is said that at a council of the leading militia officers, it was voted by nearly three to one to put these leaders to death. Col. Lewis Wood says that their lives were only saved by the

intervention of General Doniphan, who not only urged his authority as a brigadier, but declared he would defend the prisoners with his own life.

"The personality of Doniphan was most interesting. It is related that when Abraham Lincoln met the Missourian, he said: "Doniphan, you are the only man I have ever met whose appearance came up to my expectations.

"In his history of Doniphan's expedition, John T. Hughes has said: "While commanding the army, Colonel Doniphan rarely wore any military dress; so he could not be distinguished from one of the men whom he commanded. He fared as the soldiers, and often prepared his own meals. Any private man in his camp might approach him with the greatest freedom, and converse on whatever topic pleased him. Whoever had business might approach his tent and wake him, for he neither had a body guard nor persons to transact business for him."

"Doniphan won more than a local fame as a public speaker. He served in the legislature in 1836, 1840 and 1845 as a Whig. He had studied law in Kentucky and his career at the Missouri bar was indeed worthy. He refused to become a candidate for office many times, but in 1861 he served his cause in the convention that assumed control of the affairs of Missouri. This convention is usually called the "Gamble Convention," though Hamilton R. Gamble did not preside over it. As the chairman of the committee on federation relations, and later as the governor of the state, Gamble was indeed a leading figure. Doniphan, a

strong Union man, was a member of this committee on federal relations, a committee that for a time controlled the convention, and through it the whole state, keeping Missouri in the Union.

"General Doniphan married a daughter of Col. John Thornton of Clay county. Their two sons died before reaching the age of manhood. The Doniphan and Thornton families were united by more than one marriage. Col. John Doniphan, a nephew of Gen. A. W. Doniphan, married a daughter of Col. John Thornton. Gen. A. W. Doniphan died in 1887, and was buried at Liberty, his old home.

"In 1846 General Doniphan, then colonel of the first regiment of Missouri cavalry, accompanied Gen. Kearney to Mexico, by way of the Santa Fe trail. Arduous marches were theirs. Battles were fought, and late in the year General Kearney left Doniphan in command, and undertook his journey to California.

"On Christmas Day 1846, occurred the battle of Brazito, between Doniphan and his men on one side and the Mexicans on the other. The Missourians were victorious, and two days later entered the city of El Paso without opposition. However, the Missourians were not far in the interior of a hostile country. Doniphan had orders to report to Gen. Wool, who was supposed to be at Chihuahua, and these orders were vague, for it was not known where Gen. Wool was then operating. Doniphan's orders were to report to Wool, not to invade the state of Chihuahua. In telling the story of the expedition, John T. Hughes says:

"Thus was Colonel Doniphan cir-

cumstanced: With an army less than 1,000 strong he was on his march, leading through inhospitable sandy wastes, against a powerful city, which had been deemed of so much importance by the government that Gen. Wool, with 3,500 men and a heavy park of artillery, had been directed hither to effect its subjugation. What then must have been the feelings of Col. Doniphan and his men, when they saw the states of Chihuahua and Durango in arms to receive them, not the remotest prospect of succor from Gen. Wool, and intervening and unpeopled deserts precluding the possibility of successful retreat? 'Victory or death' were the alternatives.'

'The Missourians began their extraordinary march across the deserts into the heart of the hostile country. The Mexicans came out to meet them at the river Sacramento, out of the city of Chihuahua. Then ensued a desperate battle, which was the crown of all the victories won by the Missourians.

'The strength of Doniphan was 924 men and six pieces of artillery. The Mexicans had 4,224 men and ten pieces of artillery. The Americans lost one killed and eleven wounded, while the Mexicans lost 320 killed, 560 wounded and 72 taken prisoners.

'Doniphan had brought Ortiz, the curate of El Paso, with his little army. In his account of the expedition, Hughes relates that Ortiz asked Doniphan to allow him to retire to a place of safety, saying: 'Your force is too weak to contend against such a force as the Mexican army, and in so strong a position; you will all be inevitably destroyed or cap-

tured and put in chains. The Mexicans will whip you beyond a doubt. I beg you will permit me to remain out of danger.'

"Col, Doniphan replied most good-humoredly: 'If I should be victorious I will continue to treat you in a manner every way worthy of your dignity. If your own people should be the conquerors and you should fall into their hands, they will certainly do you no hurt. So, being safe in either event, you must have little cause for apprehension.'

"When the battle was over, Col. Doniphan observed to the curate: "Well, Ortiz, what do you think now about the Mexicans whipping my boys?" The other replied: 'Ah, sir, they would have defeated you if you had fought like men, but you fought like devils.'

"Hughes says that so certain of victory were the Mexicans, that they had prepared strings and handcuffs with which they meant to drive us prisoners to the City of Mexico, as they did the Texans in 1841.

"The situation of Doniphan and his men is well described by the commander in a letter to Judge John F. Ryland of Lexington, Mo. Colonel Doniphan wrote after the battle of Sacramento, which had given Chihuahua to the Americans. He says: 'My orders are to report to General Wool; but I now learn that instead of taking the City of Chihuahua, he is shut up at Saltillo by Santa Anna. Our position will be ticklish, if Santa Anna should compel Taylor or Wool even to fall back. We are out of the reach of help, and it would be as unsafe to go backward as forward.

High spirits and a bold front, is perhaps the best policy.

"My men are rough, ragged and ready having one more of the R's than General Taylor himself. We have been in service nine months; any of my men, after marching 2,000 miles, over mountains and deserts, have not received one dollar of their pay, yet they stand it without murmuring. Half rations, hard marches and no clothes! But they are still game."

"There was little more fighting for Doniphan's Missourians. Buena Vista had been added to the names of brilliant victories in the Mexican war. The fatigues of a long and trying journey were to be endured, however. To Saltillo was a distance of 675 miles, through an arid and desolate country. Arriving there the Missourians made their way by various stages to New Orleans, and then home to Missouri.

"St. Louis gave to the returning volunteers a generous and joyful welcome. At Camp Lucas, Olive, Twelfth and Fourteenth streets, Thos. H. Benton addressed the Mexican veterans, in the presence of 7,000 people. All over the state celebrations were in progress. Missouri received her valiant sons with expressions of appreciation and affection.

"One of the choice treasures of the Missouri Historical Society is a flag of the St. Louis Light Artillery in the Mexican war. It bears a laurel wreath, and the name, "Canad, Pueblo de Taos, Brazito, Sacramento," embroidered upon it.

"Doniphan and his Missourians had made one of the most extraordinary ex-

peditions of the time. Missouri has many reasons to revere the memory of Doniphan. He served his state through all the years of a long life. Citizenship of the order represented in the career of Alexander William Doniphan should be held in high esteem.

Some "First" Things.

WHITE MAN.—M. DeBourgmont commanding the French expedition from Ft. Orleans at the mouth of the Osage to the Padouca country in the region of the Smoky Hill river was the first white man to set foot on what is now Doniphan county soil. Coronado saw the Missouri river somewhere in the vicinity of White Cloud; but there is no certain proof that he kicked up any dust in the territory now belonging to our nook of the river. DeBourgmont, with his command, crossed the Missouri river and landed "within gun shot" of the Canzas' village which was situated at the Independence creek near the present site of Doniphan. This was on the 3rd of May, 1724. The exact location of the ancient Canzas village was discovered in 1903 by George J. Remsburg, an officer of the Western Historical Society.

SCHOOL.—The first school for white children was in what now is District No. 56, near Highland. John F. Sparks taught the first term, in 1858. At a meeting held July 23rd of that year, school officers were elected: S. Pritchard, Director, M. M. Sharp, clerk, and C. L. Martin, treasurer. The school house was a log cabin erected on or near the present site of the school house in District No. 56.

DEATH.--Mrs. Comstock, an emigrant's wife, died on the Oregon Trail near the Mission, in 1842. This is said to have been the first death of a white person within the limits of the county.

GRAVEYARD.--The Cumberland Presbyterian graveyard just west of Wolf river, near Bayne's bridge, is the oldest in the country. One of the first to be buried therein was the wife of a man named Comstock, who died near the Mission in 1842. The place contains many unmarked graves, while many others are marked only by rude stones. Some years ago the wagon road ran directly through the graveyard, the wheels of the wagons grinding against headstones and jolting over the sunken and forgotten graves.

GROVE.--The first grove set out on the high prairie was by Chas. H. Phillips, in 1856, on his land near the present site of Bendena, owned by J. W. Howard. The trees grew from year-old saplings brought from the Missouri river near Doniphan. For many years this grove was the pride of the prairies, and was known far and wide as Prairie Grove. In 1881 a heavy sleet and rain storm stripped the proud old trunks of their boughs, and they fell into decay. A straggling few of the old trees still remain as sad remnants of a once beautiful grove.

HISTORY.--In 1868 Smith & Vaughan published the first history of the county. It was called "A History and Directory" but was a directory rather than a history. It contained a list of the names of residents of the county and a catalogue of

business and professional men with their advertisements; also the county's Soldiers' Register.

LODGE.--Smithton Lodge No 1, A. F. & A. M., was organized early in 1854 at the old town of Smithton in Burr Oak township. The lodge received its charter November 30, 1854. First officers of this first lodge were: J. W. Smith, W. M., E. H. Rinehart, S. W., D. Vanderslice, Jr., W.

BAPTIST CHURCH.--The Baptists had their first organization at Wathena, in June 1853, when eight members were present. Elder W. Price and Rev. E. Alward were organizers.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.--The first Catholic church was erected in Doniphan in 1857, under the pastoral charge of Father Augustine Wirth, O. S. B., but services were held in private houses as early as 1855.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.--The Congregationalists had their first organization at Highland in October, 1865. Fifteen members were present. The pastor was Rev. H. P. Robinson.

CHURCH OF GOD.--The first congregation of the Church of God, sometimes insinuatingly called "Soul Sleepers," assembled at the school house in District No. 7, known as Syracuse district, in 1865, under the direction of W. P. Shockey of Nebraska. Wm. J. Ore was chosen to act as local director, and he performed faithfully the duties of that office for nearly forty years, or until his death in 1904. The congregation began with about forty members.

M. E. CHURCH.---The first organization of which we have a record was at Smith-ton, in Burr Oak township, with Rev. Hiram Burch pastor in charge. This was August 1, 1855.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.---The Pres-by-terians had their first organization at the Mission near the present site of Highland in 1842. Seven members were present.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.---An Episcopal so-ciety was formed at Troy in 1857 by Rev. Ryan. Services were held in the court house.

COLORÉD BAPTIST CHURCH.---The Negro Baptist church at White Cloud organ-ized in 1875, was the first in the county and was in charge of Rev. J. H. Straw-ther. Twenty-six members were present at the organizing.

Revs. S. M. Irwin and Wm. Ham-ilton, acting under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian church made the first settlement near the present site of High-land on a small stream to which was given the name of Mission Creek. This was in 1837.

The first harvester and binder com-bined to do work in our county, and per-haps also the first in the state, was owned by A. Low, who used it to cut and bind his 1863 crop of wheat grown on his farm just northwest of Doniphan. Mr. Low, being in a hurry to have his wheat harvested, had a machine expressed to him from a factory in the East, the ex-press charges amounting to \$425.

The first steamboat to plow the turbid waters of the Missouri, washing the

shores of Doniphan county belonged to Major Long who passed up the river in it in 1819.

In 1869 the Roseport & Palmetto railroad, not only the first road in the county, but also the first in the state, was built from the Missouri river at El-wood to Wathena, a distance of about four miles. On account of war troubles the building of the road was abandoned until 1868, when it was extended, taking the name St. Joseph & Denver City railroad.

The first printing press was operated at the Mission by S. M. Irvin and Wm. Hamilton, missionaries to the Iowas and Saes and Foxes. The first of a number of books and pamphlets relating to Indian education, text books in the Iowa language, was printed there in 1842-3.

The first emigrant train, made up of about 25 wagons and led by Peter Bur-nett, passed through the northern part of the county in 1842. This was the be-ginning of the north branch of the Cali-fornia and Oregon trail from the Belle-mont bend of the Missouri.

On the 3rd of July 1845, Rev. Wm. Hamilton performed the first marriage ceremony when he united Silas Peirce and Mary Shook at the Mission.

Beyond a doubt the first Fourth of July celebration was at the mouth of In-dependence creek in 1804, by the explor-ers, Lewis and Clark and party.

The birth of the first white child oc-curred at the Mission. There, in 1837, Elliott, son of Missionary S. M. Irvin, was born. No doubt the little fellow was an object of much curiosity to the

Indians, many of whom had never seen a "pale faced" baby.

Mill creek was the site of the first mill which was built to grind meal for the Indians, who, becoming suspicious of the improvements of the whites, proved their ingratitude by burning the mill. The date of the building of the mill is not certainly known, but it was destroyed about 1853.

The Doniphan Constitutionalist was the pioneer paper, started in 1856 by a pro-slavery Democrat, Thomas J. Key. It was published at Doniphan. It suspended publication in the summer of 1858.

Dr. F. C. Hoffmeir, of Troy, was the pioneer physician in 1871.

Adam Brenner built the first elevator in Doniphan in 1867. This was also the first elevator in the state. Capacity, 40,000 bushels; cost, \$16,000; destroyed by fire in 1872; insurance, \$3,000.

J. P. Johnson opened the first bank at Highland in 1862. At that time there were only two other banks in the state, one at Lawrence and one at Atchison.

The first survey line was made by J. P. Johnson of Highland in 1854, by government appointment. It was the first line west of the Missouri river and was the base line for the surveys of 1855-6.

Wm. Flynn owned and operated the first distillery in the county, if not in the state, near Iowa Point in 1854.

The first company of the first regiment sent from Kansas into the army was organized at Elwood.

The first lodge of Good Templars both

in the county and in the state was instituted at Iowa Point in 1856.

School District No. 1 was organized at Wathena in the spring of 1858.

The first County Fair was held at Troy in August, 1868.

The first telephone line ran into Troy about 1884.

Water Courses.

The county is watered by a number of copious streams fed by ever flowing springs, generously scattered throughout the land. The main streams are here described:

Cedar Creek.—This stream takes its rise in the western part of the county, following in a northeasterly course to within about three and one half miles west of Iowa Point, and from thence, taking an easterly direction and emptying into the Missouri at Iowa Point. This stream supplies the county with good stock water, and drains about fifty square miles of the north western part of the county.

Wolf River.—This fine stream rises beyond the western line of the county, a little south of the centre. With its tributaries it drains a large scope of the best farming land in the county. Rising near the county line, it takes an easterly direction for four or five miles, which brings it near the centre of Wolf River township. From thence it journeys in a northeasterly direction for nearly six miles, or until it reaches the Baynes's Bridge country, where it changes to a northerly course, which it continues in until it finds the Missouri,

about three and a half miles north of Highland Station. There is a plentiful supply of timber on this stream.

Mosquito Creek.--This stream rises near the centre of the county, not far from Troy and flows almost directly north into the Missouri, near the old town of Mt. Vernon. This creek, also, is well supplied with timber, and, if there is anything in a name, with mosquitoes also.

Peter's Creek.--Peter's Creek begins its course at Troy and wanders due east to Wathena, a distance of about eight miles where a change is made, the course leading south a mile before the Missouri is reached. For some time the waters of this stream propelled the wheels of the grist mill. There is a large tract of rich farm land in Peter's Creek valley.

Walnut Creek.--This stream rises on the line between Washington and Marion townships, and takes a southeasterly direction, emptying into the Missouri at Palermo. The stream is about five miles in length.

Brush Creek.--Brush Creek rises in Marion township about five miles due west of Palermo and flows in a southeasterly direction and empties into the Missouri at Geary City. The stream is about five miles in length, and its waters have been used to propel the machinery of a mill. The valley is wide and fertile.

Rock Creek.--This creek rises a few miles southwest of Troy, and with its tributaries drains nearly the whole southeasterly portion of the county. It runs almost due south emptying into the In-

dependence near Doniphan. The valley of this stream was full of settlers at an early day when wood and water were the chief requisites.

Independence River.--This stream is one of the largest in the county. The Independence rises in the south-western part of the county, near the western line, and flows in a southeasterly direction, emptying into the Missouri just below Doniphan. The length of the stream is about twelve miles, and its bottoms are extensive and exceedingly fertile.

Cold Springs Branch.-- This pretty little stream received its name from Cold Springs, an old station on the Pottawatomie Trail near the present site of Benda. The spring from which it takes its rise was of an icy nature which suggested the name to some thirsty traveller. The stream is about six miles long. Flowing west and north, it empties into Wolf River below Ryan Station.

The Pony Express.

The sketch here presented of the once famous Pony Express was prepared by us from notes taken from the Daily News "History of Buchanan County and St. Joseph," from newspaper and magazine articles on the subject, and from the lips of pioneers by whose doors lay the route followed by the riders of the Express.

The Pony Express was established in 1860 by Wm. H. Russell, of the overland freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell. Omitting the particulars of the gigantic preparations made for the establishing of the Express, we set our-

self at once to a description of its beginning and actual working. All arrangements having been satisfactorily completed within a comparatively short period of sixty days, the day was set for the first start, and on that date, April 3, 1860, at 5:30 p. m., immediately after the arrival of the Hannibal and St. Joseph train, Johnny Fry, the first rider, started from the yard of the Pikes' Peak stables, south of Patee Park in St. Joseph, Missouri. Riding to the express office on North Second street, he received his dispatches there, and at the firing of a cannon, dashed away to the ferry boat with the loud hurrahs of a vast croud ringing in his ears.

Landing on Kansas soil at Elwood, he set spurs to his horse and galloped away across the prairies of Doniphan, Brown and Nemaha counties to Seneca, passing the four stations and covering the intervening space of sixty miles in about eight hours. The general direction of his route through our County lay by the present sites of Wathena, Troy, Bendena, Denton and Purcell, almost along the course of the Rock Island road.

The distance between St. Joseph and San Francisco, 1950 miles, was covered in 232 hours. The start from San Francisco was made at the same hour of the same day, but a steamer was used from San Francisco to Sacramento, from which latter place the riding actually began, the rider being Harry Roff. The route lay through Forts Kearney, Laramie, Bridger, Salt Lake City, Camp Floyd, Carson City, Washoe Silver Mines, Placerville,

and many other places to Sacramento.

Although called the Pony Express, as a matter of fact, no ponies were used. American horses from Iowa and Illinois were purchased for the occasion. The Express was operated for a period of about eighteen months, from April 1860 to November, 1861. It has been said that the operators lost about \$100,000 by the undertaking.

Johnny Fry, John Burnett, Jack Keetley, Chas. Cliff and Gus Cliff were among the early riders out of St. Joseph. For their services they received about forty dollars a month and their maintainance. While in St. Joseph they were quartered at the Patee House. Kennekuk, in Brown County, once well known to prairie travellers, but now scarcely more than a memory, was a meal station for the riders, the first west of St. Joseph. The hotel there was kept by Mr. Baldwin, whose daughter, Mrs. John Dollinds, still lives in that vicinity and delights in telling of the Express riders and other interesting people and scenes met and witnessed there in her girlhood days.

The following interesting description is from the Daily News History of Buchanan County and St. Joseph, pp. 92-3:

All the riders were young men, selected for their nerve, light weight, and general fitness. No effort was made to unifrom them, and they dressed as their individual fancy dictated, the usual costume being a buckskin hunting shirt, cloth trousers tucked into a pair of high boots, and a jockey cap or slouch hat. All rode armed. At first a Spencer rifle was carried strapped to the back, in addition to a part of army (Colt's) revolvers in their

holsters. The rifle, however, was found useless, and was soon abandoned. The equipment of the horses was a light riding saddle and bridle, with the saddle bags, or "mochila," of heavy leather. These had holes cut in them so that they would fit over the horn and tree of the saddle. The mochilas had four pockets called "cantinas," one in each corner, so as to have one in front and one behind each leg of the rider; in these the mail was placed. Three of these pockets were locked and opened enroute at military posts and at Salt Lake City, and under no circumstances at any other place. The fourth was for way stations, for which each station keeper had a key, and also contained a way bill, or a time card, on which a record of arrival and departure was kept. The same mochila was transferred from pony to pony and from rider to rider, until it was carried from one terminus to the other. The letters, before being placed in the pockets, were wrapped in oiled silk to preserve them from the moisture. The maximum weight of any one mail was twenty pounds; but this was rarely reached. The charges were originally \$5.00 for each letter of one half ounce or less; but afterward this was reduced to \$2.50 for each letter not exceeding one ounce, this being in addition to the regular United States postage. Especially made light weight paper was generally used to reduce the expense. Special editions of the Eastern newspapers were printed on tissue paper to enable them to reach subscribers on the Pacific coast. This, however, was more of an advertisement, there being little or no demand for them at their necessarily large price.

At first, stations averaged twenty-five miles apart, and each rider covered seventy-five miles daily. Later, stations were established at intermediate points, reducing the distance between them, in some cases to ten miles, the distance between the stations being regulated by the character of the country. This change was made in the interest of quicker time, it having been demonstrated that horses could not be kept at the top of their speed for so great a distance as twenty-five miles. At the stations, relays of horses were kept, and the station keeper's duties included having a pony ready, bridled and saddled, half an hour before the express was due. Upon approaching a station, the rider would loosen the mochila from his saddle, so that he could leap, from his pony as soon as he reached the station, throw the mochila over the saddle of the fresh horse, jump on, and ride off. Two minutes was the maximum time allowed at stations, whether it was to change riders or horses. At relay stations where riders were changed, the incoming man would unbuckle his mochila before arriving, and hand to his successor, who would start off on a gallop as soon as his hand could grasp it. Time was seldom lost at stations. Station-keepers and relay-riders were always on the lookout. In the day time the pony could be seen for a considerable distance, and at night a few well known yells would bring everything into readiness in a very short time. As a rule, the riders would do seventy-five miles over their route west bound one day, returning over the same

distance with the east bound express.

The first great feat of the Pony Express was the trial trip when on a wager of \$200,000 the express riders covered the distance between St. Joseph and San Francisco in ten days, winning with only five minutes to spare. For this performance were required 300 horses and 125 riders. The second was the delivery of the inaugural address of President Lincoln, in 1861, when only 7 days and 17 hours were required to make the trip. The average of travel was 10.7 miles an hour, but the 665 miles lying between St. Joseph and Denver were covered in two days and 21 hours, only 31 minutes being required for the last ten miles. This wonderful performance stands without parallel in history.

County Histories.

Three histories of Doniphan County have been written. The first was by Smith & Vaughn, in 1868. It was an historical directory containing the names and places of residence of all male adults and heads of families in the county. Also it contains the County soldiers' register, a business directory, short historical sketches, advertisements of business men and merchants, and information concerning the state and nation. It was considered a handy and useful work in its day, and even now is found curious and interesting to those who love to know what men were thinking of and doing in the pioneer days. Only a few copies are known to be in existence.

The second effort was the "Historical Plat Book of Doniphan County, Kansas," published in 1882 by J. S. Bird of Chi-

cago. This is a more pretentious work than its predecessor, giving a fair collection of historical miscellany, together with short biographical notes of prominent citizens, and maps and pictures of residences and places of business. Unfortunately the book contains many errors, and the illustrations are not excellent; but the maps are as good as any that had been produced up to that time.

The third venture in the historical and biographical field was made by the founder of the Kansas Chief, a paper that gave blood and bone and sinew to the youth and manhood of Doniphan county from its earliest days. The historical edition of the Chief, issued in the fall of 1893 contained 20 pages of matter carefully prepared and well printed with an abundance of fine illustrations. This edition was the finest in workmanship and the most complete in detail of any similar work that we have seen. Its very worthy editor, whose name is well known to every Doniphan county citizen, presented in the work the experience of his life. He was a recognized authority on matters political, historical and biographical, and while he never professed to be a preacher, he preached more and better sermons on good conduct and right living, than any preacher that ever occupied a pulpit in the West. The historical edition of his great paper is full of his old time fire and spirit. It is a real literary treasure, a mine of information, and those who have preserved it will be delighted to review it, and they will have something to be grateful for all their lives. May the sod ever grow green on the honored grave of this good and great man!

CHAPTER III.

PEN SKETCHES OF PLACES AND PEOPLE.

TOWNS OF THE PAST.

Cincinnati was surveyed in 1857, and was located somewhere in the vicinity of Willow Springs school house, in Iowa Township. No lots were ever sold or houses built.

Buffalo was located at the place now known as Buffalo Hollow, not far from Eagle Springs.

Iola was located near Wolf River, across from Fanning, about where Iola school house now is.

Winona was on the county line, west of Highland. The legislature granted a charter for the university there to be called Hamby University.

Syracuse was located in Wolf River township, near where a school house is now located, in Distrset No. 7.

Lafayette was in Centre township, on the Missouri river, and was, in 1857-58, a really promising and pushing town.

Mount Vernon was below Lafayette. It existed on paper.

Smithton was John W. Smith's town, in Burr Oak, that died a-bórnin'.

Columbia was in Burr Oak Township, and once had high aspirations. It is said to have at one time contained 200 inhabitants and a number of business houses. The school house in what is called Columbus district is now all that remains of the town.

Whitehead, later called Bellemont, was on the river, above Wathena. In 1859-60 it was booming, and making more noise than all the other towns in the county.

Petersburg was laid off on an immense scale, on the river, between Palermo and Geary City. The proprietor was Peter Cadue, a Frenchman, married to an Indian squaw, and who acted as interpreter and trader to the Kickapoos. He was formerly located at Wathena, and Peter's Creek was named for him. His Petersburg town lots afforded fat pickings for printers for a few years, in swelling the delinquent tax lists.

Evansville was platted by "Jib" Evans. No lots were ever sold. The land cornered on what is now Robert Lazelere's farm. Another story is:

Evansville was located on the north half of section 25, township 3, and range 21. The projector of this town was D. M. Johnston, who filed his claim on June 1, 1857, in behalf of the proprietors, the Evansville Townsite Company. The proper filings were made by Hon. Joel P. Blair in the land office in Doniphan. With this entry the town's official record ends, and it is extremely doubtful if it ever came into being.

Rogersville was located on what is now James Taylor's place, two and one-half miles north of Troy. When Troy was first entered as a townsite and the County seat, the county officers had to go to Rogersville for the mail.

LeRoy was laid out near the Bayne crossing, on Wolf river, about three miles from Highland Station.

Fairview was laid out by Murphy T. Swinney (his mark) and the plat filed, and the streets and alleys dedicated to public use, May 4th, 1857. The entire northwest quarter of section 11, township 3, range 22, and all of section 10, township 3, range 22, were platted. The site is now cut up into small fruit farms.

Joseph M. Holt, Charles F. Holley, Alfred F. Barnett, James M. Teagarden, John S. Tisdale, and Napoleon D. Giddings platted the town of LaPorte on the east half of section 28, township 2, range 22, and filed it for record September 16, 1857.

James R. Whitehead, president, and Joseph Penny, secretary of the Whitehead Town company, platted the town of Bellemont and filed for record a map of the town, designated as "Keys' map

of the town of Bellemont" on June 20, 1858. The land is described as the west fractional half of section 15, and the northwest quarter of section 22, and the northeast quarter of section 21, in township 2, range 22.

Landonale, or Mount Vernon was laid out on what is now the Hargis farm near the mouth of Mosquito Creek. The land is described as the northeast quarter of section 30, and the fractional southeast quarter of 19, in township 2, range 21.

On October 16, 1882, there was filed for record a plat of Eagle Springs on the southwest quarter and the northeast quarter of section 16, township 2 range 20.

Troy Junction is all that is left of the town of Maynard.

James J. Reynolds, Arthur K. Froge, Stephen G. Fish, James H. Fish and Nelson Casteel platted the town of Arizona, and filed the plat March 1, 1856. It was in section 36, township 2 but the range is missing.

The town of Pittsburg was platted on section 3, township 4, range 20, now the John Albers and John Wynkoop land. The plat was pretentious, but the town came to naught. The projectors were A. G. Ege, B. S. Warton, J. H. Jones, E. A. Seavy, I. McCoy, H. W. Hudnan, Wm. K. Richardson and James P. Fer-man.

Charleston was in Centre township, on the river, near the Burr Oak line. Judge Byrd built a storehouse there in 1857. Jeff Jenkins had a law office, L. D. Stocking a jeweller's shop, and the town

made a lively push for a short time. Then it disappeared from the map. About two years ago Gibson and Clary established a store on the old site and petitioned for a postoffice. They wished to have the office called Charleston, but found that the name had been appropriated by a village in the short grass country and the office was named Bozarth.

Syracuse was in Wolf River township near where the school house of that name is now located. Walter S. Peek, Abijah D. Reeves, E. J. Doyle and Wm. Vickery filed the plat of the town on the 26th of March 1858. The land platted was the north half of section 1, township 4, range 19.

A Golden Opportunity.

A correspondent for the Philadelphia Ledger, who dated his letter, "St. Joseph, Upper Missouri, Sept. 11, 1854," gave the following information concerning the daughter of a wealthy chief of the Iowas, who was in the market for a white husband:

"The county just over the river from St. Joseph has been the home of several tribes, among them the Sacs, the Iowas, the Kickapoos, etc. These are now in the act of removal to new homes to make room for the whites.

"The Sac Agency and Mission, some twenty-five miles west of this place, will be deserted, and when the territory shall have been surveyed, will be offered with the rest of the public land, for sale to the highest bidder. It is a magnificent farm of 640 acres, 200 of which are under fence and in a high state of cultivation. This farm has been worked for that

tribe by government hands, and everything raised on it has enured to the benefit of the Indians alone. At the time I passed the place, the Indians were on the eve of celebrating a feast, and were scouring the country around for dogs, which they esteem a great delicacy. They freely offered a pony for a dog, and had collected some seven or eight, which they were stuffing and cramming with food to make them fat. On no other occasion will they allow a dog to be molested or killed. In fact they regard the canine species with a sort of superstitious veneration, and believe that if they sacrifice good fat ones, they will be pardoned for all bad actions they have committed since the last dog feast, and have a good hunting ground and plenty of game until they again celebrate it.

"They are a most interesting people. Their chief is very old and very wealthy. To any respectable white man who will settle among them, and marry one of his daughters, he offers \$10,000 in money, 500 horses and four sections of land. He wishes his people to become instructed in agriculture, and hence his offer. I saw the daughter and remained all night with the family. She is aware of the offer her father has made of her, and does not seem to take the matter very hard. In fact she told me that if "she got a man and he would use her well, she was ready."

"She is the oldest of the family of children, say 30 years. Although almost white the Indian shows itself all over her. She has high cheek bones; in other respects she is not bad looking. I

will also add that although she walks with her toes turned in, like all Indians, yet she has the most delicate little foot and most exquisitely turned ankle I ever saw.

"In fact, gentlemen, as I expect to be near neighbors to these people, I do not see that I can do better than to take the old man's offer. If I do I intend to represent Kansas in Congress, after it shall have a territorial government and you need not be surprised if I bring my half-breed wife to see you at your office.

Would not the old Quakers in Philadelphia, when they saw the descendants of one of the pillars of their church married to a half-breed, exclaim, 'Oh! what a fall my countrymen?'

But I must close, and as I see my letters to you are being republished by the country papers in Pennsylvania, I will only add further, that now is the time to emigrate to Kansas, and that all who want to obtain homes here should come now. I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

E. F. R.

Pure Fiction.

Two of the oldest settlers in the County having read the following story, united in pronouncing it a product of the imagination. The story concerns Doniphan County. It was first published in 1855.

AN AWFUL INDIAN TRAGEDY.—A Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat in commenting upon the protracted strife between the Iowa and Pawnee Indians, recounts the following horrible incidents:

"Six years ago, in the fall of 1849,

three white persons, two gentlemen and one lady, who had been residing near old Fort Kearney, and had there attached to them a beautiful Pawnee girl, of about sixteen summers, set out for their home in Kentucky, taking the young Pawnee maiden with them. They had nearly reached St. Joseph when they met a band of Iowas. The Iowas asked for the Pawnee girl. She was refused them. She was on a horse behind one of the gentlemen. Several warriors approached and seized her long tresses, and threw her backwards to the earth. She screamed for help. A young brave, who seemed to have authority, approached. She threw herself upon her knees before him, and implored mercy. He deliberately levelled his rifle and shot her through the heart. He then severed her head from her body and stuck it upon the top of a pole, and had a war dance around it. They then quartered her body and each warrior of the band bearing a part of it, marched after their chief, who bore her head aloft upon the pole, to the nearest village, where they held a great feast.

"In the meanwhile the whites hastened to this place and gave information of these diabolical proceedings to Col. A. J. Vaughan, who was then Indian Agent here. He immediately mounted his horse and rode to Ft. Leavenworth, got a detachment of dragoons, hastened back, and gave them a surprise. He arrested those who were concerned in her capture and death, and had them imprisoned at Ft. Leavenworth, where they remained only several months, and were released without prosecution of any kind. The head

and limbs of the hapless girl were put together in a coffin and decently interred.

"When the news reached the Pawnees they made an incursion into the country of the Iowas and stole many of their horses.

"White Cloud, then the head chief of the Iowas, took a band of warriors down among the Pawnees, and destroyed one of their villages, killing even the women and children. In this encounter his right eye was pierced and destroyed by an arrow, aimed by a boy but ten years old. In the next instant his unerring tomahawk was buried in the cleft skull of the brave child, and the battle ended. All, old and young, male and female, were indiscriminately butchered.

"Col. Vaughn made a report of it to the government and was instructed forthwith to depose White Cloud, and have another chief elected in his place.

"An old man named No Heart was unanimously chosen. It is a strange name for one of his character, for he is an excellent man, and still enjoys the confidence of the people and the respect of the whites. He at once entered into a treaty of peace with the Pawnees and since that time they have lived in friendship.

"White Cloud retired from the society of men. He sat alone in silent gloom. An impenetrable cloud seemed to rest upon his spirit. It was not grief for his barbarous butcherings; but it was wounded pride that broke his heart. He died in a short time and his body was placed upon the summit of a high hill, that overlooks, for a great distance, the Missouri river. A white post was

planted at the head of his grave filled with horses and scalps, drawn rudely in red paint, and which contained his epitaph, showing his glories in the number of persons he has slain and of horses he has stolen."

"This was the same White Cloud whom Bayard Taylor mentioned as having crossed the ocean in the steamship with himself when he first essayed a tour of these Oriental climes, and is the same whom Col. Melody of St. Louis, introduced at the leading courts of Europe with eclat."

Sol Miller reprinted this story in the *White Cloud Chief*, Nov. 12, 1857, with comment, pronouncing it "the most satisfactory and perhaps the truest account of the chief that we have yet obtained."

Aboriginal Inhabitants.

In looking at the history of the Indian tribes that inhabited Doniphan County previous to its organization as such, in 1854, it has been a difficult matter to get at some important items connected with their early history. No two authorities agree on the number of Indians in any of these tribes, which were the Iowas, Kansas, Sacs and Foxes, and Kickapoos, and some of them differ widely. From the best information obtainable, the Iowas numbered about 800 when they came here from the Platte Purchase in 1837. Their head chief at that time was old White Cloud. The present number of their reservation along the state line between Kansas and Nebraska is about 100, and Jim White Cloud, probably a descendant of old White Cloud, is chief. The Sacs and Foxes numbered about 400

when they came here with the Iowas in 1837. Their principal chief was Nesourquoit. There are perhaps little over a dozen of them on the reservation on the Big Nehama river now, and these have no chief so far as I know. It must be remembered that these Indians were only a small band of that once warlike tribe, which broke away from old Black Hawk, when that wily old warrior induced the Winnebagoes under Keokuk, to join in the war against the government in Illinois in 1832.

The following extract from "Ridpath's History of the United States" explains the cause of this Indian outbreak:

"In the Spring of 1832 the Sacs and Foxes and Winnebago Indians of Wisconsin territory began war. They were incited and led by the famous chief, Black Hawk, who, like many great sachems before him, believed in the possibility of an Indian confederacy sufficiently powerful to beat blacks and whites. The land of the Sacs and Foxes, lying in the Rock River country of Illinois, had been purchased by the government twenty five years previously. The Indians, however, remained in the ceded territory, since there was no occasion for immediate occupation by the whites. When at last, after a quarter of a century, the Indians were required to give possession they cavilled at the old treaty and refused to comply. The government insisted that the Red men should fulfil their contract, and hostilities began on the frontier. The governor of Illinois called out the militia and Gen. Scott was sent with nine companies of artillery to Chicago. At that place his force was over-

taken with the cholera, and he was prevented from co-operating with the troops of General Atkinson. The latter, however, waged a vigorous campaign against the Indians, defeated them in several actions, and made Black Hawk a prisoner. This of course brought the war to a close but the outbreak had caused a permanent split in the tribe, and the band headed by Nesourquoit, which opposed Black Hawk in the war, were finally located in northwest Missouri, and they were designated after this by the department of Indian affairs at Washington as the "Sacs and Foxes of Missouri." The band that followed Black Hawk was called the "Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi." They were much more numerous than the Sacs and Foxes of Missouri. When they came to Kansas they were located south of the Shawnees below the Kansas river."

The Kickapoos came to Kansas about the time the Iowas and Sacs and Foxes did in 1837. They were also from north west Missouri, the territory of the three tribes extending from the southern limit of the Platte Purchase, along the Missouri river to the northern boundary of the state. They probably numbered about one thousand when they came to Kansas. Authorities differ widely on this as they do on other tribes mentioned. Their principal chiefs were Kennekuk, Wathena and Hamilton. They now number six or seven hundred on their reservation south of Horton in Brown county, and their head chief is Little Simon.

The Kickapoos owned the southern half of Doniphan County and on south to the northern boundary of the Dela-

wares at Ft. Leavenworth, the Iowas and Sacs and Foxes the northern half. The Sac and Fox lands lay between the Iowas and Kickapoos. The line between them and the Kickapoos commenced on the Missouri river, where Whitehead, a trading post, was established in 1852, thence due west, between where Horton and Hiawatha in Brown county now are, to a line running north and south, sixty miles north of Fort Leavenworth. The line between the Iowas and the Sacs and Foxes commenced at the mouth of the Wolf river and followed it up to the great Bend at a rock mound, erected for that purpose; it bore off southwest, between the old Presbyterian Mission and the great Nemaha Agency, then due west to the west line of Doniphan County, then northwest to the line above referred to, sixty miles west of Fort Leavenworth. This line was of course the southern boundary of the Iowa lands, which extended north to the great Nemaha river and as far west as the Sacs and Foxes and Kickapoos. These lands were ceded to the general government in 1854, and the Sacs and Foxes traded a strip of territory along the northern boundary to the Iowas, for the reservation to which they were removed, west of the Iowas, along the big Nemaha to the south fork, near Salem in Richardson County, Nebraska. Since then they sold a strip of the west end of this territory, so their present reservation is quite small, but as there is but few of them it is large enough for their needs. In this treaty the Iowas reserved about 95,000 acres of their lands in Doniphan County, to be sold at public sale to the highest bidder. It

was stipulated in the treaty, that these lands were not to be occupied by white settlers, until after they were surveyed and sold, but so eager were the people to secure homes, that they commenced settling them up before they were surveyed. The government ordered the agent at Great Nemaha Agency, Major Vanderslice, to expel these intruders. This he attempted to do by proclamation. Failing of this, he visited them in person, and warned them if they did not leave on their own accord, he would expel them by force by United States troops from Leavenworth. This sent most of them away but a few remained and were not molested. Encouraged by this, those who had gone away in the belief that if they did not do so they would be driven out by United States troops, returned, and in a short time these lands were all occupied by white settlers, in violation of the treaty, by which the Indian title to them was to be extinguished when the government fulfilled its treaty obligations to the Indians. In the meantime the government foreseeing that if it drove the settlers away, speculators were liable to combine and bid the lands in for a mere trifle, commissioners were appointed who appraised each quarter-section at so much per acre and the settlers were allowed to bid it in at the sale which took place at Iowa Point in June, 1857, at the appraised value which rarely exceeded two dollars per acre and a great deal of it much less than that. Some of these lands are now selling at prices which would make a trust magnate look upon their possessions with envious eyes.

This has no doubt led the Indian to a better understanding of his pale faced brothers' deep solicitude for his spiritual welfare, who, while breaking to him the bread of life, has taken occasion to relieve him of everything temporal which would have a tendency to make him worldly minded and thus retard his spiritual growth.

All the foregoing tribes I have described belong to what were known as emigrant Indians, that is, Indians the government had been removing westward for a number of years to make room for white settlers from the territory out of which they had been previously removed for the same purpose. The government in removing these emigrant Indians onto the public domain designed the territorial limits of each tribe separately for a two-fold purpose. First, if they wandered out beyond these, and went on the war path either for the purpose of plunder, which was most frequent, or to avenge some real or imaginary insult, they could be driven back on their old reservation, and secondly, when it came to removing them there could be no dispute about their territorial limits.

These tribes all had access in common with other tribes to the hunting grounds beyond their boundaries, which included the public domain extending westward to the Rocky Mountains.

A story is told by T. J. McCreary of Highland, who came among the Iowa Indians early in 1840, in connection with one of their hunting expeditions, which illustrates the Indians' superstitious nature. An Iowa Indian had been sick for a long time with some lingering

disease that the Medicine men could not cure. Though they had done their best to frighten the evil spirit out of him, beating their tom-toms with totem sticks, it refused to budge. Finally the Great Spirit took the matter in hand and told the sick Indian if he could kill a Pawnee, with which the Iowas were at war, he would be restored to health. Charmed with an offer of a remedy so much to his liking, he joined a party of his tribe on a hunting expedition back in the Buffalo range on the Blue river, where they fell in with a war party of Pawnees and returned home a well man.

The following letter found among the private papers of the late Major Daniel Vanderslice shows some of the Indians' peculiar notions about disposing of their dead:

SAC AND FOX AGENCY, K. T.,

March 18, 1859.

Maj. Vanderslice,

U. S. Indian Agt.,

Sir: There is an Indian by the name of Oua-uua-ne-pe-qua desires to convey to Ouak-a-he-ho-sea the news that his son Nah-to-wan-ich-cha-ki is dead and that he has charge of two of his horses, and has also made arrangements for sending away his spirit, or as more usually expressed, for throwing them away, but would prefer to hear from his father and desires that he would send his grown son, that he may fully please the father in performing these rights to his son.

Isaac G. Baker,

For Qua-qua-ne-pe-qui.

The Indian horses were so poor that he was prevented from going himself.

The following itemized account shows the cost of running the Great Nemaha Agency for six months, in 1860:

Sacs and Foxes of Missouri, Annuity	\$5000.00
Blacksmith and assistants	360.00
Iron, steel, etc.,	140.00
Bldg., Agr'l purposes, and pay farmer	670.00
Provisions	140.00
Rec'g stolen horses and other Indian property	100.00
Total	6410.00

Iowa Indians, Annuity	6000.00
Blacksmith and assistants	360.00
Iron, steel, etc.,	140.00
Bldg. and rep'rs on Chief's house, etc.,	955.00
Agr'l and other purposes	450.00
Teachers' pay, one quarter at \$500 per annum	125.00
Books, stationery, etc.,	75.00
Provisions, \$165.00. Rec. stolen horses, etc., \$100	265.00
Total	8370.00

In addition to the above, there was agents' salary and two interpreters, \$1150.00.

It must be understood that this money was derived from the sale of lands belonging to these Indians which the government held in trust for their use and benefit.

The following letter is the answer to an inquiry I addressed to an old Indian trader among the Kickapoos in 1841. While the writer is mistaken in the time the tribes he mentions came to Kansas, as it is known they came in 1837, and overestimates their numbers, his letter is nevertheless interesting.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS.

Dec. 27, 1904.

My Dear Friend: In answer to your request I will say the Kickapoos, Iowas, Sacs and Foxes of Missouri were located here about the year 1832 and came from the country in Missouri comprising the counties of Atchison, Holt, Nodaway, Andrews, Buchanan, Platte and Clinton.

Wathena was one of the leading Chiefs and Hamilton a second chief of the Kickapoos. They perhaps numbered fifteen or eighteen hundred, when they first came to Kansas. I can't tell their present number. Peter Cadue and Paschall Pensinean, Frenchmen, married into this tribe about the time they first came to Kansas. Much could be written of them that would make interesting reading, but I will not undertake the job now. The Iowas came about the time the Kickapoos did. Their principal chief was Mo-hos-ka, or White Cloud, who was buried just below where the town of Iowa Point now is. Wolf, he of Wolf's Grove, was second chief, and was deposed by General W. P. Richardson for insubordination. Nan-cha-nin-ga, or No Heart, was head chief after White Cloud died. They numbered from 2000 to 2500 when they entered the territory. Their number now is greatly reduced and I cannot estimate it, as the tribe divided. Part went to Oklahoma and part stayed on the reservation and perhaps now number 225 souls. The Sacs and Foxes of Missouri came about the same time the Iowas did, and numbered from twelve to fifteen hundred, Nesourquoit and Peterokemis were head chiefs and Moless and Nokawet second

chiefs. They now number less than 200 souls.

With the compliments of the season and best wishes for your welfare, I am very truly your friend,
JO UTT.

White Cloud's burial place that Mr. Utt refers to was a large black-oak tree overlooking the Missouri river as far as the eye can reach and south to the head of Burr-Oak Bottom. It was on the roadside, where Job Dutton settled, near Iowa Point. A pole six or eight feet high, with some strips of red cloth fastened at the top marked the old chief's resting place when the country was first settled. All traces of this grave have long since disappeared.

White Cloud previous to his death lived south of this in a large double hewed log-house with brick and stone chimney. This house stood on land now owned by Frank Potter, near where his residence now is. There were a number of these hewed log-houses in that vicinity but the Indians burned them all before they removed to their present reservation along the big Nemaha river to prevent them from falling into the hands of their pale face brothers. The houses were built by white men under the directions of the Indian agent. The Indians left a typical one of their wigwams, standing on the land which afterwards belonged to the late Jacob T. Pierce, which illustrated in its workmanship the Indians' architectural skill in all its primitive simplicity. This wigwam was sided up with bark, fastened to poles six or seven feet high set in the ground in a circle and was covered with the same material fastened to poles with the proper pitch converging

in the centre. The bark was lapped like the clapboards on a frontier cabin. This vicinity was the home of the Iowa Indians before they went north, and they had a large graveyard near the wigwam just described which has long since been obliterated by the plow of the pale face, who has long been trying to engraft civilized ideas and customs on the aboriginal mind.

The Sacs and Foxes lived south of the Iowas on the Wolf river near a large spring, on land now belonging to J. B. Dutton. The mortality among them here was very great, as they had a large graveyard which has shared the same fate as that of their neighbors' on the north.

Rev. S. M. Irvin and his devoted wife who came to Kansas with the Iowas and Sacs and Foxes as missionaries, and founded the old Presbyterian Mission about 1843, east of where the town of Highland now is, spent all the best years of their lives among the Indians in a noble but futile effort to plant the seeds of Christian civilization in a soil not adapted to its successful propagation. Some of the Indians were given splendid educations, but none of them ever put it into profitable use. While the few of them that remain have adopted the dress of the pale faces, they still cling to the custom of their ancestors.

They take readily with most of the vices and a few of the elevating influences of civilization. The white man's fire water and his idle habits are more attractive to them than his comfortable dwellings and his well filled granaries.

PRYOR PLANK.

Highland Station, Kansas, 1905.

CHAPTER IV.

PEN SKETCHES, ETC.

(CONTINUED.)

THE COLUMBUS SEMINARY.

Only the oldest residents of Doniphan county will be able to recall the strenuous effort made in 1856-7 toward establishing a Boarding School in Burr Oak. The Presbyterians at Highland having turned their Mission into a school of higher education, the Methodists, not to be outdone, determined to found a college of their own.

The chief promotor of the ambitious project was a clergyman who had recently come to the territory from another state, and who, having canvassed the entire East and West, finally concluded to go over to Boston, a town on the east bank of the Missouri, seven miles from Columbus.

The place being generally regarded as a harbor for abolitionists of the blackest dye, the preacher was encouraged to believe that the people if given an opportunity would subscribe liberally toward the support of any institution where the doctrine of Free Soil was made special feature of the curriculum, and accordingly, he wrote to a friend living there,

for permission to hold a mid-week service at his house.

A large proportion of the inhabitants of Boston led a hand-to-mouth existence and could not pay one penny toward a home enterprise, if the fate of the town had depended on it, while there was another and equally unfortunate class that unblushingly took pen in hand and made their characteristic mark whenever required to sign a document of any kind. However, the preacher appeared at the appointed time. Pro-slavery young men from neighboring farms had already displayed a keen interest in the welfare of Bleeding Kansas by having crossed the Missouri and voted at the first balloting precinct they came to, while two or three of them had won distinction among their friends by having taken part in the Black Jack fight.

These young men, or nearly all of them, were present at the meeting, while the preacher, who might have rivalled the illustrious Bishop McCabe in his persuasive ability, gave a stirring discourse, inspired, no doubt, by the thought of a

nice fat collection. But alas! as the hat was about to be passed, the Missourians, who, by the way, mainly comprised the audience, finding that they were not needed, quietly arose and filed out, leaving the poor Free-Soiler and his family alone to swell the Doniphan County Educational fund from their scanty savings.

E. McC. L.

Thomas Jefferson Southerland.

This sketch was prepared by Missionary S. M. Irvin, of Highland, Kansas, in 1882, for Andreas' History of Kansas. For some reason it did not appear in that work, but as it is of interest to Doniphan County people, we are glad to offer it to our readers. Coming from Mr. Irvin's pen, it may be relied upon as veritable history. It is said that the bones of this eccentric man lie buried on the site of the old Mission graveyard, under a barn on the farm.

“Early in the summer of 1852, at the Iowa and Sac Missions, there walked into one of the halls of the Mission house, a tall, stout and bold looking man, roughly dressed, and carrying on his back, wrapped in a blanket, a nice little girl, seven or eight years old. ‘My name,’ said he, ‘is Thomas Jefferson Southerland. I am known as General Southerland, and connected somewhat with the burning of the Caroline, on the Canadian border, in 1837. I was a prisoner, under the British authorities for more than three months; they intended to hang me, and erected a gallows in sight of my prison window. But upon my trial by court martial I was allowed to defend my own case, and they de-

tected in me a military man, and for this or some other reason they let me go.’

“‘This was, in fact, all we ever knew, true or false, of who the man was. In regard to the little girl he carried with him: ‘This,’ said he, ‘is not my child. She is adopted. Nor do I know who she is. I am a phrenologist, and in cholera times was travelling on the Mississippi in a steamboat, and happened to see a widow travelling with three little girls. My skill in phrenology enabled me to see that the mother had but little love and affection for her children, and that this one was a very intellectual child, and would make a good teacher. I asked her if she would give this little girl to me. She at once said: ‘Yes, you may have her.’ I took and adopted her and her name is Viola Southerland.’

“‘The object of his mission was, he said, to make arrangements to leave the little girl a few days at the Mission, until he, with two other men, who were in company with him, and who were in camp near, would explore this portion of the Indian Territory. He went on to argue that the government had no right to keep those lands, west of the Indian Reservation, exclusively for the Indians; that military restrictions should be removed; that they were settling the Pacific coast with impunity, and that he was going to test it here, or out some distance from the Missouri river, if the country pleased him, etc.

“‘He left the girl, and after an absence of about three weeks, returned, greatly delighted with his trip, and confident that west of the Iowa and Kickapoo reserves, there was one of the most beauti-

ful and most productive countries. His resolution was formed to organize a colony of young men, and to go at once and possess some part of this inviting field. He still wanted to leave his little girl at the Mission until he could return with his colony. This was agreed to and the General left for Missouri.

"In about three months two covered wagons were driven up to the Mission. We were soon informed that it was General Southerland's outfit, destined for a new settlement, west of the Indian reserves, but that the General himself was in one of the wagons, very sick. He was brought into the Mission, and was well cared for, but his mind was gone, and he never rallied. A few days of unconscious existence ended his career. He was evidently a man of intellect and will, and may have had considerable scholarly attainments. In his trunk was found a large quantity of manuscript, made up of biography, history and poetry. Most of it was seemingly prepared for the press; but nothing was found to throw any light on his ancestry or personal history. The young men with him were led to believe that his place of correspondence or his home was somewhere in eastern Ohio. They said he wrote for some paper, called the *Nonpareil*, in that region. With himself ended all his plans for colonizing the West. The young men returned to Missouri. The little girl grew up to womanhood, was married, and as far as is known, has a good record. This is all that was known at the Mission of General Southerland.

"This little piece of Kansas history has never before been written, and if

published might reach the eyes of some one who would be interested. It was the privilege of the writer to be in charge of the Iowa and Sac Mission where this occurred, and he can vouch for the correctness of it."

A Perilous Ride.

A circumstance connected with the admission of Kansas, in which the writer figured, left an impression on his mind, that like all other wild adventures, will never be obliterated, until the power that furnishes life's electricity "stops short, never to go again." It was 12 o'clock at night in the composing room of the *St. Joseph Daily Gazette*; Charlie Thompson, the foreman, had his forms about closed, and the boys were lounging around wearily, waiting for "30." In that composing room was a young printer who had previously been migrating with the seasons, going West when the "pe-wees" commenced to sing, and seeking the genial atmosphere of some Missouri printshop upon the appearance of white frost. Thomas White, a large farmer and stock raiser near Council Grove, Kansas, had been looking for the admission, and wrote to his typographical friend, that when it occurred, to get the news to him at the earliest possible moment, regardless of expense. At the time, the printer owned a fleet-footed pony, which was then being groomed and foddered in Kate Burgess' livery stable. At 12:30 came "30," and it bore the news of the admission of Kansas. The typo, with migrating proclivities, immediately tendered his resignation and ordered his pony; but what was he to do?

Jule Robidoux, the clerk, had gone home, and there was a balance of a few dollars due him. However, Oscar Leonard, one of the model compositors of those days, finally came to his relief and advanced a twenty dollar bill, and took an order on the "clerk" for the same.

Just at 2 o'clock, after bidding the boys "good-bye," the young man, with two or three Gazettes on one side of his saddle pockets, balanced with a "wet lunch" on the other side, mounted his fiery little steed and skipped across the Missouri river on the ice, just below the "Robidoux brick." About sunrise that morning he took breakfast at a cabin on Independence creek and rested his pony an hour. At 2 o'clock he dined in "Topeka," exchanged ponies with "Jo Jim," the Kaw Indian interpreter, took supper at Mission creek, and at 12 o'clock that night Mr. White read the Gazette before a blazing fire, while the hungry type devoured a red-hot lunch, and congratulated himself that he was the first one to travel any distance in the new state. Distance, 140 miles; time, 22 hours.--S. Joseph Gazette, Jan. 24, 1897. KIOWA JIM.

The Drouth of 1860.

The Historical Edition of the Atchison Globe, published in July 1894, which was one of the most readable historical editions ever issued in the West, and which contained much interesting history of our own County, gave the following sketch of the great drouth of 1860.

"The great drouth occurred in 1860. The spring of that year was very promising until the latter part of June, when

the hot winds began blowing about noon. They ceased at nightfall, but resumed operations the next day. One old settler says that the hot winds came up instantly and caused him to run out of his house expecting to find a fire.

"Although the corn was two feet high and very strong and vigorous, the hot winds cooked it completely, and it wilted and fell over. There has never been a hot wind like it since in this section of the state, although western Kansas people born after 1860 are able to describe similar experiences. The fact that this section of the state is now free from hot winds is due to the circumstance that the country west of us has been settled up, and the great desert where the winds were heated, no longer exists. There is nothing in the theory that the rain belt gradually travels westward with the settlements; one of the worst drouths in the history of the West was experienced last summer in Illinois, while eastern Kansas had timely rains and abundant crops. This section is supplied with moisture from the Gulf of Mexico, and possibly one year in five, this aerial stream overflows, and there are heavy rains in the extreme West, when the people say the rain belt is travelling westward, but the truth is, that fifty years ago the same conditions existed as exist at present. No traveler remembers buffalo grass or sage brush in this section of the West, and during the time that a record has been kept, the rainfall has not increased in western Kansas, Colorado or Wyoming."

"The principal settlements in 1860 were within thirty or forty miles of

Atchison, although there were settlers along the streams as far west as Water-ville. There had not been much immigration that year, or since 1858: indeed Kansas probably lost population from 1858 to 1860, owing to the Kansas war, and other causes.

"The distress of the people attracted the prompt attention and assistance of abolition leaders in the East. S. C. Pomeroy had arrived at Lawrence in 1854, at the head of the second big party of New England Free State immigrants, and had located in Atchison two or three years later. It was largely through his efforts that the "aid" of 1860-1 was sent to Kansas and distributed.

"It came about naturally and Pomeroy distributed the aid received, as he was the friend and agent of Eli Thayer and Thaddeus Hyatt, the wealthy abolition enthusiasts who collected much of the aid, and who had been instrumental in sending thousands of Free State settlers to Kansas. A distributing office was established in a wooden building opposite the old postoffice, and a fabulous amount of aid poured into this depot from July, 1860, until the following spring. Everything in the way of food and clothing was sent in the most liberal quantity, and it was no unusual sight to see a dozen wagons from western and southern Kansas loading in front of the distributing depot at one time. These wagons came thirty, fifty, seventy-five and a hundred miles, the drivers being furnished orders from local committees as vouchers. S. C. King, who clerked in E. K. Blair's store at the time, and who often assisted Pomeroy in distributing

the aid, remembers one man who got a lot of aid, and spent \$75 for luxuries in the store.

Redpath and Lane.

We here present a few extracts from an editorial that appeared in the Doniphan Crusader of Freedom, of date May 17, 1858, which expresses Editor James Redpath's opinion of "General" James H. Lane:

"I did not know then, what I have since learned to my cost, that he is as dishonest in business as in politics, that his word of honor is as worthless as his character, that his solemn promises, in nine cases out of ten, are infallible indications of what he will not do.

"If he 'crushes me out'--- he has said he would do it--- it will be the first promise he has kept, and I will willingly accord him the credit of it.

"He would ruin a friend or a woman with as little compunction as he would eat an egg, and would take pleasure in doing it, if it would advance his ambition by a single hairsbreadth. I solemnly declare that I never knew him to perform a disinterested action excepting in two instances only: once, in Nebraska in assisting a fugitive to escape; once, in Leavenworth, in giving a dollar to a citizen for a widow in destitute circumstances. He insisted that the widow should know who gave the dollar. If he has seen her since, and did not try to seduce her, the fact should be mentioned as a remarkable incident by his future biographer.

"He wished me to advocate his claims to the presidency. I told him that if a

new man is to be chosen by the Republican party, I would vote for Frank Blair, of Missouri, and refused to mention him in connection with any office whatever. He "looked hell" at me, to adopt his own choice language, but said nothing about it.

"He wished to engage me in a criminal enterprise, and then I would be his slave forever! I never hated Lane until he asked me to do this deed. I did indeed despise him from the bottom of my soul, but I did not believe him to be capable of a scheme so diabolical--to involve a young man, without any cause in a criminal act of private revenge. It was so cowardly, contemptible and hellish that I left him without saying a word.

The "criminal enterprise" was the suggested murder of Robt. S. Kelley, editor of the *Squatters' Sovereign*, suggested by Lane, who wanted to get even with Kelly for having written the following letter said to have been picked up in Doniphan:

"Lane takes with him a wagon, in which there are seven muskets that I know of, and probably more. Watch your chance, and be sure and capture them. They are a part of the guns stolen from us during the late excitement here. For God's sake, don't fail to put it to Lane.

R. S. KELLEY.

"Lane wears a coat of mail. If you expect to hit him in a vital place, aim at his head."

R. S. K.

St. Valentine's Day.

(1863)

One of the earliest recognitions of a St. Valentine's Day custom was shown in Wolf River township in 1863. On the approach of the saint's day, the boys and girls of the prairie met and agreed to exchange valentines when the day should arrive. A "postoffice" was established at the broom factory of Dave Morse located about a quarter of a mile south of the present home of A. L. Wynkoop, of the Bendena neighborhood. Link Morse was "commissioned" postmaster for the occasion, and an agreement was made that the office should be open at nine o'clock on St. Valentine's morn. Promptly at that hour on that eventful day, the post-office door was thrown open, and Link in his best clothes and with the most solemn dignity bespeaking the high character of his position, appeared behind the dry goods box which served the purpose of receptacle for the "mail." Patrons of the office soon began to arrive--girls on horseback, galloping across the hills, their cheeks red with the kiss of the winter wind, and the boys trudging through the snow with their guns on their shoulders, well shaven and handsome, with high top boots and fur caps, all happy with anticipation. The girls, possessing the greater curiosity, were the first to ask for the "mail." Postmaster Morse with well preserved dignity, handed out the first missive. It was a neat envelope made of a coarse yellow wrapping paper, the kind often used in those days to wrap up Kirk's soap, and contained a very ugly print picture clipped from Frank Leslie's Bud-

get, or some other humorous sheet. It represented an old maid wearing side-curls, and wide and rebounding hoop-skirt. The recipient giggled, bit a piece out of the valentine, pouted and then put it into the stove in the corner. The second envelope opened revealed a playing card, the queen of hearts, which, at first was taken as a compliment; but some words scrawled in pencil on the margin cleared away all doubt as to the real sentiment of the sender of the valentine. It was limping poetry, and read something like this:

"Your smile seems warm, but your heart seems cold,

And you are wanting to marry, I'm told,
But we know you well, and you'll have to wait

"Till a blind man comes, or leave the state."

While the victim of this joke was still screaming with rage and tearing up the "nasty old card," half a dozen young men entered and received their mail. Such an array of comics had never been seen. There were crude cartoons cut from the comic papers, prints from Hostetter's green covered almanac, cuts from stock and farm journals representing the donkey, the goat and that other domestic animal that despises red and wears a ring in his nose, and a dozen other samples from as many sources. These were all exhibited causing an uproar of laughter and a hurricane of delight. Those that had been vexed came out of their pouts and joined in the merry chorus, even the girl who got the queen of hearts, and none laughed louder and longer than she. Thus passed the merry St. Valentine's

day on the prairie, in the long ago, and we'll say no more about it here, because two or three of the girls are still living in this County.

Lost in a Snowstorm.

In the Spring of 1856, a man by the name of Isaac Perkins settled on the Prairies on Cedar Creek in this County, about four miles down the Creek on what is now the crossing on the Highland and Hiawatha road. Along about the holidays in that year, his daughter, Mary, who had been visiting friends at Iowa Point, started to return home. Soon after starting there came up one of these terrible blizzards from the northwest, which the early settlers will remember, occasionally swept the country, like a besom of destruction. During one of these terrible times almost every living thing which remained unsheltered, perished in the bitter storm. From that it turned into a regular north-west blizzard, filling the air, and bewildering the poor girl until she strayed away from the buffalo trail she was following across the high prairie and completely lost her way. She wandered around all day and at night found herself on the banks of the creek, only two miles from home, but so completely bewildered that she had no idea of direction. She crept under the bank of the creek, made herself a shelter of brush, boughs and snow, and prepared to spend the night. In this retreat she remained for forty-six hours, finally becoming unconscious. Her folks supposing her to be still with her relatives, had no anxiety. The next afternoon after she had left Iowa Point they

discovered her absence and arousing the sparsely settled neighborhood, search was begun but not until the search had continued one whole day and night was she discovered. When found she was helpless and unconscious. While lying there and before she became unconscious, she wrote the story of her wanderings and sufferings in a Kansas snow storm. She described the agony endured, thinking she was going to die away from home and mother, and all friends she held so dear. The tablet she had to write her story on was her shoes, and her desk was the frozen snow in front of her. The story she had written in this homely way while awaiting the dreaded messenger was published in the papers and widely copied through the East. After being taken to her home and medical assistance summoned, it was found that her lower limbs were so badly frozen, that both feet had to be amputated. She eventually recovered her health, and although a cripple for life, the last time I saw her she was well and hearty, and seemed to be enjoying life, trying to make every one around her happy.—J.M. MARCUM, in Robinson Index, Feb., 1900.

Big Hail Storm.

One of the most destructive hail storms that ever visited the County came on Sunday afternoon, May 3rd, 1863. The following account of the storm is from the White Cloud Chief, of date May 7th of that year:

“About four o'clock huge hail stones began to fall at intervals, sounding like large rocks dropped upon the roofs of

houses. Very soon the storm burst in all its fury, and hail came fast and thick. It appeared more like solid chunks of ice than hail stones. It seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of some ice house in the upper regions, and the solid cakes of ice precipitated on the world below. The storm continued for over half an hour, and in that time did immense damage. We saw one hail stone that measured twelve inches in circumference, and weighed one pound. We have heard of still larger ones. We had a number that measured from ten to eleven inches, and five picked up at random weighed three and one half pounds.

“Out of one hundred and forty-four panes of glass in the east end of the City Hotel, but eleven were left unbroken; and nearly every pane of glass was broken out of the windows in the east and north-east sides of every house in town, and the sash smashed to pieces. Shingles were knocked from the roofs of houses, panels split from doors, fencing boards shattered, and in one case a hail stone went through a roof, shingles, sheeting and all. Some of the stones, on reaching the ground, bounded ten or fifteen feet into the air, the largest ones bursting as they fell. We saw several fly into three or four pieces, each piece of which must have weighed half a pound. This was the artillery of the storm. After about an hour's cessation, the musketry came, and we had a heavy shower of rain and small hail.

“The damage caused by the storm is considerable. Sheep, calves and poultry have been killed, and larger animals considerably bruised. Wherever the hail hit

cattle it took the hair off in wads. We have heard of many persons being injured by the hail. We have been told of a lady living several miles from here, who was on her way home on horseback, when the storm overtook her. A large hail-stone struck her on the head, causing the blood to flow profusely. She was also struck on the arm, receiving a severe bruise, and we understand that she is still suffering considerably from her injuries.

Major Daniel Vanderslice.

Major Daniel Vanderslice was of Holland descent, and the spelling of his name was perhaps Van der Slice. His ancestors were among the early Dutch settlers of America. He was born at Reading, Berks County, Pa., on the 10th of February, 1799. His father, whose name was also Daniel, with his family, resided in Philadelphia, but owing to the prevalence of yellow fever in that city, in the fall of 1798, with which he was himself attacked, he sent his wife to Reading, to her father's, Abraham Crennens, where she remained for some time after the birth of the subject of this sketch. His mother, on account of illness, not being able to nurse him, he was taken to a married sister, named Fox, who had lost an infant a few days before. When his mother recovered she returned to Philadelphia, leaving the baby with her sister, who had become so much attached to him that she was unwilling to part with him. He remained until he was about four years old, when he was taken to the family in the city. As Mrs. Fox and her family converse

almost wholly in German, the boy had no knowledge of the English language when he reached Philadelphia; but as soon as he was old enough, he was sent to school and soon forgot his German.

His father died about the beginning of the war of 1812. That war had caused a vast amount of excitement; and the capture of many ships by American privateers and the naval operation generally, created a strong desire among the young men and boys to enter the service. Among them, young Vanderslice sought service on one of the gunboats that was being hurriedly repaired, and which was soon after captured by a British squadron by the capes of Delaware. But Daniel had been prevented from going by his mother sending him up to Chester County, on Brandy Creek, where he was apprenticed to Joseph Bicking, to learn paper making, with whom he worked out his time and became a skilled workman.

After serving out his term and becoming of age, Mr. Vanderslice, in March, 1820, went to Washington City; but he soon after went to Kentucky and taught school at Ferran Creek, near Louisville. At the expiration of a term of school, his services were in demand at his trade, and he engaged with the Johnsons at Great Crossings, Scott County, Kentucky.

In March, 1822, he joined an expedition to explore and work the lead mines on River La Feve, in northwestern Illinois, and a lease was granted to the company to work a quantity of land for a given number of years. But there was trouble with the Indians over these mineral lands, and upon arriving at Rock

Island, the employees were organized into a rifle company, and Mr. Vanderslice was chosen captain. Thereafter he was known as "Captain Van," and was also an arbitrator, or referee, to settle all disputes arising among proprietors and miners, and his decisions were generally acquiesced in. While in camp on Roek Island, many councils were held with the Indians and the Major often met the great chiefs, Black Hawk and Keokuk. He listened to one of Keokuk's eloquent and impassionate speeches, in which, while protesting his friendship for the whites, and his devotion to the government, he complained of the grasping disposition and encroachments of the people of the states. He compared the red men to a little dog that had found a bone, and the whites to a big dog that leaped upon the little one and took the bone from him. Keokuk is described, as being at that time, a splendid specimen of manhood.

Mr. Vanderslice soon went to work at his trade in Jefferson County, Ky., where he was married, and as he could not persuade his wife to go to Galena, he settled down to work, and was soon able to buy a small farm. In 1825 he returned to Great Crossing and went to work at his trade, and the following year he entered into partnership with General David Thompson, who owned a mill at Longview on the Elkhorn. In 1830 he went to see the races, where two of the horses flew the track, one of them running against his mare and breaking his leg in the collision. He was taken to the house of General William Johnson, a nephew of Col. Richard M. Johnson,

who owned a paper mill, where he dissolved his partnership with Gen. Thompson and accepted the management of the Great Crossing paper mills. He was appointed postmaster, and occasionally corresponded for the papers. His political articles were in support of the measures favored by General Jackson, and in opposition to Nullification. He was elected Lieutenant of a volunteer company, and was selected to procure a suitable flag for the company, on which he had inscribed in golden letters, on a scroll held in the beak of a spread eagle, the words—"The Union, It Must and Shall be Preserved." These memorable words became the watchword of the Democrats, who opposed the Nullification doctrine of the principles of John C. Calhoun. When Jackson issued a proclamation against that fallacy, Mr. Vanderslice had printed two thousand copies on tinted paper and some on satin, for distribution: and where they could not be reached by mail, he filled his saddle bags with them, and traveled from hamlet to hamlet, distributing them among the people.

Having purchased the Kentucky Sentinel, at Georgetown, Mr. Vanderslice conducted it in advocacy of the election of Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson for president of the United States in 1836. He next purchased a stock of goods, and turned his attention to mercantile affairs; but foreseeing, from the signs of the times, the great crash that was coming, he sold out in time to save himself.

Early in March, 1837, Major Vanderslice was appointed special agent for the

removal of the Chickasaw Indians to their new homes west of the Mississippi. The duties were attended with more than ordinary difficulties, as well as dangers. These Indians were recognized as citizens and were subject to being sued for debt, the same as white people; and as they had much property, as soon as it was found that they were going to emigrate, all manner of claims were trumped up against them, which required much time to adjust, all of which devolved upon the Major. Owing to his experience with Indians and his success in managing them, Major Vanderslice, in 1853, was appointed by President Pierce, agent of the Iowas and the Sacs and Foxes of Missouri, located in the northern part of this County, the Agency then being at the Mission Farm, at Highland. He held his position until Lincoln became president, in 1861. During his incumbency, he opened a road through the bottom, from St. Joseph to the bluffs at Wathena, now known as the Rock Road. He also conducted the sales of the Iowa Trust Lands, at Iowa Point, in 1857, embracing all the country, from the Missouri river at White Cloud and Iowa Point westward, to the vicinity of Padonia, Brown County. During his administration, the Agency was removed from the Mission to near the Nemaha river northwest of White Cloud.

Major Vanderslice was a member of the LeCompton Constitutional Convention in 1857, and framed the constitution that created such an uproar in Kansas, and caused so many elections, the final one being its rejection, under the proposition known as the "English Bill."

Since retiring from the Indian Agency, Mr. Vanderslice has held no public position, but retained his residence in this County. He always took great interest in politics but, while being warm partisan, he always had respect for the opinions of those who differed from him. He did not engage in any of the methods of what was known as the "Border Ruffian" party, and during the war was loyal. His connections and associations were all Southern but he held to his sentiments of the Jacksonian days. He had for many years been a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and had reached a high rank in the Order. Although placed in public positions in which he might have amassed an independent fortune, and in which many others did make fortunes, no taint of speculation or dishonesty were attached to him. He was never in affluent circumstances, and died very poor.

Major Vanderslice died February 5, 1889, lacking just five days of being 90 years of age. His funeral took place at Highland on Thursday, the 7th, conducted by the Masons of the Smithton Lodge, the first Masonic Lodge instituted in Kansas, of which he was one of the founders.--Kansas Chief.

The River Towns in 'Fifty-Nine.

It may interest many to read what Redpath's "Handbook to Kansas Territory" had to say concerning the river towns, in 1859. We quote:

"DONIPHAN--There are four natural roads leading from Doniphan out into the surrounding country-- Deer creek,

rising in the south-west, Independence creek in the west, Rock creek in the north-west, and Spring creek in the north. Doniphan is situated in a district of timbered land, more extensive and of better quality than is elsewhere to be found on the Missouri river. Owing to this fact, lumber is sold by the Doniphan mills at a lower figure than at any other point in Kansas. Two extensive saw mills are in operation....It often happens, when the water is low, that heavy draft boats have to reload here in order to get over Smith's bar, thus making Doniphan the great depot for up-river commerce.

“GEARY CITY.--This little town is situated two or three miles above Doniphan but has no advantage over it. It has a poor site, lies situated too far out for an interior trade, has no steam ferry, nor rich citizens, nor other means of rapid growth--nothing to support it but a strata of good clay, 'fit for the potter's use.' It is not likely to increase in numbers. Population 300 or 400. It is what is called a speculator's town.

PETERSBURG.--Situated three or four miles above Geary "City" It also is a great city--a speculator's city. It consists of--one hut.

PALERMO.--This is the next point. It is three miles in a direct line from St. Joseph, and eight miles by river. It was located by some Missouri speculators early in 1855; in the spring of 1857, large purchases were made by a Free-State company. Since then the town has steadily progressed. It now contains about 500 inhabitants and 150 buildings, a large steam, saw, and flouring mill, several stores, a printing office, from which is

issued the Palermo Leader, a good hotel and a school house. The hopes of the proprietors as to the future prosperity of their town, are based upon a projected railroad, the St. Joseph & Topeka, terminating there. A charter has been granted and a large amount of stock taken.

ELWOOD.--This town, opposite St. Joseph, was laid out in the Spring of 1857, on the site of Roseport. It contains about 1,500 inhabitants, a large number of buildings, a fine hotel, three saw mills, several shingle, planing, and lath machines, a number of stores and a printing office, from which the Kansas Press is issued weekly. It aims to be the rival of St. Joseph, and should it become important, will derive its value from its proximity to that city. No doubt would exist of its future but for the lowness of its site, the town being built on what, but a few years since, was the bed of the Missouri river. It is very low and flat, and will require a large amount of expenditure capital to secure it against inundations. This difficulty overcome, Elwood will be a point of great commercial interest.

“IOWA POINT.--This is situated thirty miles from St. Joseph and Elwood, the former being the terminus of the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad. It contains a population of several hundred, a number of enterprising merchants, a good school, etc. A daily line of stage from Leavenworth, connecting there with the stages in connection with the Pacific railroad, have their stopping place here. It is an enterprising place, was laid out in 1855 by Southern men, but is now principally in Free-State hands.

"HIGHLAND.---This is an enterprising village. It is the seat of a projected college under the direction of the Presbyterian church. One wing of the building is under process of erection. A newspaper, the Highlander, is published there.

"WHITE CLOUD.---This is the last point---being but two miles from the Nebraska line in Kansas---on the Missouri river. It was located in the summer of 1857, and now contains 500 inhabitants, five stores, a printing office, from which is issued the Kansas Chief, and also a good school. Good coal is found there, also iron ore, limestone and an abundance of excellent timber. The landing is a good rock one."

A Doniphan County Golgotha.

A young man who has an attentive ear for stories pertaining to the early days, with whom we were recently talking, said: "Ever ride to a funeral with an old man who lived here in the early days? Well, he's the man to listen to, and the time of a funeral is the time to hear him. Not very long ago I rode with an old gentleman pioneer in a funeral procession. The funeral train led through wood and vale, wound round hills and jogged over rills and across gulches until I thought the hearse man had lost his way and was driving in a circle. At

every turn of the road which led through Burr Oak township, my venerable companion would point to a hill, or slope, or gulch, or glade, saying: 'On yonder hill we buried the old man that was hooked to death by his cow, as he was leading her to water at a spring by the old trail; on the slope sleeps the man that was killed by the steamboat captain; not far from that gulch two men had a fight to death over a woman, and both were buried somewhere in the gulch; on that knoll are the graves of a few men that were too slow with their guns. They were buried in shallow graves, and some years ago their skulls were found rolling down the hill; by yonder tree a man was found dead with a bullet hole in his forehead; there by that spring two men fought a duel with knives over a game of cards, etc., etc., until one might believe that the place was a veritable Golgotha.'

There is more or less mystery connected with many of those early day tragedies, which never can be cleared up. No doubt in the Burr-oak hills lie hidden the bones of many a "missing man," long sought for by sorrowing family and sympathizing friends; and with the author of "Beyond the Mississippi" we may ask, "Who shall sing the saddest strain of the nameless graves, which thicker than milestones, dot the emigrant roads from Missouri to California?"

CHAPTER V.

PEN SKETCHES, ETC.

(CONTINUED.)

A SKETCH OF EARLY ELWOOD.

The sketch here presented is from the St. Joseph Gazette of date December 22, 1901. It presents matter that has not appeared in any of the histories of the County, and, as the Gazette always took great and kindly interest in the affairs of our County, we may rest assured that the sketch is well worthy of our confidence.

The New York Daily Times, December 18, 1861:

"Elwood is one of the most promising places in Kansas, and from the eligibility of its position and great local advantages, bids fair to become the chief commercial metropolis of the future state."

Forty years have elapsed since the prophecy was made, and now the residents of St. Joseph's Kansas suburb believe it is about to be fulfilled.

A city directory of Elwood and St. Joseph combined for the years 1860-61 contains the foregoing extract from the New York Daily Times. Continuing, the article says:

"Situated directly opposite St. Joseph,

Elwood is placed by the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad in direct communication with the most populous and wealthy cities of the East, and by the first of April will be within fifty hours' travel of New York. It is the starting point of the railroad chartered to Palmetto, on the South Pass route to Salt Lake and California, and of the St. Joseph & Topeka railroad, which will command a great portion of the trade of New Mexico. It lies on the west bank of the Missouri, on the verge of extensive, elevated and thickly wooded bottoms, which require no grading; its streets are broad and rectangular and its levee can be approached with safety by the largest boats and is sufficiently spacious for an immense commerce."

The New York Tribune of January, 1859, commenting upon the prospects of Elwood, said:

"The rapid growth of Elwood, the principal town in Northern Kansas, is due to its position on the Missouri river directly opposite St. Joseph--the second city in Missouri. Since 1849, when the overland emigration to California com-

menced, this point has been an important one. The largest overland emigration to Kansas, has been, and continues to go through St. Joseph and Elwood. The government trains and the Salt Lake mail have long made this their starting point. It is the only town in Kansas that can be reached by railroad."

This is Elwood as it was looked upon forty years ago. The town did not progress as was expected, but, on the other hand declined for years. The city directory for 1860-61 is owned by Charles M. Betts, a local real estate dealer. It contains 165 names, and among them are found those of persons who later figured prominently in the history of Kansas. The town was at one time known as Roseport, but the name was changed to Elwood a short time previous to the date that the directory was issued. The town was an active rival of St. Joseph in early days. The old directory seeks to advertise the town as an outfitting point in the following terms:

"All persons who have determined to undertake the journey over the plains are quite anxious to learn the best route, and the best place for procuring teams and an outfit. An experience of 10 years has fixed upon the route beginning at Elwood, Kansas, (directly opposite St. Joseph, Mo.) and proceeding thence by Ft. Kearney and the valley of the Platte as the shortest, safest and best route from the Missouri river to the great West. Elwood, Kan., is connected with St. Joseph by the best ferry on the Missouri; it has first class hotels and large business houses, where everything in the line of provisions and outfitting articles can be

obtained at low prices. Oxen, wagons, mules, tents, blankets, and everything needed for a trip over the plains, can be bought better at Elwood than at any other point on the frontier.

"Elwood is situated at the eastern terminus of the old California road; which has been the route taken by the overland travelers since 1849 and is now established as the best road to the gold mines of the Rocky mountains. The road from Elwood to the prairie has been recently entirely repaired and is now a firstclass road in all kinds of weather. Elwood is situated in a rich valley where grass shoots early and those who wish to spend a few days in getting ready for a trip to the mines will find excellent camping ground there, and plenty of wood to burn and grass for cattle. Elwood is the terminus of the Elwood & Marysville railroad, which is already graded for many miles. It is expected to be in running order to Troy, twelve miles west, in a few months. It is the first railroad built in Kansas."

In the lowlands of eastern Kansas, Elwood has peacefully slumbered since the optimistic views expressed in the foregoing. The war put a quietus, for a time on the railroad prospects and the equipment of the one lone railroad of the state was returned to St. Joseph, whence it was first taken on a ferry.

It was in Elwood that men who made the long trip to the Eldorado of the Rocky mountains, purchased their supplies. Some drove oxen across the plains, while others were satisfied with but a wheelbarrow containing food, water, a shovel, a pick and a few other

implements necessary for mining. History records the successes and failures of the unsophisticated patriarchs of the Missouri valley in the gold fields. History of late years has recorded little of Elwood for the town died--it is believed forever.

The historical town has put on new life during the last few weeks. When the announcement was made that the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad intended to build a bridge across the river to Elwood, the people of the hamlet awoke from their slumber of nearly half a century. Many of them had hoped, during all of those years, that the tide which had swept on to the great west would some day recede, and that Elwood would, by some unknown chance yet become a figure in the world of commerce and manufacture. There was little tangible basis for the hope, it is true, but the fulfillment of the dream is said by railroad men to be near at hand.

The bill authorizing the construction of the Rock Island bridge has been introduced in the senate. It is believed that it will pass without trouble, and to Elwood this will mean much, if the reports that have been current recently can be relied upon. It is stated to be the intention of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad to build switch yards on the Kansas side. A large grain elevator, with the capacity of a half million bushels has been built during the last few years at Elwood, and those who never lost confidence in the town, say that the day is near at hand, when, from the sleeping burg, there will arise a big town; that the natural advantages of the place will

no longer be overlooked, since abundant railroad facilities are assured.

THE CITY OFFICERS.

From the appendix of the old directory of the town are gathered the names of men who were well known to the early settlers of St. Joseph. Some of them have since become famous in other parts of the state and country. The city government of Elwood in 1861 was represented by the following officials:

Mayor, George W. Barr.

Clerk, Dr. J. W. Robinson.

Assessor, William H. High.

Attorney, T. A. Osborn.

Treasurer, R. S. Sayward.

Collector, Charles O. Smith.

City Council, William H. High, D. B. Jones, J. H. Hatcher, A. Disque, W. L. Lewis, L. C. Roth, William Luke, W. Croff, A. W. Tice.

Police Department. The police force consisted of the chief, or city marshal, and three policemen, the latter of whom were immediately responsible to the mayor.

Marshal, Charles O. Smith; office corner Fifth and Douglas streets.

Policemen, Andrew Neal, Arthur Carroll and Richard Howell.

Let it be known that, at the present day, the city government of Elwood is vested in two or three men.

There was but one incorporated company in Elwood in 1861. It was the Elwood Building association, the office of which was located at the corner of Sixth and Douglas streets. The concern was incorporated in 1860 by D. W. Wilder, A. L. Lee, Charles H. Hatcher.

There was one regular church at Elwood. At St. Mark's Episcopal church, located on Foreman street, between Seventh and Eighth streets, services were held at 3 o'clock each Sunday afternoon. Rev. J. E. Ryan was its rector in 1861. Religious services were held occasionally by persons attached to the Congregational church in a public hall.

Of the Elwood & Marysville railroad the directory says:

"This road is graded to Troy with iron enough on hand to lay it, and trains will be running regularly by August 1.

Reference is made to the Marysville & Denver City railroad as follows: "This railroad is a continuation of the Marysville & Roseport railroad and will be surveyed immediately."

The business directory of the town in 1861 shows the following number of persons engaged in different business enterprises at Elwood. Insurance agents, 1; real estate agents, 1; attorneys at law, 3; bakers, 2; bank note detector, 1; billiard halls, 2; blacksmiths, 2; breweries, 1; brickmaker, 1; butcher, 1; carpenters, 6; coffee house, 1; dentist, 1; draper and tailor, 1; druggist, 1; drygoods stores, 4; gardener, 1; grist mill, 1; groceries, 3; hotels 2; justices of the peace, 1; livery stable 1; meat market, 1; millwright, 1; newspaper, 1; painters, 2; physicians, 3; plasterers, 1; restaurants, 1; saloons, 5; shoemakers, 3; steam saw mill, 1; stock-dealer, 1; stove and tinware dealers, 1; wagon makers, 3; watch maker, 1; wood merchants, 2.

John Broder, ex-chief of the police of St. Joseph, drove the first spike on the

first railroad west of the Missouri river at Elwood.

John T. Warburton, justice of the peace of Washington township, is one of the men who remain to recall the early fortunes of those who settled Elwood. Mr. Warburton came to St. Joseph in the fall of 1856 and moved to Elwood in 1858, when he went to work on the Elwood Free Press, where he was nothing more, nothing less than a printer's 'devil.'

Elwood at that time was almost as large as St. Joseph. A large hotel stood on the river bank on the Kansas side, and as the current of the river shifted, the ground began to crumble away from the foundation of the structure, which subsequently made necessary the tearing down of the building.

The hotel covered a block of ground. Mr. Warburton was well acquainted with T. A. Osborn, "Tom" Osborn, as he was known in those days, who afterwards became governor of Kansas. Osborn was a printer by trade, and while acting as city attorney at Elwood, he used to go to the Free Press office and set type for a few hours "just to keep in practice," as he expressed it.

Mr. Warburton was one of the men who pulled on the rope that brought the first locomotive into the state of Kansas. The engine was taken across the river from St. Joseph on a ferry. Ropes were attached to it on the other side, and men and boys pulled the locomotive up the bank. In those days engines were named instead of numbered, as now, and this, the first iron horse to visit the land of sunflowers, was called the "Albany."

A mile of track had been laid toward Wathena at the time the engine arrived, and the day following the town was in holiday attire.

The engine was placed upon the track and ran back and forth over the rails, midst the cheers of the throng of spectators, to most of whom the mass of iron and steel was a revelation. When the track had been completed to Wathena, a free excursion was run to that town. All day long the woods was crowded with an excited throng of people, who thought they saw in the arrival of the strange visitor, a power of civilization unsurpassed.

This was the beginning of the St. Joseph, Roseport & Topeka railroad and its equipment in the state of Kansas then amounted to the engine "Albany" and three flat cars. The road changed hands at different times and became a part of the St. Joseph & Denver City, now the St. Joseph & Grand Island.

Romantic Elopement.

On the lips of a few of the old timers is a legend telling of a romantic elopement which took place in the vicinity of the historic old town of Charleston-on-the-Missouri. The hero was a widower, lacking a few years of fifty, but he was a handsome man, possessing dash and courage, two manly qualities greatly admired by all the daughters of Eve. The heroine was young, possessing rare beauty. She laughed out of a pair of the sweetest brown eyes; her cheeks were of the tint of the June rose; her lips rivaled the carnation, and her dark curls hung bewitchingly on her gracefully rounded shoulders,

half screening, half revealing a neck that a sculptor might have given a year of his life to see. But the girl's parents objected to the match, not only because of the advanced age of the man of her heart, but on account of the depleted condition of his pocketbook, and his poor worldly prospects, he being in possession of but one \$5 gold piece and a skittish mule which like his owner and master, was well advanced in years. But, as everyone knows, love laughs at locksmiths and dissenting parents, and one moonlight night, early in the sixties, when the houses were few and far scattered over the country, the hero of this story-legend astride "Old Jack," rode to a secret spot near the home of his prospective father-in-law, where he met his dark eyed sweetheart, with a smile on her face and a bundle of clothes under her arm, ready to elope. Without delay the hero, reaching down his strong right arm, crooked it around the lissome waist of the girl, and lifted her to a seat on a gunny sack, on the mule's back behind him. Immediately "Old Jack," having received a communication from the spur on the heel of the hero, sprang forward on the journey. Casting a single glance over her shoulder, the girl waved a silent adieu to her old home; then, as the spur bit deeper into the flank of the skittish mule, her white arms found their way around her lover's waist, and a flying, romping curl tickled his ear and cheek, in a most tantalizing but delightful manner.

Over the prairies dark and lonely they galloped, "Old Jack," the skittish, plunging and snorting; our hero riding proud and straight and happy; our heroine hol-

ing tightly, her dark eyes sparkling like stars, and her raven curls tossing on the waves of the night wind. Across the rolling prairies of old Doniphan Caunty they flew, covering many miles before the good mule was permitted to come to a walk; and just as the sun began to emerge from the mouth of the cave of night, hero and heroine found themselves in front of the door of an early rising preacher, who, without unnecessary delay, tied into a fast knot their heart strings, which for so long a time had been happily entwined.

The Court House Fire.

From the Troy Reporter, March 14, 1867, we copy the following account of the burning of the Court House in Troy, March 12, 1867.

"On Tuesday afternoon, about half past one o'clock, the Court House in this town was discovered to be on fire in the roof of the building. Mr. Stout dashed a pail of water on what could be seen of it, around the flue in the ceiling of the court room, and thought the fire was extinguished, but he gave the alarm and several came running with water. The hatchway was raised, when it was discovered that the whole of the roof was in flames. All hands, when this was announced, began to carry out and save the records and the papers. The wind was blowing very hard and it was impossible to save the building. The wood work was all pine, dry as powder, and it burned very rapidly.

Two prisoners were in the jail, who were removed and placed under guard.

The Sheriff had stored in his office

about two thousand dollars worth of clothing attached for some parties in St. Joseph which was all saved.

A great many of the loose papers were scattered by the wind, and in gathering them up they were somewhat "mixed." The books and records of all kinds, together with the safes, were all saved in good order.

The court house was insured for four thousand dollars, in the "North American" of Philidelphia. The policy had only been issued about six weeks.

Three stoves, some desks, a few lamps and some thirty singing books, belonging to the Methodist society, were about all the property burned with the building.

The building was put up under the old border ruffian rule, costing the county nearly \$15,000--enough to erect a much better building. It had been "cursed" enough to be "charmed," but it seems the charm departed about the time it took fire. The Sheriff will secure another room for the District Court, which will open next Monday. The District Clerk will have his papers all straightened up for court.

Our citizens are taking steps for the erection of a new and good Court House, which will be built with little or no expense to the County."

The present citizens of the County have not forgotten that a very bitter County-seat war followed.

As this page is being made ready for the press, the bricklayers are about to begin work on the construction of a new Court House, which will be one of the finest in this section of the state.

Kansas.

Dear Editor:—Having spent the last week in canvassing Doniphan County, upon the all-engrossing topic of the enfranchisement of women, I feel bound to make a report of my proceedings, through your columns. I used to hear that the southern counties were the paradise of Kansas, but I believe there is no finer scenery, no better soil, no place of richer promise in all the West, than is afforded in Doniphan County; and the best feature of it is, that Doniphan County will give us a large majority in favor of Impartial Suffrage. In several different localities, they promised me almost the entire vote, in favor of woman's enfranchisement. This looks hopeful. Through some misunderstanding about the appointments, the meetings were failures in one or two places; but I promised myself the pleasure of returning and reviewing the fine fields and pleasant villages of Doniphan, and at that time we shall make up for all failures of the past. At Highland I met old school friends—classmates of years ago—and in talking over old times and old friends of other days, in relating adventures and experiences, the time flew away before we were scarcely aware. The meeting at Highland was a decided success. True, I was not allowed to occupy the chapel, or the school room in the university, because some persons thought politics must of necessity be separate from the influence, both of religion and education; but then, a kind gentleman very generously offered me the use of his store, supposing, no doubt, that politics and commerce are intimately connected. An

attractive audience, composed of thinking and earnest people, rejoiced the heart of the weary lecturer. There are good friends of liberty in Highland, and our cause will have a strong vote, if not the majority. A celebration of the colored people took place on the 21st, in the grove near Highland. It was largely attended and was an occasion of real enjoyment. The Hutchison family were present, and sang several of their stirring freedom songs. Every one who hears them sing is made better and happier by their sweet music. The colored people unanimously adopted a resolution, recognizing, in the advocates of female suffrage, the best friends of the colored man, and planted themselves upon the broad platform of Impartial suffrage, without regard to sex or color. Mr. Langton made a stirring speech, in which he, at three different times, declared himself in favor of the enfranchisement of women. He is an elegant man and his words produced a marked effect upon the audience. He spoke a little too severely and contemptuously of the white race, making at some points rather disparaging comparisons; but when we remember the wrongs the colored man has suffered, we cannot blame him if, at times, he forgets that there are good, intelligent and generous men and women even among the whites. But let every one speak as the spirit moves, and let us all, men and women, speak and act as conscience shall dictate, and I have no fears for the result.

The heart of the people of Kansas is in favor of liberty and enfranchisement for all.

OLYMPIA BROWN.

Robinson, Kans., Sept. 23, 1867.

The St. Joseph and Elwood Bridge.

Construction of the present bridge, now owned by the Grand Island was begun September 26, 1871. The contract was let to the Detroit Iron & Bridge Company in June 1871 for \$710,000. The bridge was erected under the supervision of Engineer E. D. Mason, and in January, 1872, the following board of directors was elected: W. P. Hall, W. Z. Ransome, J. D. McNeeley, Peter G. Gonlisk, G. H. Koch, Dr. Robert Gumm, Jeff Chandler, John Pinger, J. D. Bittinger, Fred W. Smith, T. B. Weakley, R. H. Jordan, and S. P. Hyde. W. B. Johnson, James McCord, W. M. Wyeth, Milton Tootle and Louis Hax afterward served on the board. The first train passed over the bridge May 20, 1873.

The opening of the bridge was formally celebrated on May 31, 1873, and of this occurrence an early history of Buchanan County says: "This was beyond doubt the most brilliant pageant ever witnessed in the city. Not only was every civic association and benevolent society represented in the vast procession, but the German citizens of the northwest had selected St. Joseph as the place for holding their annual Sangerfest on the same day. The procession which traversed the streets of St. Joseph, was never equaled west of the Mississippi. Every trade was represented. The cooper was hooping barrels in his improvised shop on wheels, the shoemaker was pegging at his last, the axhandle manufacturers were using their drawing knives, and turning out handles with the same celerity that marked their labors at home, lathes, looms, steam engines, collar fac-

tories, trunk establishments and an endless variety of other trades and appliances of mechanical labor, were in full blast, in the vast stream of human industry, that moved along the streets to the enlivening music of six or eight brass bands. The procession was fully six miles in length and both in the novelty of its character and the immensity of its magnitude, astonished even the people in whose midst the industries existed. At night hundreds of Chinese lanterns illuminated the structure.

An immense amount of brilliant oratory was set off in a bunch. Ex-Governor Hall, Joseph Brown, the mayor of St. Louis, Gen. James Craig, James B. Eads, Jeff Chandler and Honorables I. S. Kallock of Leavenworth, and A. C. Parker spoke.

At 3 p. m. a sumptuous banquet was served in Tootle & McLaughlin's hall to which five hundred guests sat down. Bands played during the feast. Numerous toasts were given and eloquent responses made. The last of these was to Joseph Robidoux, the founder of St. Joseph, which was drunk in silence by all standing."

Notwithstanding the immense importance to St. Joseph commerce, the bridge not only did not, for several years, pay the dividend, nor even pay interest on the \$200,000 of bonds issued by the bridge company, and nobody protested when the city presented the structure to Jay Gould and his associates as an unconditional gift.

The \$500,000 of city bonds have never been paid. They have been refunded from time to time, and the rate of in-

terest cut down, but the principal is still outstanding. Jay Gould was so short sighted as to permit the bridge to be sold a few years later, to the holders of the bridge bonds for \$5,000 at a foreclosure sale.--St. Joseph Gazette, Dec. 22, 1901.

A Brave Girl.

During 1863, the Jayhawkers were the boldest and did the greatest amount of mischief in the county. There was scarcely a settler that had not had cause to complain of their thieviseness and sneaking meanness. The following sketch, concerns the Jawhawker known as Chandler, who belonged to the Cleveland gang and who was killed at Geary City, in 1863. It was prepared from a letter written by an old settler.

In August, 1862, Chandler in company with a tall red haired man whom he called "Sandy," while on their way from the Atchison country, to a well known rendezvous on Wolf River, stopped at the house of G. R. Wilson, at Walnut Grove, Wolf River township, and asked for a drink of water. Wilson was not at home. The oldest daughter sent the men to the well, but they soon returned to the door and demanded that she prepare supper for them. The girl, who was scarcely fifteen, informed them that her mother was sick and needed all her time, it being then about four o'clock. Chandler was displeased at this. Turning to his companion he said, "Hear that, Sandy? Says she won't; let's make her." Sandy shook his head, advising that they move on; but Chandler was in an ugly spirit. However, after some

argument, he consented to go on. The brave little woman holding fort at the door sent this shot after them: "Its well for you that you've decided to go on, for you would have had a happy time making me get supper for you." Chandler went on his way reluctantly. "She's a sauey cub, isn't she?" he growled to his companion as they retired.

A short time after this the Wilson family were aroused about midnight by hearing someone pounding on the door. Wilson, rising and going to the door, met Chandler and "Sandy." Chandler held a pistol to Wilson's face, demanding that he behave himself while the house was being searched for arms. Wilson protested that he had no arms in the house, and this was true, for a short time before this his daughter, having heard that men were on the rounds, taking up the arms of some of the citizens, determined to forestall them by hiding the gun in an outbuilding. Chandler would not be satisfied with Wilson's statement that there were no arms in the house. He ordered "Sandy" to get a rope. The rope being brought, it was thrown over a beam of the porch, but that was as far as the "bluff" was carried. At that moment, Emily, the brave little girl, who sent the men on their way without their supper, stood concealed behind a door, with an axe in her hand, ready to leap out and strike, when the men should begin to place the rope over her father's head. The idea of hanging was abandoned and Mrs. Wilson, who by this time arrived on the scene, was ordered to light the way, while the men made a search of the house. Chandler did the

rummaging, while "Sandy" stood guard at the front door. It seems that "Sandy" did not consider it worth while to watch Wilson, since it was evident he had no arms, and not being watched, Wilson slipped out of the back door. A hasty search of the house was made. A trunk was broken into and robbed of its contents. On the wall a watch was found hanging, and that was taken. On the way out, Chandler found a saddle on the porch, which he took with him, remarking that he had ridden bareback and that he would borrow it for the occasion. In the meantime, Wilson had secured the rifle where his daughter had concealed it, and had hidden himself near the road, where he believed the men would pass on going away. He had his gun pointed and ready for Chandler, but the men, instead of coming his way, turned in the opposite direction and made their escape with their booty. Shortly after this, when Chandler was killed at Geary City, he had on him some of the clothes he had stolen from Wilson's trunk in the bedroom.

The Shooting of Wilson.

The following account of the shooting of Grandison R. Wilson, by a squad of soldiers of the 13th Kansas, is based on an account written for us by Wilson's oldest daughter, who, at the age of fifteen, was an eye witness to the whole affair.

Between eight and nine o'clock, on the morning of September 2nd 1862, Wilson started with his team for the field where he had some plowing to do. At his request his daughter, Emily, who was at

the same time on her way to school, carried to the field for him a scythe, to be used to cut some weeds that were in the way of the plow. The girl arrived at the field before her father, but instead of going on to school, she waited there till he came. Wilson began to cut the weeds while his daughter gathered them into a pile. Suddenly there was heard on the hill quite near them, the crack of a gun, and looking up they saw seven or eight men coming toward them down the hill. Wilson speaking to his daughter cautioned her to sit down, that the men might not see her at work in the field; but the men were soon there. Without a word of warning Wilson was fired on.

One ball entered his breast near the heart and he sank on the new mown weeds, almost falling on the handle of the scythe. On seeing her father fall the girl screamed with all her might. This urged the men to complete their dastardly work, and, obeying the leader's order, the men fired two or three more shots, which took effect, and the deed was done. The girl, who was scarcely fifteen, stood paralyzed with fear. When the men turned to go away she crept to her father's side, and realizing the awful truth, felt her heart grow sick with horror. She thought to turn to the house for help, but as she rose to go, she saw her mother coming across the field. Again kneeling by the prostrate form of her father, she raised the hat that covered his face just in time to see him gasp for his last breath. It was given out by his enemies that Wilson, seeing the men approaching, undertook to make his escape, that the leader of the

squad had commanded him to halt, and that the command, having been disregarded, he was fired on. This, however, is not true. Wilson's body was found lying on the new mown weeds. He had not retreated a step, and was shot down without a moment of time and without a word of warning. The whole affair was over in a moment, and every part of it had been witnessed by the girl who was kneeling on the pile of weeds only a few yards away.

When Mrs. Wilson arrived on the scene she was helpless with grief. There was no one near to render her assistance; but her daughter, young but brave, arising to the emergency, faced the situation and found a way out of the distress. She unhitched the horses from the plow, and pulling the harness off one of them, got a saddle at the house and rode away to the school on Wolf River to seek the aid of Josephus Utt, the teacher, who was her father's intimate friend, and to bring her little brother and sister home from school. At the river she found her father's slayers seated under the trees near the place where she had to cross. The men recognized her at once and fled, fearing to face the gentle courage of a mere girl, whom they had made an orphan in that hour.

The Boys of Kansas.

(Extracts from an address by the Honorable Daniel Webster Wilder, at Wathena, Kansas, July 4, 1884.)

"Members of the Grand Army, Old Friends and Neighbors:-- Your invitation for me to join you here was received with genuine pleasure. You knew that

I was not an orator, that I should have to write and read what I said, but you asked me to come as an old friend and citizen--one of the boys of the old days, when Washington Township was yet young, and you and I, now gray haired men in spectacles, were also young. The glasses we used then were not to look through but--for some other purpose, that the prohibitionist, Andrew Disque, might explain.

"Nelson Abbey, of this township, used to say that he preferred Kansas. He said that there was good water here; good to wash with; you did not have to put ashes into it. Nelson Abbey, Heaven rest his soul! What fun we boys did have in those days! One summer day in '58 or '59 a lively party of Free State boys came up from Leavenworth. They came on a steamboat and stopped at Elwood. Nelson Abbey was there and full of glee. In ten minutes all were intimately acquainted. They fraternized. A journey was proposed to Troy, and a dozen boys trotted off, Abbey leading the way. Along the road made by Arnet Grooms, through Wathena, along Peter's Creek, past Smallwood's and Widow Thompson's, and a half a dozen houses on the road, galloped this merry party. It was a stream of laughter and jokes from the river to the County seat. Arrived there, they went to the little shop on the east side, where eatables were sold. Abbey called for pies, and the ordinary American and Kansas pie was produced. "What, round pies," said Abbey, "Great God! do you expect us to eat round pies? Make a dozen square pies." And he led the procession out of the shop. All

waited on the high prairie 'til the square pies were made and cooked; and then they were eaten. Every man in the party would have starved rather than eaten a round pie, after their leader, Abbey Nelson, in a momentary and whimsical edict, had declared that the only straight out Free State and Black Republican pie was a square pie. "Of course, square pies," they all roared and yelled. "Who ever heard of a Free State man eating a round pie?" And Abbey Nelson and his square pies were never forgotten by any man who was there that day. The story went all over the territory.

"The greatest man that ever set foot on this Township, arrived here on the first day of December, 1859, to warm the beautiful day. The late Judge Delahey and I met him at the depot in St. Joseph that day, and rode up town with him; took him to a barber shop on Francis street, and I went up to Woodworth's news stand in the next block, and bought him the latest papers. Then the three went down to the ferry landing, near the old Robidoux building, and sat down in the dirt on the banks, waiting for Capt. Blackiston's boat. As we sat there I remember being impressed with the wonderful length of Mr. Lincoln's legs. They were legs that could fold up; the knees stood up like that high and hind point of the Kansas grasshopper. He wore a hat of the stovepipe shape, but made of felt, unglazed, not shiny, and needing no brush. The buttons were off his shirt, as I had noticed them the summer before, when, by a lucky accident, I spent several days in

the law office of Lincoln & Herndon in Springfield.

"Mr. Lincoln made a speech that evening at the Great Western hotel, in the dining room, a very great speech, to an audience called together by a man who went through the town sounding a gong. The next day, December 2, the day on which John Brown was hanged, he spoke at Troy, and I think Colonel Ege replied to him, and fully vanquished the future president. He also spoke in Asabel Low's hotel in Doniphan, and that completes the great man's connections with this county.

"Another event will always give this Township and County historical interest. On March 29, 1860, the first railroad iron received in Kansas came here, and track laying was commenced on the Elwood & Marysville railroad. On Monday, April 23, 1860, the locomotive "Albany" was placed on his track. M. Jeff Thompson, Willard P. Hall and Governor R. M. Stewart, the great men of St. Joseph, made speeches on that occasion. On the 19th of July, 1860, (twenty-four years ago) the completion of the railroad from Elwood to Wathena was celebrated. I recollect having made a brief speech here on that day. I think it was at the April jollification, and not in July, that Harmon Hunt in the excess of peasantry and patriotism knocked Jeff Thompson down. It was a "big hit" for this side of the river, and greatly added to the local renown of the quiet printer who struck the blow.

"It was from this Township that the Doy rescuers departed on the night of July 23, 1856, led by John Tracy.

"The first rebel flag ever captured by Kansas soldiers was taken from Iatan, Missouri, June 3, 1861, by a party of twelve soldiers of the First Kansas, then in camp at Fort Leavenworth. Seven of the soldiers were members of the Elwood Guards company of this Township. Sergeant Frank Drenning demanded the lowering of the flag "In the Name of Abraham Lincoln and the Congress of the United States." That trophy is now in possession of the State Historical Society.

"It was Thomas Merrick, a citizen of this township, who captured the first Rebel flag raised in St. Joseph. It was brought over here and burned.

Let us reverently and devoutly thank God that our lot has been cast in this fair land, even in Kansas, the best of all states because the most tolerant, kindly, brotherly; and let us trust that even we have done something in our day to make our town, county and state better worth living in."

Mr. Wilder closed his remarks by paying a glowing tribute to the worth and nobility of character, of Judge Nathan Price, quoting at the end the last verse of the Judge's favorite poem "The Chemistry of Character."

Prehistoric Race.

Relics of a lost race have been found at Eagle Springs, in this County, buried from four to eight feet under the ground. Enough has been discovered at these Springs, to show that there was once a city there, which, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, has been overthrown, and covered up by the accumulating rubbish of ages.

"In excavating for an icehouse there were found four different places where

fires had been kept burning for a long time as the earth underneath was burnt red as a brick for some distance down, and scattered all around were broken pottery, bones, shells, arrow-points, and other evidences of the place having once been the abode of man. This place is some six or eight feet under the ground, and on top of the ground over it, there has grown a large burr-oak tree which was blown down, perhaps before the country was settled, and is all decayed now, except some of the largest roots and a small portion of the body. Thus far there has been no metal instrument of any kind found, that has been used by the race of men who once trod these hills and valleys, nor has there been a single bone of any domestic animal found, which shows that their earthly possessions must have been very limited, and of the most primitive character. The flint arrow points, the stone axe, and a few pieces of rude pottery, seem to have constituted the sum total of their effects. The motive that prompted the selection of this locality as a place of abode must have been the healthful waters of these springs. The probability that the very place from which I write was once the home of a race of men of whom we have no record in history, fills the mind with many interesting and curious thoughts. Could we call back to this, their once peaceful and happy home and habitation, those strange people, whose record is sealed up in the great unwritten history of the past, what strange stories they could tell, and with what amusement they would view the changed conditions of their surroundings."---Extract from an article by Pryor Plank, published May 3, 1883.

CHAPTER VI.

PEN SKETCHES, ETC.

(CONTINUED.)

MELVIN BAUGHN.

(Executed for murder at Seneca, September 13, 1868.)

This has been a day of unusual interest in the history and events of our County, in as much as we have witnessed the execution of the law on the person of Melvin Baughn, who was convicted of murder and sentenced to suffer death according to the law, at a special term of the District Court of this County held in August last.

I take the opportunity of giving you a few items concerning his execution and previous life, as I have been able to gather them up to the present writing. The prisoner steadfastly refused to make any general confession, although urged to do so by his ministerial advisors, as a Christian duty he owed to his fellow men. He said he did not know anything that he thought would do any good to anybody, redeem anyone from crime, or stop the schemes of wicked men. What he might say might implicate respectable men, who stood high in society, and were surrounded by interesting families,

and with some with whom he was not acquainted, and of whose guilt he was not assured of, except by hearsay; and if it was necessary to do that in order to save his soul, he would have to run the risk.

He was born in Virginia and at the time of his death was thirty two years old. He stated that at the age of fourteen he was left an orphan, and soon after obtained a situation as bartender in Franklin, Tennessee, where he became a favorite among his companions. Being a bright, dashing youth, the attention of sporting men was directed toward him by noticing the skill with which he managed and the agility with which he rode a spirited mare which he borrowed from a neighbor for the purpose of riding to and from the races, which were frequent in that vicinity. He afterwards became a professional horse trainer, which was more or less his business through life. He finally joined a company of horse racers who were travelling, making that their business. On reaching Independence, Missouri, he left his company, and obtained a job of a neighboring

large farmer, in the capacity of hostler, for the purpose of superintending and training his horses. He remained there a year, spoke very favorably of his employer, and regretted, with much feeling, that he did not remain there. After leaving his situation near Independence, he came to Kansas, where he received employment with the Overland Transportation Company as pony express rider. While thus engaged he admitted to have killed a man by the name of Flood, near Big Sandy, in an altercation. At the conclusion of his term of service with this company, they were indebted to him about \$500, but the company failed about this time, and he only received a small amount due him. Thus being in embarrassed circumstances, he was induced to become a jayhawker, to relieve his pecuniary necessities. As respectable men were engaged in that movement, which was a general one at the time of the border war, he thought it legitimate business, under the circumstances. While in prosecution of this he was arrested for the same in Missouri, tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years. While thus incarcerated, he was thrown into the society of old and hardened criminals, from whose lips he learned many of the ways of wickedness, and whose influence upon him, he says, very much furthered him in the course of crime.

After serving two years and three months he was pardoned by the Governor. Upon his release he returned to St. Joseph and vicinity, where he became the companion of dissolute men, and became connected with a band of

robbers and murderers. After prosecuting this business for a time, he was suspicioned by parties near St. Joseph of having stolen some horses. They, hearing of him, with three other persons going west with horses supposed to be theirs, obtained a warrant and pursued them. On reaching this place they ascertained that Baughn and his companions had preceded them but a short distance. They then sought and obtained another warrant, and the aid of the sheriff of this county with his posse, and pursued them. After pursuing them about 15 miles, they found that Baughn and his party had passed this place going east, about daylight, and about an hour in advance of the sheriff and his posse. They stopped a short time at a friend's of theirs in town, who informed them that a mob was in pursuit of them. Baughn and Mooney, and one of their partners then left the wagon which they were with and proceeded on foot.

Jackson and Strange, the other two, were arrested, taken to Doniphan County and tried, but were released, as the horses which they had did not prove to be those which they were in pursuit of. The posse and the sheriff then proceeded in pursuit of Baughn and Mooney. After pursuing them some fifteen miles, they were discovered by the advance guard, four in number, who immediately rode up to them and told them that they came to arrest them. Baughn and Mooney immediately commenced firing upon the party, which resulted in the killing of Dennis, and severely wounding Hillis, two of the advance guards. The fire was returned by the guard re-

sulting in the fracturing of Baughn's right arm and one of Mooney's legs. They both escaped. This was in November, 1866. About the first of January following, Baughn was arrested in Leavenworth city, by Officer Scott and the Leavenworth police force, and delivered to the authorities of this county. He remained in jail at this place about two months when he effected his escape. Soon after, he, with others of his companions, concocted and carried into execution the plan to rob the store of Mr. Craig of Wathena. His share of the proceeds, he stated was \$800.

With this he went to St. Louis and fell in with a number of the "fast boys," and before he was aware his means was expended. He then planned and raised another "sight," with the proceeds of which he returned to his Tennessee home.

He gave no further account of himself until he was arrested on suspicion, at Sedalia, Missouri. He went to the express office there and inquired for a carpet bag belonging to Jo King (he went by that name at the time.) He was informed that there was one there for that person, but did not take it away. This created some suspicion on the part of the express agent, who, thinking he might return after dark, left the window a little raised and remained to watch for him. Sometime during the night he returned, put his head within the window and lit a match, when he was ordered to stand. Failing to do so he was fired upon, the shot taking effect in the upper part of his head, and carrying away one finger from the hand in which he held the match.

He made his escape but was arrested two days after, and lodged in jail at Warrensburg. On the 25th of June last, Mr. Kyger of this county, visited him for the purpose of identifying him as Baughn, he having a requisition from the governor of this state for his delivery to the authorities of the county. He firmly declared to Kyger that his name was Bigger, and that he had never been in Nemaha county, or even in Kansas. Sheriff Kyger, however, having sufficient evidence with him, that he was Baughn, brought him to this county, where he was duly tried and found guilty of murder, as before stated.

During his imprisonment in the county jail, he had been visited frequently by Rev. W. C. Stewart, pastor of the Congregational church and Rev. Gray of the M. E. church, whose counsels and prayers he ever received respectfully and affectionately. He was very accessible to religious conversation, although it seemed to be influenced by the character and conversation of those who were with him, and would frequently indulge in joecular conversation with spirit. On the evening before his execution he was visited by Revs. Stewart and Gray, with whom he conversed freely, and seemed calm and self-possessed. He retired about 12 o'clock, and slept as composedly as usual. He ate his breakfast with somewhat less relish than usual; still his general being was self-contained. He was supplied with suitable apparel of black alpaca, pleated bosom shirt, white stockings and slippers, and he made his toilet calmly. He passed the morning hours in pleasant conversation with Mr.

McLain of Savannah, Mo., and his ministerial advisers. Singular to state, none of the old companions or friends have been near him, except one, who at the request of Baughn, came to take charge of the body, to remove it to Doniphan county. During the hour preceding that in which he was executed, he was visited in the cell by Hon. Geo. Graham and Judge Lanham, of Seneca, both of whom prayed with him. At the request of Rev. Gray, Baughn led in audible prayer. His prayer was authorized by simplicity, earnestness and appreciation of his condition. Among other petitions he prayed that if he was not prepared to die he might be made fully so. His manner and language seemed to indicate a cheerful confidence in Christ. The gallows were erected near the jail door, an enclosure of canvas surrounding it. Outside of the canvas was a rope inclosure guarded by fifteen armed men. None but those invited by the sheriff were admitted within either enclosure. Among those invited were Mr. McLain of Missouri, several prominent citizens of the county, officers of court, two physicians, two ministers and representatives of the press. The outside enclosure was surrounded by over one hundred people, who were enabled to gratify their curiosity by the occasional glimpse of Baughn, as he stood on the trap door, awaiting the final preparations of the sheriff.

At ten minutes past three the prisoner was led out by the sheriff, and ascended the scaffold with a firm step, the only sign of fear or affectation being when he stepped from the jail door in sight of the

gallows. He said almost audibly, "It's rather rough." As he came out of the jail door he handed to the Reverend Stewart and Sheriff Kyger, a document in his own handwriting of which the following is a copy:

A FEW WORDS FROM THE JAIL. — As the hour of my approaching doom draws near, I feel it my duty to say a few words ere I depart from this world of wickedness and sin. I have but a few hours to live, and yet I cannot say that I feel any desire to prolong the time. I have endeavored to make peace with God. I have prayed to him night and day, and I feel and believe that my prayers have been heard and answered. It seems hard it is true, to die an ignominious death on the gallows. But I believe I will be better off, for I have had but little comfort the last few years of my life. Therefore I feel resigned to my fate, and feel that I am fully prepared to meet it. I feel in a great measure that I am indebted to Revs. Stewart and Gray for my reconciliation to God, and I am very thankful for the kindness shown me by the reverend gentlemen; and I hope they may never be called upon to minister unto a human being placed in my unfortunate condition. I can never repay their kindness, but if the prayers of a penitent sinner ever avails anything, they have mine for their future welfare. Mr. Stewart, I would be thankful to have you write to my wife after my death; let her know how I died, and try to console her in her hour of affliction.

To the Sheriff of Nemaha County:

When I arrived here in June last in charge of the sheriff of Nemaha County,

I expected to go in the hands of a mob, notwithstanding that sheriff A. Kyger esq., had repeatedly assured me that I should not be taken out of his hands by either friend or foe, except over his dead body. But of that I doubted his ability to do all he had promised, as regarded protecting me by the violence of the mob knowing as I did the blood-thirsty disposition of a number of citizens of this county, and I feel confident that it is only owing to the determined resolution to guard and protect me from mobocracy that I have today, to pen these lines. While the sheriff has used his every endeavor to protect me from mobocracy, he has not, to my knowledge, in any instance, violated the law, but has, I believe, obeyed it to the letter. He has never shown that venomous disposition to tyrannize over me, as a large number in this community have been disposed to do. But I freely and cheerfully forgive them all, and credit their ill-feeling to ignorance and bad whiskey. As I have before said, Mr. Kyger has never shown a disposition to tyrannize over me, but has, I believe, used his every endeavor to alleviate my sufferings, by gratifying my every want. His son, Samuel, who has been with me most of the time since my trial, while he has done his duty as an officer of the law, and guarded against an escape, and against the violence of a mob, who were ever howling for blood, has treated me with human kindness. And now as my earthly sphere (career?) is drawing to a close, I would express my thanks for the kindness received at the hands of these gentlemen.

E. M. BAUGHN.

Being seated on the scaffold with the sheriff, Rev. Stewart offered a prayer. He then bade farewell to the minister and others who came forward to give him the parting hand. The sheriff then proceeded to pinion his hands and feet, and to adjust the fatal noose around his neck. The cap commonly used on such occasions was then placed over his head but not covering his eyes, an opportunity was given him to make any remark he might desire. Without the slightest tremulousness in his voice but with tears in his eyes, he proceeded to say, "I believe it is customary for persons in my position to have something to say. With me it is different. I have nothing. I have been arraigned, tried and convicted, and I am here to suffer the penalty of the law. That is all." The death warrant was then read to him by the sheriff in clear, firm tones. The cap was then drawn over his eyes. The sheriff then ascended the scaffold and in clear tone said, "Melvin Baughn, you have just five minutes to live." Presestly he said, "You have just two and a half minutes to live." The seconds passed rapidly until the sheriff called the third time, "Melvin Baughn, you have just one minute to live." A moment more and the rope was cut and the trap door fell, and Melvin Baughn was suspended between heaven and earth, a spectacle of pity and shame. The neck was not broken by the fall, but death was the result of strangulation. His death struggles were not severe. The body, enfeebled by wounds and sickness yielded quickly to the power of death. The pulse ceased to beat in seven minutes, and the heart in

nine. The body remained suspended about twenty-seven minutes. The physicians, having declared life extinct, the body was cut down, hands and feet unpinioned, and then deposited in the jail where many gathered around to view the last remains. The body remained in the jail until the following day, when it was removed by the friend before incidentally alluded to.

Thus died an ignominious death on the gallows, a young man possessing some remarkable qualities, which would have no doubt made him, under the proper system of education, and with right principles, a great, good and useful man. Among other peculiarities of his mind, he was possessed of a singular sagacity and knowledge of human nature. Never embarrassed, he appreciated to the fullest extent, the character and position of those with whom he came in contact. But courage of the highest order was the greatest peculiarity of Baughn's character. He knew not what fear was. I learn from Rev. Stewart that he has no doubt from what he saw of him during his imprisonment and last hours, that he was a truly penitent and forgiven man.

I have thus given you the facts in relation to Baughn as I have been able to gather them. You will perceive that it is but a small portion of his life which he revealed; and no doubt that part kept back would have been much more interesting and also revealed a large amount of crime.

T. W. T.

The Fate of the Jayhawkers.

The following accounts of the killing and hanging of Jayhawkers are prepared

on the authority of the Chief and letters of pioneers in our possession.

In 1862 or 1863, George Bennett, who recently had been county assessor, turned his attention to Jayhawking, but he was soon caught and hanged at Elwood.

Chandler, a noted Jayhawk leader after many successful raids, was shot and killed at Geary City in the fall of 1862. Chandler had won the hatred of all the good citizens of the county, who rejoiced at his taking off. An account of some of his operations is given in another part of this book.

The Chief, in its account of the killing of the Jayhawkers Ridley and Whitehead says: "In the winter of 1862-3, two Jayhawkers who went by the nicknames of Bob Ridley and Whitehead, were killed at Troy. One was shot in the saloon that stood where the Chief office now is, by Isaac Tallman. The other was killed by William Warner, in the door of the old city hotel, as he was raising his pistol to shoot Warner. These Jayhawkers had gone to Tallman's house at Cottonwood Springs, southeast of Troy, during Tallman's absence, and in spite of the protestations of his wife, had taken and carried away property that had been left in his care. The two men were buried in the graveyard of the old Cumberland Presbyterian church, beyond Wolf river near Baynes's bridge."

There is an error in the above. Whitehead did not die at Troy, where he was shot; neither was he buried in the Presbyterian graveyard near Bayne's bridge.

After the shooting in Troy, on January 29th 1862, he was put upon a sled and brought to Cold Springs, in Wolf River

township, where he was cared for until his death three weeks later, and was buried in the old Wood's graveyard, which is located four and a half miles almost due west of Troy, where his grave is marked with a rude limestone slab.

One night in March, 1863, a small gang of Jayhawkers went to the home of Frank Brown, in Iowa Point, and began to terrorize the family by shooting through the windows of the house, the bullets passing over the bed occupied by his wife and children. Brown seized a revolver and returned the fire, hitting and instantly killing Charley Pitcher, one of the gang. The others fled immediately. It is said that the object of the gang was to kill Brown who had been accused of helping in the return of escaped slaves to Missouri.

From the manuscript of a pioneer who kept close watch on the happenings in the early days, we give the following concerning the hanging of three men at Highland, in 1863:

Some horses had been stolen in the vicinity of Highland, and a posse of men was formed for the capture of the thieves. Three men were found in possession of the horses. An angry mob composed of men from nearly all parts of the county thirsted for vengeance. Having been found in possession of the stolen animals seemed in the judgment of many, ample proof of the guilt of the men; but the affair was conducted with undue haste, and the proceedings lacked the sanction of many cool headed men in the crowd who wanted to be reasonably certain of the men's guilt before hanging them. However, the hot

blood had its rule and the men were unceremoniously hanged from the limb of a big tree near the town. After the hanging there was much dissatisfaction, especially on account of there being great doubt of the guilt of one of the men who was scarcely out of his teen. This young man had told a plausible story explaining how he came to be with the other men, but his words had fallen on deaf ears, and his pleadings for time and an opportunity to prove his innocence had been in vain. According to the young man's account, he had met the two men on horseback leading another horse. They had offered to let him ride, and he had accepted the offer, never suspecting that the men were thieves and the animals stolen ones. To a sympathizer he gave the name and address of his father, asking that he be informed of his fate. After the hanging the young man's father came from Illinois and produced a letter from his son (the dead man) in which the son had written that he should soon be home. Further inquiry disclosed the fact that the young man was of good character, and the last doubt of his innocence was dispelled. The brokenhearted father had the remains of his son removed from the dishonored grave and sent back to his home.

James Pickett, who, during the war, had operated as a "detective" in Missouri, headed a band of men in the pursuit of a thief who had stolen a horse from A. C. Nott, near White Cloud, in April, 1865. The thief was captured near Iowa Point, at the home of a man named Powell, and being promised a fair trial

by the men, he revealed the place where the horse had been hidden. With the thief in charge, Pickett's men returned to Nott's, arriving late in the evening in time for supper. After supper when it was quite dark, the men started toward White Cloud with their man. A short distance from town the man was shot to death and his body left lying in the road. Pickett, who is said to have fired the first shot, was tried for murder, but was acquitted, the feeling against horsethieves being too strong to convict a man for killing one, even in so cowardly a manner.

A Picture of Old Doniphan City. (1868)

No matter how insignificant a place may be, it has a history which is often interesting; and when once placed before the people, in the shape of reminiscence, people wonder if it is possible that they ever passed through so many strange and various scenes. Nature is grand but when art groups up so many familiar scenes, they assume a paradisiacal appearance. So with every life. While it remains strewn along a length of fifteen or twenty years, it seems but commonplace; but when huddled up into one or two articles, it changes and brings before us scenes we have almost or quite forgotten.

Doniphan is situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, in the extreme southeastern corner of Doniphan county. The site is a beautiful valley, opening on the river, and extending north over one and a half miles on the high, rolling prairie, and east and west a half a mile, covering beautifully sloping ridges on

either side. A clear and beautiful stream, formed by numerous streams, gushing from the hills at the north end of the valley, flows through its centre, and pours its waters into the river. Here, let me say, that in 1867, my first arrival in this County, this small stream spread over the bottom of the land, forming quite a marsh, but it now has a deep bed in which it flows--having washed the light alluvial soil to the depth of some twenty feet, and runs back from the river several hundred yards. Near the old "Lane Mill" site, now occupied by Brenner's corn house and sheller, the stream forms a miniature Niagara Falls.

The bluffs east of town enfringe on the river; that on the west side overlook a beautiful alluvial bottom, containing several hundred acres of land of vast richness. The town site was originally prairie, but part is now covered with a young growth of timber. The first house was built and occupied as an Indian trading post by J. F. Foreman. It was situated at the south east corner of the present townsite, near the river. This house, which was built of cottonwood logs, became the nucleus of the "city" of Doniphan. In this old house the first territorial election ever held in this part of the territory, took place in the fall of 1855, to elect representatives to the territorial legislature. At the election the "sovereigns" came flocking to the polls, armed with every kind of death-dealing implement. Some carried their arms all day, while others concealed them under the old house, so that they could be caught up at any moment's warning. Some came over from the state of Missouri to

vote, which caused those on this side to arm, to prevent such a breach of right and to protect themselves in the act of voting. The day passed very quietly.

In 1854-5 the "Kansas fever" ran high and emigrants, spectators and adventurers came rushing in--some to settle and make homes, some to speculate on lands and "city property," and others to procure office, and to save the territory from the grasp of the "peculiar institution" and still others to fix her hold on her. Take it all in all, the population of early days was a rather mixed concern.

City property was in great demand; although there were many "cities" yet there was not enough to supply the demand for corner lots, and the idea of starting a new city entered the minds of the settlers of this part of the territory; and consequently a company was organized sometime in 1855, and a charter granted in the same year--soon after which a city election was held, and Mayor, Councilmen, etc., were duly installed. I believe three elections were held under this charter--the last one being in 1857, the charter being forfeited by failure to elect under its provisions.

In 1857, the council passed an ordinance to grade several streets and advertised for proposals to do the work, issuing "city script" to pay the same. The work was done, and now traces can be seen of the work performed, and, I presume, some of the purchasers of the script could show you other traces of the order. But at that time we all thought them equal to gold. But, alas, for human foresight!

Sometime in 1857, the Land Office was

located in this place and this brought to our town scores of speculators, lawyers, sharpers, etc. In the meantime, Doniphan had grown to quite a town, and everyone that could, put up a house for rent or sale, and sales were made at enormous figures. Money was plenty and gambling was carried on on a heavy scale. These houses were situated in the bottoms, in the south part of town, and so notorious became the place that it was dubbed "Doniphan under the hill," after "Natchez on the hill." Most of those old houses have been locked up, and it presents but sorry remains of its former greatness. As I said before the former town had grown to some importance; the lawyers' offices were thick; agencies were in every corner; stores, groceries and saloons appeared; almost every other house was a boarding house, and yet not enough to supply the wants of the population.

The first regular store opened at that place was by A. R. Forman, now dead. He did a very heavy business. The second was by Mr. A. Brenner, who is still a citizen of the town. These two stores were situated near the hotel, and on main street. They have both been taken down and removed. There were also several other store buildings but they have also been removed.

The first newspaper started in this place was the Constitutionalist, published by T. J. Key. The office was in a two story brick building on the bank of the river, above where the warehouse now stands. Owing to the washing of the river the foundation was destroyed, and the house fell. At one of our elections

the paper was suspended, R. S. Kelly, then a candidate for senator from Atchison and Doniphan counties, being a printer, wished to issue an address to the "sovereigns," representing his claims, etc. We were asked to assist him on this work, and did so, but on going into the office found him with a large revolver strapped to his side. He explained that it was necessary to be armed, as threats had been made to tear down the office and throw it into the river. These threats were never put into execution but the institution ceased to exist, in Doniphan, in a very short time. The press and material were removed to Iowa Point, and subsequently to Troy and were finally taken to Hiawatha, where they were destroyed by fire in the beginning of the year, 1862.

The second paper was established here by James Redpath, called "The Crusader of Freedom," and under the patronage of J. H. Lane. It was to have been a pictorial, but it never delighted the eyes of its readers a single cut, except when it quarreled with Mr. Lane, and then he cut on it; and after a few articles exposing Lane, as it is said, it, too, followed its predecessor. It was published in a room now occupied as a drug store. The material was taken to Atchison during the early years of the war, to print a Democratic paper called the Atchison Union. I do not know what afterwards became of it. It was a spicily little sheet and deserved better success.

The third paper was brought here by Mr. Reese in 1858 and was called the Doniphan Post. Mr. Reese was quite aged and soon after its establishment he

died. The paper still continued to be published by his son, George Reese for some time. But with all the energy he had he could not keep it above water, and it, too, sank under the waves of adversity in 1860.

George Reese is in St. Joseph as local, I believe, on some paper. Singular enough, the material of this office followed very nearly in the footsteps of the old Constitutionalist. It was taken to Troy by Dr. E. H. Grant in 1862, and used in the publication of the Patriot; in 1864 was taken to Hiawatha where the Brown County Sentinel is now printed on the press and type of the Doniphan Post, and the remnants that were saved of the old Constitutionalist material. Doniphan is young, but has erected three monuments to departed papers. She has no paper now and depends on the Chief for her County news---a good dependence, too. The post office was in a two-story frame nearly opposite the hotel owned by Hon. Robert Graham who now lives in Atchison. It has been torn down and moved. Thus, one by one the old landmarks pass from our midst.

In 1858, the Land Office was removed to Kicapoo. That was "the most unkindest cut of all." With its departure went the glory of Doniphan---it was the "beginning of the end" of Doniphan as a city. Lawyers' offices were empty, but few lawyers remaining to remind us of the many who once favored us with their counsel and eloquence. The boarding house keepers groaned and closed; the livery horses became fat and lazy, and buggies wore not out; gamblers

packed their wallets in their pockets, and packed their fixtures to follow the Land Office; the old house once occupied by it, and so often the scene of mirth and rivalry, was occupied as a church, and the upper part as a lodge of Good Templars. What a change--from whiskey and swearing to water and prayer! In 1858, Doniphan was the favorite town of Northern Kansas, and attracted the attention of St. Joseph.

Here was the point where all railroads must leave the river, and here was the bone of contention. The St. Joseph and Topeka railroad was about to be located, and it was proposed by directors in the interest of St. Joseph to cut Doniphan off. The meeting of the directors to locate the road, was held in this town, in the room now occupied by the drug store. Everyone was interested in the result of the vote--it was life or death for the city. The preliminary business was transacted, and then the proposition to locate the road by way of Doniphan. There were five directors. John Stairwalt was president, I believe. There had been two votes cast for Doniphan and one against, when Jeff Thompson's (now ex-rebel general) turn came to vote. He prefaced his vote as follows:

"Mr. President--I, personally, am in favor (?) of the route via Doniphan but am instructed by constituents to vote 'no' on this question; therefore I cast my vote against the route." This made a tie and as but few knew how the president stood, all were in breathless suspense. He studied a moment and then repeated the words of Jeff, but varied the latter clause, constituting 'yes' for 'no'

and we got the location. There was wild excitement then. Stairwalt could have been elected president, if the people of Doniphan could have had the say in the matter. Shout after shout went up for him. Some men, soon after the voting got tight, and in calling for something to drink would say, "Mr. Low, pass Stairwalt this way." Stairwalt was on the brain. As time progressed, the prospects for the railroad grew bright and some contracts were made. A very nice grade was thrown up; also a grade built on Independence Creek. But this is all that was ever done to the railroad. Had it been completed Doniphan would now be a city in truth, and not by quotation. Several attempts have been made to recover the lost ground, but none were successful; and the war coming on and the rival town of Atchison attracting attention from us, we sank into a mere nothing. Every store was removed and for a long time none were here; a great many houses were taken away or burned. A large Catholic church, which stood on the east side of the hill was destroyed; the hotel was closed; the flouring mill did little business; and take it all in all we looked very much like Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

In the early days the Catholic church here was considered quite an institution. It was proposed at one time, and indeed some money had been subscribed, to build a cathedral and school house on the church block: but owing to some cause--most likely the failure of the city--the priest, Father Augustine, who founded the mission here, removed to Atchison

and by his untiring energy has built one of the grandest churches and one of the best churches in the West. But the old site now presents a sad and doleful appearance. Nothing but the foundation is left of the building where once Holy Mass was wont to be said on each succeeding Sabbath, and a hedge of osage orange to mark the industry of the holy father. Near by and further up the hill, toward the river, stood an old log house, formerly the property of T. J. Key, proprietor of the first newspaper; the last tenant it had was Mr. Murdock, the first Presbyterian minister that ever located here. His church was not well attended, and, of course, he did not receive the support necessary to "keep the wolf from the door," therefore he removed to Missouri.

On the point of this hill, and nearly opposite the Mix House, stands a very old building, now the property of John Earheart. It was built of the upper works of the old steamboat "Pontiac," by James F. Forman. It was occupied when I arrived in Doniphan, by General Whitfield, register of the land office and once our delegate to congress. The "Pontiac" was sunk about two miles above the town, in what is called Smith's Bend, some ten or twelve years ago. I understand that someone found her hull and is now engaged in digging it out. She, it is said, had, when sunk, a considerable amount of liquor on board. If they have found her and this be true, it will be quite a prize.

Doniphan, while yet working under a charter, concluded that a lock-up was necessary, in view of many bad char-

acters infesting the city. One was built near the old drug store in the rear of the store now occupied by Phillips & Smallwood. It was built of cottonwood and made very strong with only two small windows--not large enough to supply sufficient air in warm weather. The first one sentenced to this lockup was a man by the name of Wright, better known as "Saturday" Wright. It was a very hot day, and after being in a few hours, someone concluded to speak to him through the window; but receiving no answer he informed the keeper to open the door. Wright was found to be almost suffocated, but after considerable effort was restored. He did not trouble the authorities any more while the house stood. It, too, soon passed as a land mark of the "city."

In 1858 a lodge of Good Templars was organized at this place, under very favorable circumstances, and continued to flourish and do good for a long time. But when the railroad was located here it was effectually crushed, by most of the male members celebrating the event in an intemperate manner. The Masonic Lodge was organized and has continued to flourish ever since. Both these orders occupied at the time of organizing, the building once used as the Land Office. The Masons, now, as they have for some years, occupy a fine hall over Phillips & Smallwood's store. I believe there was a lodge of Sons of Temperance organized here not many months ago, but it has ceased to meet.

But it is time I was looking at the bright side of the picture, for it has a brighter side. The present business men

of the town have seen the necessity for a change of programme, in order to get their money back, and therefore a new company was formed, brought out of the old one and commenced a more liberal way of disposing of lots, the consequence of which has been to bring tradesmen to town. Doniphan now boasts of three good drygoods stores, one drug store, a tin shop, two blacksmith shops, a good hotel, a fine flouring mill, a saw mill, one agricultural implement store, one pork packing establishment, and three heavy grain buyers and shippers. Mr. Adam Brenner was a regular grain dealer. His first shelling was done by hand shellers, then he progressed to horse-power and now he has applied steam. He does a very heavy business in this line. The next permanent buyer is Mr. McCrum, who does about an equal business with the first named. Mr. McCrum will shell by steam, this season, having an engine on the way to his place. The third is Mr. Symns, at present one of the County commissioners. He put up a large corn house last fall and has it now almost filled. Mr. Symns also packed this winter some thirteen hundred head of hogs. There is now nearly seven thousand bushels of corn in store here; and when we consider the ravages made by the grasshoppers last spring it is astonishing that so much was raised in this part of the country. Give the farmers a clear field in this part of the country and they will rival the "Egypt" of Illinois. Doniphan has one of the finest schools in the County. Take it all together Doniphan is now in a very healthy state of improvement." L. A. H.

An Early Church Festival.

One of the first great church festivals in the County was held at St. Benedict's near Syracuse, in January, 1867. We offer some extracts from a correspondent's letter published in the Troy Reporter, January 31, 1867, giving a full account of the affair.

"The Catholic Festival at St. Benedict's church, Syracuse, commenced on Tuesday, the 15th, and ended on the 16th. The first day was fine and pleasant and those who came from a distance (of whom there were many) had a pleasant drive. Dinner was served on two large tables the length of the church, which is seventy-five feet long. It was sumptuous and substantial, consisting of turkeys, chickens, hams, geese, pastries, cakes of different kinds, pickles, coffee, tea, etc. The tables had to be set three times to give all a chance to refresh the inner man. The church was crowded to overflowing and all appeared to enjoy themselves. Those who came from a distance were taken care of by the citizens of the vicinity, though some staid in the church all night. Some of the younger folks enjoyed themselves at a dance in the neighborhood and kept it up until morning.

Considering the disadvantages under which the ladies labored, the country being thinly settled, compared with some of the older states, I consider it one of the most successful undertakings of the kind that has ever been gotten up in the County. The Catholics of that vicinity have built a church 75 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 19 feet high--one of the largest and most expensive churches at present in this part of the state--without any as-

sistance from any party outside of their own neighborhood; and this is the only effort they have ever made outside of their own community toward collecting anything for the completion of the church.

The second day was rather cold, but there was fully as large a crowd as on Tuesday. Dinner was served about 12 o'clock, and everybody partook heartily of it. I noticed after dinner, several baskets of chicken, turkey, ham, etc., showing a surplus of eatables that should have supplied the same number for two days more.

I must not omit noticing the Troy Brass Band, which discoursed sweet music at intervals during the day. Nor must I forget the young ladies in their zeal for the church, for I can promise you, and prove by any gentlemen who were present, that they will stick to a man as long as he has a cent of money in his pocket, or as long as he has a friend to draw from. But I must not be too severe on them, as they were working in a good cause.

From what I can learn of the amount of money received in the two days, it amounts to \$445, clear of all expenses--which is doing pretty well for a country church, considering the time of year."

The Grasshoppers.

In different years grasshoppers have shortened the crops of the county, but on two occasions only have they done great damage. In 1866 the fields of grain were few and small and the area of destruction was limited; nevertheless the damage done by the "hoppers" caused

more suffering than it was the lot of farmers of later years to endure. There are comparatively few persons now living in the county who remember anything of the devastation of crops in 1866, but many a present citizen will easily call to mind the grasshopper experience of 1874-5. One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1874, people glancing skyward obtained their first glimpse of the pests as they came drifting in clouds from the west. About two o'clock they began to descend upon the fields, and at a late hour they were still falling like Lucifer's angels. The ground was literally covered with them. Within a few days large fields of corn, whose fine stalks had been standing in proud rows became a desert presenting a scene to sicken the strongest heart. The progress of the insects was slow but continuous, and the tall stalks, first stripped of their leaves, fell in even swaths, as if swept by the flames of an invisible fire. After the destruction of the crops, the egg laying began, and the helpless farmer looked with sad eyes on the work of propagation.

Early the next spring the indestructible eggs began to hatch by the billion and very soon the ground was covered with tiny 'hoppers soon to develop into formidable pests. Hogs fattened on them, for they were very easily caught before their wings grew out. Chickens grew weary of their grasshopper diet, but they searched in vain for a green blade or a juicy stem. Every conceivable plan to annihilate the pests was tried, but with little or no success. Farmers dug long ditches in the field and with sheet spread out, drove

the insects before them into the ditches where they were buried alive or burned. We have seen these pits hundreds of feet in length and two or three feet in depth filled with hopping, writhing masses, and have listened to many rude jests and unpalatable tales concerning "roasted redlegs" and "grasshopper pie." Oats, barley and spring wheat were attacked by the half-fledged insects, and after a few days' work, the same fields had changed from growing green to desolate brown, and one who had not known the cause of the change had said that the fields had been swept by fire. So great was the damage done and so wonderful were the stories told concerning the pests that "Kansas" and "grasshopper" became synonymous.

For the benefit of the younger folks who have grown up since the grasshopper year of '75, we give a short description of the insect and his methods of destruction. The real destroyers are seldom seen except in time of devastation, when they always appear in countless millions. The grasshopper that flies ahead of you on the road, frequently turning and striking you in the face, is not the crop destroyer but a distant relative of his. This big fellow in the yellow coat is comparatively harmless. He is quite satisfied to live on plain grass, weeds and sunlight. The real mischief maker is the small chap with the red legs and the enormous appetite. His friends join him on the edge of a wheat field and they begin their march of destruction pressing forward in line like soldiers. The marching column is from ten to fifteen feet deep, and as the insect soldiers advance into the field, they fly over one another continually, those in the rear over the ones in front, and there is seen a constant flashing of wings in the sun-

light. The ground over which they have passed is left quite bare, not a stem being left to indicate what kind of grain had been growing there. This merciless army is quite capable of destroying a ten acre field of wheat within the space of a few hours, and the next field is attacked with renewed vigor and so on until their work of destruction is completed. May our children, and our children's children be spared from the ravages of a grasshopper plague.

St Joseph & Topeka Railroad.

In 1858 the St. Joseph & Topeka Railroad company obtained a charter from the Kansas legislature. The St. Joseph city directory for 1860 shows that Willard P. Hall was president; John Corby, vice-president; M. Jeff Thompson, secretary; Joseph C. Hull, treasurer. The city of St. Joseph issued bonds to the amount of \$50,000, to aid the enterprise. It was not until 1872, however that anything was done. In that year a line was built from Wathena to Doniphan via Palermo and Geary City, by George H. Hall, John L. Motter, O. B. Craig, Wm. Craig and Geo. W. Barr. The road was leased to the K. C., St. J. & C. B. company and operated until 1876. Trains were run from St. Joseph to Atchison, the St. Joseph and Western tracks being used to Wathena, and the Atchison & Nebraska tracks from Doniphan to Atchison. The road had been bonded and the bonds placed with a firm of New York brokers. Before the bonds were disposed of, the firm failed and the bonds were taken by its creditors as assets and foreclosed. The line was acquired by the St. Joseph & Western company. After a time the rails were taken up and used on that road.

CHAPTER VII.

TALES OF TRAGEDY.

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| <p>1854 Young Lady. Burned to death on Rock Creek, three miles south of Brenner.</p> <p>1855 Waggoner and Swintz. Shot near present site of Severance.
Samuel Collins. Killed at Doniphan November 29.</p> <p>1856 Unknown. Drowned at Bellemont Bend.</p> <p>1857 Unknown. Found murdered in Marion township.
George Parker. Killed by engine boiler explosion in Doniphan.
Parker and Milburn. Killed by lightning near Syracuse.
Henry Latham. Murdered at Doniphan.
Connor. Killed by a horse east of Troy.</p> <p>1858 John Pierson. Death by suicide near Iowa Point.
Cornelius McCoy. Drowned in Independence Creek near Rector's Ford.
W. K. Easley. Killed on a bridge over Roy's Creek in September.</p> | <p>1859 Charles Dewy. Drowned in the Missouri, at White Cloud, June 13.
John Kinison. Drowned in the Missouri, near White Cloud, May 27.
Dana Fox. Murdered near Highland.</p> <p>1860 Murphy. Killed crossing a bridge over a small branch of Wolf River, in Iowa township.
Charles McCloskey. Accidentally shot while hunting.</p> <p>1861 Negro Slave. Killed by slave hunters near Troy.
Alex. Kinthead. Stabbed and killed in Burr Oak township, by Joseph Tribble.
Parker A. Hooper. Killed at Hooper's Ford in April, by John Cummings.
Clas. Hamilton. Killed by James Carr, at Charleston.</p> <p>1862 "White Horse" (Indian). Found dead on Reservation, White Cloud, January 29.
Whitney. Son of O. C. Whitney, White Cloud, killed by falling from</p> |
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his horse, December 16.

Webster. Killed by soldiers at White Cloud, September 8.

D. W. Fritzlein. Shot and killed by John Young, between Elwood and Wathena, September 21.

Unknown. Found dead on Devil's Run in northeastern Wolf River township.

Samuel Slaughter. Killed by soldiers near Elwood, September 4.

Grandison Wilson. Killed by soldiers near Walnut Grove, Sept. 2.

1863 James Round. Accidentally shot himself December 16, near Brown County line.

Two Indians, "Bob White Cloud and "Thermana." Killed in quarrel on Reservation.

Dr. E. S. Bowman. Killed by lightning near Welch's branch in Wolf River township, September 3.

Ward L. Lewis. Shot by an assassin at Elwood.

1865 Wm. Frazier. Killed in cyclone near Highland Station, June 16.

Mary Malen. Burned to death near the present site of Moray.

Frank Whipple. Drowned in Independence Creek, August 5.

Jacob Wingett. Accidentally shot by James Pickett, in White Cloud, June 5.

Daniel O'Rourke. Killed by L. S. Jennings near White Cloud, in September.

1866 Jefferson. Three colored children of Highland were burned to death, February 12.

John More. Killed by lightning

near Troy, October 7.

Unknown. Drowned in the Missouri near Elwood, about September 12.

Rebecca Robertson. Died from injuries received while skating near home in northeastern Wolf River township, February 2.

Joseph Hunt. Editor of the Troy Reporter, died of injuries received by falling from house.

1867 Unknown. Two men were drowned in the Missouri, between Elwood and St. Joseph, Feb. 10.

Schuster. Stabbed and killed by John Hartman, in Burr Oak township.

Smith B. Head. Shot by Hugh J. Randolph, Marion Township. Randolph was killed in a well a few years afterwards.

John Barlow. Killed in a well on what is now the Charles Albers farm near Syracuse, April 17.

Mullenix. Son of Charles Mullenix was drowned near Mauck's mill, July 24.

1868 John Miller. Accidentally shot and killed himself, March 22, on the steamer St. Joseph.

Terence Harkins. Killed by Indians, about 125 miles this side of Laramie, September 21. Home near White Cloud.

James Coates. Drowned in the Missouri, at Lafayette, in Doniphan County, July 28.

1869 N. Smith. Suicided with razor; home south of Troy, on Rock creek.

Unknown. Boy drowned in the Missouri September 30.

1870 Juda. Crushed to death by cars in Doniphan, about Dec. 22.

Sproles. Scalded to death in Doniphan in the pork house scalding tank, about Dec. 23.

1871 Frank Gossin. Fell into a well at Troy, August 8.

Mrs. Sawyer. Killed by the falling of a tree in Gladden's Bottom, Aug. 22.

1872 Joseph D. Pierce. Gored to death by a bull on Rock Creek, near Doniphan, July 29.

Margaret Morley. Died from the effects of an over dose of laudanum, near Norway, January 27.

John Lysaght. Killed in a runaway in Burr Oak township, December 11.

McLaughlin. Boy, aged 13, died from exposure and sickness, caused by extreme cruelty, in White Cloud, March 24.

Mrs. Thomas Lynch. Killed by cars at Troy, April 9.

Jonathan Rigby. Shot himself accidentally, near Geary City, March 28.

Elijah Young. Killed by lightning, west of Norway, July 15.

Hancock. Child of George Hancock, burned to death at Doniphan, March 2.

Mrs. Doms. Died from injuries received in a cyclone, May 3.

Brown. Son of Mr. Brown of White Cloud, drowned in the Missouri, in December.

Kelley. Drowned himself in the Missouri near White Cloud, Aug. 6.

Guy Craig. Accidentally shot in

Wathena, November. 10.

Alexander Roun. Accidentally killed in scuffle with John Retchetzkie, over a revolver. Both men were from Brenner, but this occurred in Seneca, November 12.

1873 Fireman Perkins. Killed by cars on the A. & N. railway between Troy Junction and Doniphan, March 31.

Mrs. Elliot. Shot herself at Geary City, August 4.

1874 Meers. Son of Nathaniel Meers, accidentally shot near Troy, January 1.

James Burke. Dragged to death by a horse, in the St. Benedict neighborhood, September 10.

Darius Willis. Killed by threshing machine.

E. Linder. Suicide by poison at Higby House, Troy, June 11.

James Fulton. Shot in a quarrel, near Wathena, in August.

Elijah Emery. Killed by cars in Geary City, October 17.

John Trotman. Suicide by crowning in Peter's Creek, October 23.

Ketchem. Six year old girl, burned to death near Geary City, January 22.

1875 James McGalliard. Killed in a well in District No. 49, January 20.

Harrison Grubb (colored). Shot and killed by a mob near Troy. James McPherson, of Wathena, one of the mob, was accidentally shot and killed at the same time.

Arthur P. Combe. Shot and

killed by a man named Harris, in Doniphan, April 6.

Berry. Daughter of Thomas Berry of Leona, died of snake bite, in August.

Anna Pengra. Drowned (?) in the Missouri, north of Troy, June 2.

Mrs. Cowley. Died suddenly on the cars at Troy Junction, August 17.

Elsworth Monroe. Drowned in pond near Troy, September 5.

Mrs. Wm. Hurst. Killed by husband at White Cloud, July 29.

John O'Shea. Murdered near East Norway, April 5.

Hugh Randolph. Killed in a well in Marion Township, August 24.

Nicholls. Son of Mr. Nicholls, south of Troy, poisoned, August 16.

1876. Mrs. Brackenbury. Killed by the cars near Fanning, November 10.

Chris. Turkleson. Drowned near Leona, February 19.

Thomas B. Blackenship. Killed by falling from his wagon in Burr Oak Township, March 4.

Cornelius Kirley. Kicked to death by a mule. James Kirley, his brother, was crushed to death by a wagon some years later. The father, Patrick Kirley, was thrown from his horse and killed, in July 1898, near St. Benedict's church.

1877 Hopkins. A child of Dr. G. S. Hopkins, accidentally poisoned in Severance, September 1.

Charles M. Devine. Suicide by hanging, near Highland, October 11.

1878 Calvert. Daughter of Jasper Calvert, kicked by a horse near

Troy, October 14.

Clement Pope. A young son of Clement Pope, killed by a small cyclone, near Norway, now Moray, July 30.

Moses Black. Killed by flying timber in wind storm, near Pleasant Ridge, Wayne Township, July 3.

J. R. Jeffries. Dragged to death by a mule, near Highland, August 20.

1879 Joseph Sykes. Stabbed and killed by Ira McIntyre, in Severance, November 16.

Thomas McGee. Died from the rupture of a blood vessel in the brain caused by a fall on railroad bridge at Severance in March.

Andrew Loyd. Killed by cars at Brenner, February 25.

Joseph Schneider. Shot by sheriff while resisting arrest in Burr Oak Township, September 3.

1880 B. F. Herring. Shot and killed himself August 16, near Highland.

Leslie Watkins. Ten year old boy kicked by a horse, February 24.

Mrs. LeDeu. Killed by the cars near White Cloud, in February. She was one hundred years old.

Milburn. Two year old child, poisoned by little brothers near Brush Creek in December.

Ed. Hayton. Accidentally shot himself near Wathena, October 20.

1881 Norman Steanson. Son of Thomas Steanson, north of Norway, kicked by a mule, August 6.

Miss F. Furguson. Suicide by poison, at Troy Junction, December 9.

Unknown. Drowned in pool of

water at Wathena, during the rise of the Missouri.

Nelson. Small child of Mrs. L. C. Nelson of Severance, came to her death by administration of wrong medicine, March 29.

Charles McCauley, Frank Wheeler, William Dunn. Killed in rear end train collision between Troy and Wathena, June 17.

1882 John Hines. Accidentally shot and killed himself on Wolf river, January 6.

Michael Kelley. Killed by cars near Fanning, January 14.

Leander Hoverson. Killed by cars at Norway, March 23.

Richter. Shot and killed by his wife near Leona, May 2. She then shot and killed herself.

John James. Accidentally shot and killed at Doniphan by a companion, May 4.

Charles Morehead. Killed by cars near Severance, May 29.

1883 Judge Price. Suicided at Troy, April 8.

Neal Gillen. Drowned in Union Township, June 16.

Fred Mueller. Suicide, Burr Oak Township, June 14.

George McDaniel. Killed by cars near Highland Station, July 9.

Robinson (boy.) Dragged to death by cow, at Severance, December 10.

John Burria. Killed in runaway near Highland, March 27.

1884 Charles McCabe. Hung himself in Union Township, March 1.

John Dunning (boy.) Hung him-

self at Doniphan, March 11.

Marion Stairwalt. Accidentally killed in a saw mill at Petersburg Bottoms, April 3.

Cathers. Killed by cars at Iowa Point, April 25.

Jacob Zimmerman. Hung himself near Troy, August 15.

James Brénteno. Accidentally killed at threshing machine, in Union Township, August 29.

Wm. Ege and Joseph Langan. Poisoned by mistake at bar in Doniphan, November 1.

Charles Williams. Suicide by shooting, at White Cloud, December 14.

Peter Studer. Killed by a fall from a wagon, December 13.

George Donaldson. Killed by cars near Norway, November 21.

1885. James Bethards. Suicide by shooting, west of Troy, March 18.

William A. Fenley. Killed by Peter Weininger, near Highland, in June.

1886. James Dryden. Killed by cars near Troy, December 22.

1887 William S. Myers. Drowned near Troy, June 17.

Paul Gentet. Killed by lightning, in Marion Township, July 20.

Michael Buckley. Killed by the cars near Wathena, August 26.

R. H. Barber. Killed by accidental discharge of gun, near White Cloud, January 17.

1888 Mrs. J. C. Weidensaul. Suicide by shooting, north of Highland, May 5.

Mulligan (boy.) Accidentally shot

himself, near Severance, June 11.

Wm. Cole. Killed by the cars at Wathena, July 4. Deaf and dumb.

James C. Williamson. Neck broken in runaway, in Washington Township, August 3.

Ed. Williams. Suicide by shooting, at his home on Mosquito creek, September 8.

Tom Kirley. Killed in runaway in Union Township, December 4.

1889 Ferdinand Von Leevre. Murdered at his home in Wayne Township in January.

Mick. Killed on Indian Reservation by Frank DeLong, June 30.

Nathan Bender. Suffocated in a well near Doniphan, October 30.

J. W. Cook. Killed in a cellar at Wathena by a blow received in falling, June 6.

1890 Neal Heeney. Killed by lightning near Severance, May 31.

J. S. Williams. Killed by cars two miles west of Bendena, June 11.

Charles Dockhorn. Shot and killed by Charles Carroll, near Elwood in April.

1891 Freeman. Suicide by shooting after having killed his wife and child in Severance, August 4.

Wm. H. Mertz. Suicide at Leona, November 28.

Fred Paul. Killed by cars at Elwood, December 2.

Otto Vogt. Killed in runaway, north of Troy, December 11.

1892 Napoleon B. Boxley. Killed by cars, at Elwood, about December 21.

1893 Neal Pinyerd. Accidentally killed

in a watermelon patch near Denton, in August.

Charles Rowe. Killed by falling from the cars near Wathena, July 4.

Lewis Schletzbaum. Drowned in Doniphan Lake, August 6.

1894 Unknown. Killed by cars in Goll's cut, one mile east of Severance, during the winter.

1895 Garvey. Son of T. Garvey of Severance, dragged to death by a horse.

William Hayton. Dragged to death by a team hitched to a wagon at Troy, April 12.

William Mack (colored.) Killed by cars near Bendena, June 11.

James Wright. Killed at White Cloud by Sesto, an Italian, June 23.

Drenning, Shanklin. Ed. Drenning, killed by cars while making an attempt to save Shanklin, who was on the track, September 21.

1896 John Jones. Neck broken by fall from a load of hay, near Bendena, November 10.

Jacob Kout. Dragged to death by his horses in Union Township in January.

1897 Unknown. Killed by cars at Severance during the summer.

Charles Rosquin. Killed by the cars near Bendena, in March.

1898 Wendell Braun. Nine year old son of Wendell Braun, drowned in cistern near Doniphan, November 6.

1899 Henry Smith. Drowned in the Missouri, July 23.

E. A. Harriot. Killed by falling from cars at Wathena, September 6.

John Rahl. Killed in a runaway near Highland, September 21.

Dittemore. Son of Bud Dittemore, burned to death in November.

Milford Booth. A bachelor who lived in a dug-out near Iowa Point, smothered to death by a cave-in, in the spring of the year.

1900 Capt. Casey. Shot by Ed. Young on the Charleston Bar, April 3.

Wm. Bridgens. Killed by the cars at Elwood, February 28.

Mary Herring. Burned to death near Highland Station, November 15.

Jordan Vanderslice. Died of hydrophobia near Highland Station, August 25.

Lizzie Vanhebbber. Suicide by poisoning near Leona, July 9.

Wm. Folche. Died in a well near Brenner, in March.

Mrs. James Galloway. Drowned in the river near Wathena, in August.

Perry Round. Drowned in the Missouri river at Elwood, August 10.

1901 Carl White. Shot and fatally injured by Howard Lang, at Troy, September 29.

1902 Thomas Nelson. Killed at Geary City, October 26.

1903 Fred Huff. Accidentally shot himself on Cedar Creek, February 6.

1904 Tony Long (colored.) Killed by the cars at Wathena, September 3.

Edward Doyle. Killed by the cars between Troy and Wathena, May 22.

Isaac Miller. Suicide at Elwood, September 6.

1905 Geo. Erskine. Killed by falling from a load of hay, January 15.

Vera Curtis. Suicide by drinking carbolic acid, two miles west of Troy, July 1.

Wm. Mitchel. Shot and killed in his bed at Troy, in June.

Five Men. Five men were drowned in the Missouri, above Elwood, early in the spring.

George D. Bennett, County Assessor in 1861, but later a notorious horse thief, was caught and hung near Wathena on Sunday, August 14, 1864. His depredations in connection with a gang of thieves and murderers had been numerous and aggravating. He committed an outrage during the winter of 1863-4, barely escaping being caught by leaving the state. When he fled his wife remained at Elwood. A few days before his final capture he was seen lurking around his place. The citizens, determined to make him pay the penalty, found him in his hiding place in a hay mow, and took him to Wathena, where preparations were made to hang him. He proposed if the men would not hang him, he would tell where a valuable stallion, that had been stolen from a Mr. Rogers, could be found. He attempted to escape but was shot and severely wounded by four or five bullets. There was no delay. He was strung up at once and left hanging for some time. On the following day his remains were buried in Bellemont cemetery.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDITORS AND THEIR WORK.

BRIEF NEWSPAPER HISTORY.

Since the organization of the County, in 1855, more than forty-five newspapers have been born. A score of them died in their babyhood, and many never reached the years of their "teens." Only one of the very first has survived, to enjoy the life and prosperity of the present day--the Chief, born in the fifties. Following is a brief historical mention of each. In the town histories will be found additional information concerning these publications.

Constitutionalist.--The Doniphan Constitutionalist was the first paper ever published in the county. It was started in 1855, by Thomas J. Key. It lived about two years.

Chief.--The first issue of the Chief was printed at White Cloud the first week in June, 1857. In July, 1872, the office was removed to Troy, where it is still published. Sol Miller was the editor until the spring of 1897, when he died.

Era.--A paper called the Era began publication at Geary City, in June 1857, with three editors in the sanctum--E. H.

Grant, Republican; Joseph Thompson, Democrat; Earl Marble, American. It was a free state paper, but it soon died, aged less than two years.

Advertiser.--In July, 1857, Fairman & Newman started the Elwood Advertiser, a neutral paper, which lived only until the wild plums were ripe again.

Crusader of Freedom.--This paper was established at Doniphan by James Redpath, early in 1858, to boom Jim Lane for the presidency, but Lane soon picked a quarrel with the editor, and the paper gave up the ghost after a few months of existence.

Enquirer.--Thomas Key, taking "a sack" of type which had been used in the printing of the Doniphan Constitutionalist, went to Iowa Point and started the Enquirer, in July 1858. It proved a failure.

Leader.--In the summer of 1858, F. W. Emery and Charles Perham established the leader at Palermo, but it died in the great drouth of 1860.

Free Press.--In the winter of 1858-9 the Elwood Free Press was established

on the ruins of the *Advertiser*. Its editors were D. W. Wilder and Albert L. Lee. Later, Harmon D. Hunt was one of the editors. The paper dried up in the fall of 1861.

Democrat.--Late in 1858 Joseph Thompson, taking the outfit of the Geary City Era to Troy, established the *Democrat* at that place. After a "checked" career of a few weeks it turned up its leaden toes.

Highlander.--About the opening of the year 1859, Faulkner & Seaver began the publication of the *Highlander* at Highland, with T. P. Herrick, editor. It passed away after a few months of real usefulness.

Dispatch.--In the fall of 1859, Ansel Watrous, Jr., and J. W. Biggers started the *Dispatch*, a Democratic paper, at Iowa Point. The editor was Dr. Jabez Robinson. The spring of 1860 saw its death in Iowa Point, but in the fall of the same year it was resurrected and published at Troy as the *Doniphan County Dispatch*, with Biggers handling the quill. After the election it died again.

Post.--The *Doniphan Post*, Democratic, by George Rees and his brother, was established in the summer of 1860. It lived a little over a year, the political climate not being suited to its constitution.

Patriot.--Dr. E. H. Grant, with the material of the defunct *Post*, started the *Doniphan County Patriot* in Troy, in April, 1862. It was made a Lane paper. F. M. Tracy was afterwards connected with it, but it was absorbed by the *Investigator* in the spring of 1864.

Investigator.--In February, 1864, the *Investigator*, an anti-Lane paper, was started at Troy. Its editor was H. C. Hawkins. The paper soon absorbed the *Patriot*, but was itself soon converted into another paper, the *Soldier*, established the following year.

Soldier.--In 1865, just after the close of the war, the *Doniphan Soldier* was established at Troy, S. H. Dodge being the editor. It soon "folded its tent," there being no more fighting to be done.

Reporter.--The *Patriot-Investigator-Soldier* outfit was used by Joseph H. Hunt to start the *Reporter* in Troy in 1865, which was continued by him until his death in 1866. Robert Tracy then took hold of the paper and published it until it was taken to Wathena, in 1867, where it was run under the management of E. H. Snow and George W. Larzerlere, until 1877, when it died.

Republican.--In November, 1868, C. G. Bridges started the *Republican* at Troy. In 1871 he sold it to Beal & Sanborn, who ran it until 1875, when Sol Miller bought the outfit and buried the paper.

Democrat.--A paper called the *Democrat* was started in Doniphan, in May, 1871, by J. J. Ricketts. Thomas Stivers was the editor. In 1872 the paper followed the path leading to the already well populated newspaper graveyard.

Herald.--The *Herald* was started at Doniphan in 1872, by Drs. J. J. and W. W. Crook, but even those brother physicians could not save the paper from an early death. The *Herald* was Democratic.

Leader.--A Grange paper called the

Leader was established at White Cloud in August, 1872, by Yard and Overholt; but fate got the "underholt," and the paper lived only about two months.

Bulletin.--C. G. Bridges, once of the Republican, bought the Wathena Reporter in May, 1877, and, bringing the outfit to Troy, established the Bulletin, a Hayes paper. In January, 1879, it croaked.

Sentinel.--An independent paper, the Sentinel, was established at Highland in January, 1878, by George F. Hammer, but it did not live to see the flowers of spring.

Advance.--In February, 1878, E. A. Davis started a greenback paper in Wathena, calling it the Advance. He did not succeed in getting together enough greenbacks to pay expenses, and so had to suspend publication of the paper the following June.

Mirror.--This paper, founded on the ruins of the Advance, by George W. Larzelere, the same year at Wathena, did not live long.

Review.--In October, 1880, the White Cloud Review was founded by George H. Holton. The paper was Republican. It died in September, 1887.

Central State.--The Central State, Democratic, was started at Highland in November 1880, by John L. Parker. Soon after it passed into control of a man named Moore. Its life was short and not very sweet.

Bible Investigator.--The Bible Investigator, a paper devoted to the discussion of religious subjects, was started at Doniphan in 1882, by William Kirby. Its

publication was not long continued.

News.--In March, 1882, Dr. Welsh & Son started the Doniphan News, a small local paper, but continued its publication only about six months. This little paper was a great joke.

Enterprise.--The Severance Enterprise was established in February 1883, by H. H. Brookes, and dried up a few months later.

Times.--E. J. Van Deventer started the times in Severance, August 30, 1883, a few weeks after the decease of the Enterprise, but the first frost, which came early in November, killed it.

Times.--On September 3, 1886, A. W. Beale established the Times in Troy. The paper had many owners and editors, and lived until about 1900.

Resurrection-Eagle.--David Magoun, a hot-footed printer, started a paper in White Cloud in October, 1887, calling it the Resurrection. The second week the name was changed to the Eagle, and the fifth week the bird soared away.

Review.--The White Cloud Review again appeared in August, 1888. Saunders Brothers were the proprietors. It existed until January, 1890.

News.--The Severance News was started on the 6th of April by W. T. Randolph. In September, 1892, it was purchased by P. L. Gray, who published it until the spring of 1897. Since that time it has had four editors, L. P. Johnson, Eva Ryan, M. Lucey, and Hattie E. Peeler.

Gazette.--The Wathena Gazette made its first appearance on the fourth of July, 1889, published by C. C. Bartruff. About

a year later it was dead and under ground.

Echo.---The Bendena Echo first saw the light in the rear of the store of Pat Gray, at Bendena, on the 13th of July, 1889. It was a very small paper containing local news and literary matter. The publishers were Gray and Morgan. The author of this History set his first stick of type in the Echo office. The paper died young.

Nuncio.---The publication of the Highland Nuncio began about December, 1889, in charge of the students of the University. We do not know how long it lived.

Vidette.---H. S. Hogue started the Vidette at Highland, in February, 1892. The paper was purchased by Tobias Larsen, in 1897 and is still in his charge. It is a very good little paper, with a bright minded editor.

Globe.---In the spring of 1892, J. J. Faulkner established the White Cloud Globe, which is still continued by E. L. Marker.

Sun.---E. C. Mailler, aged 17, started the Sun at Leona, in 1894. It was burned out, but was re-established. However, it died after a year's struggle against bad luck in hard times.

Hustler.---The Doniphan County Hustler was established over the ruins of the Sun, by E. C. Mailler (the irrepressible Bunt), in January, 1897. It lived about a year. In March, 1903, Harry Mailler, "Bunt's little brother," purchased the outfit of the defunct Hustler and established Hustler II, which is still continued. The desire to print is in the Mailler family, and the present editor of the Hustler is a young man who will one day shine a bright star in the literary firmament.

Star.---Bert Howard started the Star at Wathena, about 1895. After a few years of struggle it began to show symptoms of dyspepsia. Pool Grinstead took charge and made it a newsy sheet; but he got into political trouble, and lost it. He then established the Republican. But his political views again got him into trouble and his second paper was lost to him. Possessing true editorial grit, he started a third paper and called it the Times. Some months ago he severed connections with this third venture, but we feel sure that he hasn't put off the harness for good. Both the Republican and the Times still continue.

Wheel.---In 1896, C. E. Williamson began the Wheel at Denton; but it soon rolled away.

Journal.---A paper called the Journal established at Denton late in the nineties, soon wore out for lack of oil.

Let us all admire the courage of our own Sol Miller, who, in 1857, when there was less than half a dozen houses in the village of White Cloud, opened his "sack of type" and founded the Kansas Chief, for forty years the best all round paper in the State. Miller was one of the few men who lived through the troublesome times when men settled their differences with sword, and gun, and knife, without ever having pulled the trigger of a gun to fire a shot. In his own sketch of his life he stated that he never had fired a gun, which is a remarkable statement for a pioneer editor to make.

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CHAPTER IX.

NUTSHELL HISTORY.

Six car loads of hemp were recently shipped from Troy, raised principally by Norwegian farmers on the high prairie west of town. The price paid was \$60 a ton. -- White Cloud Chief, June, 1872.

At the house of Benj. Harding, near where Wathena now stands was held the first county election, November 24, 1854. Election of delegates to Congress.

There are still living in the County a few men who remember Jim Lane's big, bony forefinger, his bear skin overcoat, and his calf skin vest. The old folks speaking of Lane always close their remarks with the significant saying: "He was a queer Jim."

In the early sixties the county assessor found thirty or forty slaves to list as personal property. A slave was worth considerable money. A man named Davis who lived near Doniphan, traded forty acres of land for a good, healthy negro whom he took with him to Missouri. About the same time a negro slave was sold at auction in Iowa Point.

The originator of Decoration day, it is

claimed was James Redpath, who was at one time a resident of this County. While here he was editor of the Crusader of Freedom at Doniphan. Some years ago he was killed by a street car in an eastern city. Redpath was the author of one or two books on Kansas, and also of a life of John Brown.

The first meeting of the newly elected County commissioners was held at Whitehead, in October, 1855.

An early pony express rider whose route lay through this County was John Fry. He rode from St. Joseph to Seneca

The Doniphan County Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Association completed its organization as an institution of public interest, in the month of January, 1868; since which time it has been growing in public favor very rapidly, and has given an impetus to all branches of agriculture in the County. This association has received so much encouragement, and has been so active in its effect upon the products of the county, that it is deemed advisable to hold a county fair this coming fall; and arrange-

ments are now nearly completed for this enterprise. This is known to be a step in the right direction, and one that will place us much higher in the scale of improvement. -- From Smith & Vaughan's "History and Directory."

One of the first platform dances in the county was given at Ryan Station, in the fall of 1869, at which time the station was the western terminus of the St. Joseph & Denver City Railroad. Elsewhere in this work will be found a sketch of this big event, prepared from notes furnished by one of the fair sex who was present with her beau.

In 1852 Wathena's wigwam was built on the spot a few rods north of the place now occupied by the steam flouring mills. It was built with a frame work of poles tied together with hickory bark, and covered with elm bark, and after the removal of the chief, it was used for a church for some time. Old Wathena cultivated a small field near his wigwam, raising an abundance of corn and vegetables. In the very early days he had a few white neighbors who found him to be a pretty good Indian, not counting his "habit of theft."

A Grange lodge was organized in School District No. 8, early in the seventies, but the grasshoppers came soon afterwards, and chewed big, ragged holes in the initiating costumes; also the goat's bellyband and erupper were gnawed and destroyed, and the lodge was abandoned.

About 1880 a vein of coal nearly two feet in thickness was discovered on the McNulty farm, in the Saint Benedict's neighborhood. The coal, which was of

fair quality, was used by many of the neighbors. Evidences of the existence of coal has been found in different parts of the County, but we never shall have coal barons for citizens, because ours is pre-eminently an agricultural County.

Going away from Doniphan County is like leaving one's mother, wife, or sweetheart. This is the substance of the testimony of many men who went away but soon wanted to return.

The disturbances of three earthquakes have been felt here. The first shock was felt April 24, 1867, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The second, almost as severe, came in September, 1871. The third, which did little more than arouse light sleepers, came one morning in October, 1896.

During the sixties ague was a common ailment. There was scarcely a farm that did not have its swampy places. Malarial poisons had their origin in those places, and until they were annihilated by cultivation and drainage, large quantities of quinine and boneset were required to preserve the health of the settlers.

About the year 1860, thousands of cattle that were being driven up from the South through the County were attacked by Texas fever and died, and for many years the prairies of the southern and western parts of Wolf River township were literally covered with their bones.

There have been two excessively dry years in the history of our County--1860 and 1901.

The proprietors of Ayer's Ague Cure at one time owned land here. In the early days before the swamps and bogs

had dried up, Dr. Ayer sold enough cure to purchase many good Doniphan County farms. There is not an old settler who will not tell you that ague was, at one time, more to be dreaded than the visits of Indians.

There was little timber on the prairies in the early days. The only groves planted during the sixties were of cottonwood transplanted from the river bottoms. A little later, locusts and box-elders were brought into use; but these were again supplanted by maple, walnut, and other shady trees. The great sleet storm of 1881 destroyed or retarded the growth of many fine groves on the high prairies.

Until about 1870, candles and tallow-dips were in general use. All reading and night work was done by those miserable lights. For a long time there was a disinclination to use the kerosene lamp, because of its reputed liability to explode; besides oil was dear, and the pockets of the old fashioned jeans were not lined with gold. Sometimes a rude lantern of tin with perforations was used for outdoor work, and this with its myriad eyes of fire, was as ghostly thing as one would wish to see when alone.

At St. Joseph, the river originally flowed in front of First street. Later it ran along Fourth street, and the intervening land had disappeared. A non-resident who purchased lots soon after the city was laid out, returned in 1858, to look for them. He supposed them to be some where in the bed of the stream, but had the curiosity to ascertain by survey. They proved to be on the other side of the river in Elwood, Kansas.--Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi."

The following brief war story we have from a fairly reliable source: In 1862, soldiers of the Doniphan County Militia on their way to meet Gen. Price on his northern march, camped at Atchison where, in the shade of night they charged, not "upon a flock of geese," but upon a ten dozen flock of chickens belonging to Mrs. Clem Rohr, putting all to death except one hoary rooster that no one would dare to tackle. Next day there was a big soup feast in the army, and the soldiers were put in good trim for the prospective fight with Price. Price having learned what our boys had done to the poultry, changed his march. No doubt had our boys met the famous raider, something would have happened; whereas, Price not appearing, there was nothing done, and those of the boys that did not visit the brewery returned to their homes with only chicken blood on their hands.

In the year of 1855, James H. Lane organized a "Danite" lodge in Doniphan, for the furtherance of his political schemes. Pat Loughlin, James Redpath and others, who had been members, became disgusted with the workings of the "order," and divulged some of the "secrets," and the thing went apart. The trouble which led to the killing of Collins in November of the same year, had its source in this lodge.

A "prize fight" in which two Doniphan County men-- Jim Loucks and Marion Steele--were the principals, was fought on the Missouri side of the river opposite Doniphan, about the year 1867. The fight was to have taken place in Doniphan but the town authorities would not permit it, and a sand bar on the Missouri

side of the river was chosen for the scene of the battle. It is said that five hundred men assembled to witness the event, which, however, proved a failure and a disappointment. For a moment there was a quick exchange of blows, which, according to accounts, were plainly heard across the river, a distance of half a mile. But the fight was lop-sided, and there was murmuring among the onlookers. The sledge-hammer blows of Steele were too much for the slack endurance of Loucks who quietly but quickly yielded up the belt.

A Vigilance committee for the detection and punishment of horsethieves was organized on Cedar creek, in 1862. The officers were: S. N. Nesbit, R. H. N., C. E. Fox, A. S. E., S. Plotner, W. R. S., H. M. Coburn, W. C., J. Chapson, R. K., B. V. Ransom, Secretary.

On Friday, February 11, 1881, a very heavy snow fell. Next day the wind rose and the snow drifted high, blocking the railroads for nearly a week.

Pat Barlow and wife received the premium at the Fair for the best collection of babies.—Chief, Oct. 4, 1877.

The first new silver change made its appearance in Troy, in May, 1876. Cy. Leland brought \$50 of it from St. Joseph and gave it out as change.

In 1871, our County took the lead in the State, in barley raising. The harvest yielded 22,872 bushels.

The first telegraph line erected in the County was put up about 1861.

The earliest map of the County was made by Robert Tracy, in 1868. It showed congressional and municipal town-

ships, sections, etc., but was incomplete.

From April 1, to June 15, 1849, 1,508 wagons crossed on the ferries at St. Joseph, bound for California.

A pair of couriers sent out by Dr. Say, of Major Long's expedition, made the record race of their lives on the 29th day of August, 1819, when they ran from Cow Island in the Missouri (near Atchison) to the mouth of Wolf River, a distance of about thirty miles, to intercept the expedition boat on its way up the stream, and hold it for the arrival of the Doctor and his men who, returning from their prairie journey in the West, reached the river a day or two after the boat had passed up. At that time the prairies were covered with a tall, thick grass, which made travelling extremely difficult, and we may be certain that when the Doctor and his little party finally reached the mouth of the Wolf, they were a glad but tired lot.

In April, 1874, Col. Ege had a happy day in his old age, enjoying a genuine wolf hunt. With his hounds he started up a huge gray wolf on the north fork of Independence creek, and gave pursuit, circling around an area of about six miles, passing near St. Benedict's church and then striking in toward the river. The hounds overhauled the game at the railroad not far from Doniphan, after a race of about twenty miles, and a fierce fight ensued, in which the dogs were considerably cut up. The colonel came up and took a hand, when the wolf turned the fight on him. He seized his stick of timber and dealt the wolf a blow, apparently killing him. Directing a man who accompanied him to take the wolf on his

horse in front of him, the two started off with their prize; but after riding some distance, the beast returned to life, and commenced going for the man's legs, causing him to drop it; whereupon the colonel cut the wolf's throat with his pocket knife, killing him "for keeps."

From 1870 to 1875 scores of cattle and horses were killed on the St. Joseph & Denver road for which the road never paid a cent damages to the owners. A suit against the road for damages was almost certain to end in the farmer's losing the case. This state of affairs is what drove one man to take desperate measures to get revenge when it had become impossible to get justice. Following is a copy of a notice found posted upon the St. Joseph & Denver side of the depot at Troy Junction, in July, 1872:

Kansas, July 21st, 1872.

We hereby notify the St. Joseph & Denver City Railroad Company that if the stock killing damages heretofore done is not paid up before August 1st, and if not, all travelling community will travel at their own risk, also the future damages if not paid in ten days after such damage is done. We ask no boon, we crave no mercy; but justice we will have, from Wathena to St. Francis.

(Signed) General Cassander and Co.

Some time after this an attempt was made to burn the trestles of a bridge near Norway. The trestles had been burned at their foundation, but their dangerous condition was discovered before the cars came along.

In the spring of 1873, the first complete map of the County was made by Robert Tracy. Few men of the County did more

for the people than "Bob" Tracy during his residence here.

At a County Fair held in Atchison, in 1873, a Doniphan County baby won the prize offered the best baby. His name was Buster.

A company of Voluntary Militia was organized at Syracuse, June 20, 1861.

In July, 1873, there was very high water in the Missouri---a belated "June rise."

John Parker, a Wathena man, killed a snake last Friday, on a sand bar in the river. It was of the kind known as blue racer and had no business out in the winter time.--Chief, January 6, 1896.

From the same issue we copy the following: "Jim Brown, the section foreman, caught a grasshopper. This is an open winter."

In October, 1861, some Missouri rebels running short of lead for ammunition, crossed the river to Lafayette. Stealing some 75 feet of lead pipe from the Lyman saw mill they melted it into bullets and returned without being discovered.

Nelson Abbey, of Doniphan County, has a choice ox which he has long been fattening for the entertainment of his friends in the event of Lincoln's election. Mr. Abbey was for many years a neighbor of Lincoln's.--St. Joseph Free Democrat, September, 1860.

In December, 1873, a cock fight between Kentucky and Missouri cocks was seen at Kansas City. The "Missouri" roosters, which belonged to Col. Ege, of our County, won all the victories.

In March, 1873, the sheriff sold two engines at Elwood, on execution for the personal taxes of the Denver road.

Xzovey Monteva was at one time a citizen of this County. We will give a copy of our History to the first person who shall pronounce this name without sneezing.

In 1866, a 24-page pamphlet, "The Western Tier," by D. M. Johnson, was published from the office of the Troy Reporter.

The Harroun elevator at Elwood costing \$1,000,000.00, was completed in November, 1899.

On May 20, 1856, commissions were issued to officers of the Voluntary Company in Doniphan County called the "Tigers," as follows: Alex. H. Dunning, Captain; Wm. Sublett, First Lieutenant; Chas. M. Thompson, Second Lieutenant; Sylvester Hudson, Third Lieutenant.

High upon the roll of writers for Kansas must ever remain the names of two editors and brave men who had no papers--William A. Phillips, correspondent of the New York Tribune, and James Redpath, of the St. Louis Democrat, and of the Boston press. Phillips a Scotchman, Redpath an Englishman, but both Kansas men in the heart, much abused as foreigners, they have made bright American names.--D. W. Wilder.

Father Augustine Wirth, one of Doniphan's early priests, was one of the founders of the famous St. Benedict's Abbey at Atchison. Many times he made the journey from Doniphan to Atchison on foot to attend to the spiritual wants of a few Catholic families located there. In 1860, when the fire of drouth swept over the land, it will be gratefully remembered that this good man sent East

and procured corn and provisions which were distributed to the poor at Atchison.

Zach Mooney and Melvin Baughn, horsethieves who operated in this and other counties in north eastern Kansas during the early sixties, shot and killed Jessie S. Dennis, and severely wounded another man while resisting arrest in Nemaha county, in 1866. A reward of \$600 had been offered for their capture. Baughn was captured and imprisoned, but soon made his escape from jail. However, he was recaptured and was executed at Seneca, on the 18th of September 1868.

"General" W. P. Richardson and his army were in Doniphan County, in 1856. Three of the camping grounds are pointed out by old settlers. One is a short distance northwest of the present site of Severance; another, south and west of the farm on which the Oakland school house now stands, a few miles from the Atchison county line; a third at, or near, Cottonwood Springs, south east of Troy. It was while encamped in this County that the "general" received information that "a state of actual war exists in Douglas County, and that in other parts of the Territory, within this division, robberies and other flagrant violations of the law are daily occurring by armed bodies of men from the Northern states." The quotation is from the "general's" letter written from one of his Doniphan County camps, August 18, 1856.

The streets, alleys, parks and public grounds of Charleston, Petersburg, LePorte and Mt. Vernon, paper towns of the County, were vacated by the Legislature of 1863-4.

Seven horses were killed by one train on the St. Joseph & Denver road below Norway, in May, 1874.

Two fine County bridges--Bayne's and the Leona bridge--were built in 1873. Bayne's was 101 feet in length; Leona's 77 feet.

A lady who was visiting at the home of Joshua Rittenhouse at the time of the great Wolf River cyclone on June 16, 1865, had \$800 in her trunk. The trunk was blown away with the house, and the lady never found a dollar of the money or a fragment of the trunk.

In March, 1855, there were in the Fourteenth District (this County), 655 males, 512 females, 301 natives of the United States, 46 foreigners, 1 free Negro and 35 slaves. The number of legal voters was 334. Total population, 1,167.

In March, 1867, a mail route was established from Topeka through Holton, Kennekuk and Troy. This gave the citizens of the western part of the County better mail services.

A train of fifty two wagons, six mules attached to each, passed through Wathena April 7, 1867, bound for Salt Lake City.

The macadamized road from Elwood to Wathena was completed in June, 1866.

In "An Act to incorporate the Wathena Plank and Macadamized Road Company" published in "The Statutes of the Territory of Kansas, 1855", the following are named as members of the Company:

Jno. Curd, J. C. Hull, Preston F. Moss, Wm. Ridenbaugh, Silas Woodson, Ebenezer Blackiston, Wm. Matthews, Milton Bryant, Dan. Vanderslice, Carey B. Whitehead, J. P. Blair, and M. Rodgers.

In 1867 specimens of lead ore were found in the bluffs near Wathena. At that time it was believed that lead in paying quantities could be mined from the hills in the vicinity.

David W. Morse planted the first broom corn in Wolf River township, in 1857, on the farm now owned by Wm. Webb. He had a broom factory there until 1861, when he closed it and went into the army.

The Kansas Herald, July, 1855, relates the following of Governor Reeder: "On one occasion a gentleman approached Gov. R., and said he heard a friend at Weston, Mo., remark that if Gov. Reeder returned to the Territory he would gather up a company of men, ten thousand if necessary, and search every part of the Territory, if need be, to find and hang him. The governor very cordially thanked his informant for the intelligence, and remarked: 'Tell your friend that whether he comes at the head of ten hundred or ten thousand men, it will make no difference; I shall never be mobbed; and your friend, if he makes demonstrations in that direction, may rest assured that his minutes are numbered, for I will put a ball through his head, though I know I shall be cut into inch pieces ten minutes afterwards. I shall pursue my legitimate business uninterrupted, else the invader of my rights shall pay the forfeit.'"

James H. Lane, very frequently referred to as the "grim chieftain" owned a pre-emption claim near Doniphan, in 1857. On this land he set up a saw mill and made other improvements which he soon afterwards sold, in order that he might take a more active part in the Border troubles. Jim would have done better to

have held to his Doniphan County farm.

Item from a letter dated "Whitehead, June 1, 1854": There is a story abroad that at all the ferries over the Missouri river they have a cow tied, and a committee to watch emigrants. They ask, "What animal is that?" If the emigrant says "A cow," he goes over, but if he answers "A keow," he is turned back.

Here is a paragraph that was of interest to the young man of fifty years ago: "At half past five o'clock on the morning of March 4, 1854, after a night session, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 37 to 14. The title of the Bill is 'An Act to organize the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska.'"

The winter of 1898-9 lacked only 15 days of being six months long. It began the 16th of October with a big snow-storm.

Forty years ago many of the farmers and their families went to church in carts drawn by oxen, and, strange to relate, they were seldom late for the opening of the services.

About the year 1882 the corn planter was put aside and the checkrower brought into use. A few years later, the lister and drill supplanted the checkrower.

The first steam threshing outfit appeared along about 1876, and the cumbersome horse power had to go to the iron pile. The engine of the outfit was drawn by horses. The traction engine soon drove it out of business.

Very often in the early days Indians were induced by the whites to steal horses for them. If caught, the Indians steadfastly refused to inform on their abettors,

taking their punishment in silence. We find the following in the Chief, October, 1860:

"On Sunday, the 23d, three Iowa Indians crossed the river and proceeded to the vicinity of Sharp's grove, in Holt County, Mo., where they stole three fine horses, which they swam across the river and took to their village. Maj. Vander-slice, the Indian agent, getting wind of it took possession of the horses. On Wednesday a large body of men came over in pursuit of the horses and found them at the agency. The horses and three Indian thieves were given up and taken over to Holt. It is pretty well ascertained that some white men assisted or encouraged the Indians in this business, but the latter would make no revelations. The Indians were soundly thrashed and sent home the same night."

About March 12, 1862, a rebel named Fulton stopped at the house of a widow named Hays, near Troy, put his horses in the barn, fed them, and made himself at home generally. Mrs. Hays remonstrated, but Fulton paid no attention to her. She then sent word to Joe Nixon, who responded promptly. Calling Fulton out of the house, Nixon shot him, seriously wounding him.

Doniphan County apples beat all the world at the Centennial, in 1876.

In March, 1876, there was a big snow. In a cut a quarter of a mile long, above Norway, the snow was twenty-six feet deep, and trains were stopped for a week. Digging out the snow was as difficult as taking out the original dirt.

"Pole Payey," mentioned in Twain's

book, was a resident of White Cloud in 1858, and piloted the "White Cloud" on the famous expedition up the Nemaha, July 4, 1858.

On Sunday night, August 16, there was an unusually gorgeous display of the aurora borealis.

T. J. Ingalls says that while making a trip up in Doniphan County, a few days ago, he heard a terrible rumbling near the Atchison and Doniphan County line. It sounded like a big eruption, or like cars crashing together. The sound travelled from east to west, and seemed to come from under the ground. Ingalls was so much interested in the phenomenon that he stopped at several houses to discuss it, and was told that the remarkable noise was common in that vicinity. Ingalls has bored a great many wells and says his experience leads him to believe that there is an enormous cavern under the ground in that vicinity, and that the sound is probably caused by falling rock. In boring the well at Forest Park, he says the drill went through a large cavern, and hundreds of barrels of water were pumped into it without filling it up. Casing finally had to be put down before the drilling could be continued, delaying the progress of drilling for a week. -- Atchison Globe, 1905.

The three big earthquakes occurred on the following dates: September, 1865, April 27, 1867, and October 31, 1895.

A very large meteor appeared in the north eastern sky about 9 o'clock on the night of December 27, 1875. It was seen to burst into fragments, and about two minutes later a report like that of a can-

non was heard over a wide area of country.

The spring of 1858 brought plenty of rain. Immense crops of corn were raised by Doniphan County farmers. Jake Bursk, near Syracuse, had more corn than he knew what to do with. He had a lot of it piled up on the prairie and sold it to the freighters out of the pile at ten cents a bushel. Mr. Bursk used to say: "I'm going back to Ohio where I won't be bothered with such big crops of corn. A man will get rich too quickly out here in Kansas." The next year the crop was not so large, and the year after that, 1860, the great drouth came to burn up the country. Five years later Adam Brenner was paying \$1 to \$1.25 a bushel to Syracuse farmers for their corn and they did not have to deliver it, either. Immense freight wagons with four-inch tires, draw by half a dozen yoke of oxen, hauled the shelled corn from the farmer's cribs across the plains to the frontier towns. Some time later, in the early 70s corn took another tumble and was again selling at a discouragingly low price--fifteen cents a bushel. Not until 1874-5, when the grasshoppers became the unwelcome guests of the country, did the price again advanced to a paying figure.

It would appear from the following that there was some danger incident to travel, even in the early day, through civilized lands, and that grandma and grandpa must have had considerable courage to have ventured on a trip "out West."

Summary of the steamboat disasters on the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi rivers during 1854:

Total steamboats sunk, 71
 " " burned, 23.
 " " destroyed by collis'n, 9.
 " " exploded, 10.
 " loss of property, \$2,570,000.00.
 " " life by these calamities, 355.

During the years 1861-2, a favorite crossing place for the Jayhawkers with stolen horses was at Bellemont, where a ferry was owned and operated by a man named O'Brien. While the Doniphan County soldiers were stationed at Elwood this boat was taken into their charge. Pat. Kirwan, who later became a lieutenant, was sent with sixteen men to take the boat down stream, that it might be in view of the camp. The boat was on the Missouri side when Kirwan and his men started, but before they had reached the Kansas landing, the boat was on its return trip to Bellemont. Kirwan and his men concealed themselves in the timber near the landing, and when the boat landed they leaped aboard and ordered the captain to "put'er nose down stream."

The Secretary of the State Historical Society in answer to a request to prepare a historical paper has received a letter from Hon. J. P. Johnson, of Highland, in which he says that he is the person who ran the first Kansas survey line. That was the fortieth parallel line; the line separating Kansas and Nebraska surveyed in 1854, from the Missouri river to the sixth principal meridian. Associated with Mr. Johnson in making the astronomical calculations for this survey was Captain Robert E. Lee, then of the U. S. Army, afterwards of the Confederacy. Mr. Johnson has been a resident of Kan-

sas since 1854. He is familiar with the facts of many stirring events of those early times, and it is to be hoped that he will put his recollections into writing as requested by the Historical Society.--Topeka Commonwealth, January, 1878.

On the afternoon of May 13, 1883, a small cyclone from the south west lifted the roof off the house of the old Jones nursery in Troy, then occupied by Frank Welton and did considerable damage to the trees, etc. This little twister first made its appearance in the eastern part of Wolf River township on the Lyons farm two miles south west of Moray, where it tore a door from the dwelling house, and destroyed some trees in the orchard. Passing on to the Gray farm immediately on the north, it broke the tops off some tall cottonwoods in the long row extending from the road into the field. A small willow tree some four or five inches in diameter, standing in the road was twisted around two or three times, but was not broken off. The tree is still standing and still bears the marks of its wrestle with the wind.

The first time table on the Rock Island went into effect on Sunday, November 21, 1886.

In the fall of 1886, 27,000 barrels of apples were shipped out of the County.

Rev. James Shaw, a pioneer Methodist preacher, first located at Geary City. In 1886 he wrote an interesting book entitled "Reminiscences of a Pioneer Preacher."

One of the very first school teachers in the County was Charles Rapplye, who taught Columbus and Palermo, in 1857-8.

The first County Fair was held at the Troy Fair Grounds, in August, 1868.

The first men in the County to start in quest of a fortune to be made by threshing grain was Loyd and Sargent, about the year 1861. They did work for farmers in three townships--Wolf River, Center, and Wayne. They had a J. I. Case separator propelled by horse power. The grain came from the machine in a small spout near one of the hind wheels, and was caught in a half bushel measure. A count of the number of bushels was kept by placing pegs in holes in the side of the machine. There was no straw-carrier for this first machine, the best natured of the "hands" being sent to carry away the straw and stack it.

John Doms, who died on his farm midway between Wathena and Troy, in September, 1885, was born at Brussels, Belgium. When a boy his playground was the field of the battle of Waterloo, where he picked many relics of the famous fight. He served in the Crimea and for a portion of the time was in the employ of Lord Raglan, the British commander. After the war he travelled in many European countries as interpreter to an English officer, he having been able to converse in four different languages. He was married at St. Peter's cathedral, London. In 1872, a cyclone destroyed his house, killing his wife and leaving him with a family of five little girls who proved themselves excellent little women by helping their father keep house. One of the girls--Elizabeth--became a writer of very good verse. Selections from her writings appear in their proper place in the Authors' Chapter in this work.

A few old trading posts on the Missouri are here named: Bellemont, or Whitehead, post was established in the spring of 1852; Wathena post, established April 1852; Elwood post, established in the fall of the same year, and Doniphan post in 1853.

A pair of brass galleys originally belonging to the outfit of the Doniphan Constitutionalist was for many years preserved in the office of the Chief by Sol. Miller. Perhaps the pair is still in the office.

John Brown left Chicago for Kansas Territory, August 23, 1855, with a heavily loaded wagon and reached Ossawatimie, October 6. He walked beside his wagon and shot game for food.

One of the first, if not the very first, peddlers was Pat Barlow, an eccentric character who, though lame and homely, had the happy knack of getting married occasionally. There was not a house in all the country where Pat hadn't sold a table cloth or a red handkerchief. He died in St. Joseph late in the eighties.

During the years 1873-4 the County paid a bounty of five cents for gopher scalps. Some time later a bounty of a nickel was offered for rabbit ears and many a boy made pocket money until the bounties were withdrawn.

An immense amount of lumber was manufactured at White Cloud, Lafayette, Iowa Point, Geary City, Palermo, and Doniphan, during the sixties, and some of it is still doing service.

Richard J. Gatling, inventor of the world-famous Gatling Gun, once wrote to Sol. Miller asking him to retract some-

Earl Marble was a sentimental, poetical character, and wore his hair long, flowing down over his shoulders. In the summer of 1860, during the hot political campaign of that year, one night on the occasion of some Democratic blow out, some of the young southern Chivalry of St. Joseph gave a chase to Marble and Thompson, clipping off Marble's flowing locks, and beating Thompson like a carpet. Later, Marble went East and became editorially connected with the *Waverly Magazine*, about 1872.

The town of Charleston on the Missouri flourished for a time, but soon lost its vigor and fell into rapid decay. It is said that when the population dwindled to two men, these two got into a quarrel, one killing the other.

In the spring of 1863, pneumonia was very prevalent in the County, and was singularly fatal, baffling medical skill.

A slight earthquake shock was felt at White Cloud, at 8:30 on the morning of August 13, 1865.

One night in the summer of 1863, Kit Williams and Tom Osborn slept in the court house yard at Troy. Next morning when they went to hunt up the sheriff to pay for their night's "lodging" they complained to him that the windows of their "hotel" had been left open and that they had caught cold.

In 1872, the "Bob-tail" railroad was built from Wathena to Doniphan. A few years later the track was removed.

At the Columbian Fair held in Chicago in 1893, the State prize for peaches was taken by Doniphan County.

A cable has been shipped from St. Louis by the Western Union Telegraph Company to sink in the Missouri river to connect St. Joseph with Kansas.---*Wathena Reporter*, May 30, 1867.

This from the *Atchison Press* of February 15, 1867, was discouraging reading for the struggling farmers of that trying period:

"A gentleman yesterday brought into the office a bottle of young grasshoppers which he picked up on his farm in this vicinity. It appears that the few warm days of last week brought these young insects to the surface, and that the extreme cold weather of Friday and Saturday last was not severe enough to kill them. Such being the case, we shall have a much larger crop of grasshoppers the coming season than we had last summer. When the warm weather of the spring has brought this grand army to the surface, we shall be eaten up alive, unless they take wings and fly away. Farmers are much alarmed in anticipation of the appearance of this plague.

A big camp meeting for the Troy, White Cloud and Hiawatha Circuits, was held on Wolf River, near Quick's bridge, April 3 and 5, 1866.

In the middle sixties there were nineteen postoffices in the County, as follows: Columbus, Charleston, Doniphan, Elwood, Geary City, Highland, Iowa Point, Lafayette, Normanville, Mt. Vernon, Palermo, Ridge Farm, Syracuse, Walnut Grove, Troy, Wathena, White Cloud, Whitehead, and Wolf River.

In April, 1867, the County Commissioners purchased 220 acres of land for a

poor farm, of Charles Richter, "about three miles from Palermo, on the Pottawatomie road." Consideration, \$4,500.

"Windy Friday," December 4, 1885. Twenty-four hours steady blow.

In September, 1854, Daniel Todd and his entire family consisting of six persons were kidnapped from their home near White Cloud, and taken to Missouri where they were sold into slavery. Making escape, Todd joined the Union army. After his discharge from the army, he gathered up all of his children that he could find and returned to White Cloud, where he lived for many years afterward.

Lewis V. Fleming purchased the St. Joseph and Elwood ferry of Ebenezer Blackiston, in August, 1866, paying him \$50,000. During the first half of the following month he crossed to St. Joseph over 12,000 head of cattle, mostly Texan steers.

Along in the middle seventies engines on the St. Joseph & Denver road bore the names of the stations painted in beautiful letters just under the windows of the cabs, and so familiar with the engines were many of the boys living near the road, that they could give the name of an engine merely having heard its whistle. Many a nickel and dime changed hands on bets made between youngsters, and the loser lost no time in getting better acquainted with the engines. In those days to get a nodding acquaintance with the engineer or fireman was an honor much sought for by the small boy. Many a bunch of wild grapes, and more than one hatful of plums fell into the hands of the condescending trainmen who, in passing

up the steep grades, dropped a gallant salute to the girls, or tossed a nod to the boys gathered beside the the track to see the train go by.

In a railroad wreck which occurred about two miles north of Doniphan, Dec. 3, 1875, two men from Lincoln, Nebraska, were crushed to death.

The Darwin post-office was discontinued in April, 1888.

May 15, 1859, a hail storm and wind did great damage in Wayne township, especially at Doniphan, where many houses were unroofed or blown down.

June 4, 1860, Harriet Newman sold to Aaron P. Quick, for \$700, a fifteen-year-old negro boy named George Washington Gater. The bill of sale was acknowledged before Samuel C. Benight, deputy clerk of the Territorial District Court.

Pat Barlow, famous as a local peddler, was killed at St. Joseph by an electric car, October 6, 1893.

Father DeSmet, S. J., passed through this country travelling on foot, in 1840. He was then on his way to the North West Territory to preach the Gospel to the Indians. As he journeyed across the country following the general direction of the St. Joseph and Oregon Trail, he collected plants and wild flowers, classing and catalogizing them, for he was a Naturalist as well as a preacher.

Miss Elizabeth Turkleson, who successfully filled the position of assistant, principal of the Troy High School for four years, carried off the honors at a Teachers' examination held in June, 1904, in St. Joseph, for positions in the city schools. Her average was 91 per cent. There were

fifty four other applicants, and but nine of them passed. Miss Turkleson is one of the best teachers in this part of the State. She is a daughter of C. O. Turkleson, one of the very early settlers in north eastern Wolf River township.

Votes were cast in three different townships in the County at the election held March 30, 1855. Returns as follows:

Doniphan--Pro-slavery votes, 313; Wolf River, 57; Burr-Oak, 256. Doniphan--Free Soil, 30; Wolf River, 15; Burr-Oak, 2. Doniphan--Scattering, 3; Wolf River, 6; Burr-Oak, 48. Total, Doniphan, 341; Wolf River, 78; Burr-Oak, 306. Total legal, 200; illegal, 530; Number voters, 334.

Miss Eva Ryan's "Literary Women of Brown County" appeared in October 1894. Miss Ryan was a Severance girl.

The post office at Orr Station was established in January, 1894, with Luke Clem as postmaster.

A good authority states that Mary Hempstead Keeney, the second wife of Manuel Liza, was the first white woman to ascend the Missouri river, passing the green shorelands of what is now Doniphan County.

Times were hard in the spring of 1853. A saw mill was sold by a constable to pay a debt of forty dollars, and a house and lot were sold to satisfy a debt of thirty dollars. The owner of the last named property knew nothing of the legal transaction until it was over.

Wm. Kirby, of Doniphan, published his book, "Mormonism Exposed" in July, 1893.

A Doniphan County man, Charles W. Stewart, suggested the name of St. Joseph. He also suggested naming the streets running east and west for Robidoux's children.

One of the first Fourth of July celebrations in the County was at a point on Rock Creek below the present site of Brenner, in 1859. Col. Ege was one of the speakers on the occasion; also some Mexican war soldiers made talks. Late in the day there came up a big hail. The stones were very large. They broke all the panes in the north windows, and left deep dents in the doors. Many a gay picnicker got his head thumped that evening.

In June, 1886, the Rock Island began securing abstracts of titles of land for the right of way of the road. This was the first sign of a "sure go."

April 3, 1885, lightning struck the powder magazine on Prospect Hill in St. Joseph, and exploded six thousand pounds of powder. The shock was plainly felt at Wathena and Troy, windows having been cracked at the former place, by the concussion.

The County has been visited by two very remarkable hail storms. The first came on the Fourth of July, 1857. The second came May 28, 1899, passing over the northern townships. The hail remained in heaps three to four feet deep for many days. While the first great storm was remarkable for the size of the stones that fell, the second was noted for the depth of the hail drifts.

January 13, 1899, the mercury stood at 30 degrees below zero, and there was a

great deal of suffering. One year later, on the same day of the month, the mercury stood at 60 degrees above zero. There was no frost in the ground. Gophers were at work. After a few heavy rains the skies cleared up and there was a period of spring weather. There was not a particle of ice in the creeks.

The White Cloud Chief reported a plague of locusts in June, 1862. "They may be heard night and day, and are to be found on every bush. We have seen nothing like it since the days of Pharoah."

On May 17, 1857, School Districts Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 were organized.

The highest point in the County is said to be Mount Lookout, near Eagle Springs. Another elevated point is Schwab Hill, half of a mile east of Bendena.

It is now a rare sight to see a young lady working in the field with her brothers. The complexion of the girl of today would scarcely permit her to venture for any length of time beyond the barn, but it may truthfully be said of many of the old girls (of course they are married long ago) that they helped their brothers make the County out of doors, for there was no work on the farm that they would not cheerfully undertake. And what they undertook usually was done well. It was no unusual sight to see a young lady at work shocking wheat, raking hay, or even plowing corn. Of course those girls could not boast of having lily-white arms and hands, and peach blossom complexions, but they had brave hearts, healthy bodies, and clear minds; and time has proved that they had the virtues and qual-

ities that go to make good wives, and mothers.

How many of our young men have read the old story of "Harry and the Guidepost"? How many know what a guidepost is? Thirty years ago the guidepost was the travelers' encyclopedia. It stood with its spreading arms at a cross-roads, indicating both distance and direction of the towns which, at that time, were "few and far between." "To Kennekuk, 20 miles," "To Troy, 9 miles," "To Syracuse, 3 miles," once familiar signs on the prairie, long ago have been torn down, and we venture to say that no young man of the present generation has ever seen even the remains of one of those old time friends.

Colonel Ege heard the famous debate between Webster and Hayne. He walked sixty miles to be present.

According to the following statement, our state was a lonely place half a century ago:

There is not, at this moment, August 1, 1854, a town or village in Kansas or Nebraska.--E. E. Hale in "Kansas and Nebraska."

As late as 1857, Brown County people received their mail from the Iowa Point post office. There was an ox-team mail weekly, kept up by local contribution.

We will continue to tar and feather, drown, lynch, and hang every white-livered Abolitionist who dares to pollute our soil.--Squatters' Sovereign, August 28, 1855.

The famous "Squatters' Sovereign Association" was formed June 24, 1854, at J. R. Whitehead's, near Bellemont.

CHAPTER X.

NUTSHELL HISTORY.

(CONTINUED)

During the latter sixties, Dori Thornton, Alex Brown, and John Etherton were popular violin players at dances given in eastern Iowa township.

The population of the County in 1860 was 8,080, and for nearly five years during the war, there was no increase in the number of new settlers. But there were plenty of boys and girls born during that period.

Wm. V. Gordon, who for many years was a farmer near White Cloud, had some exciting experiences in the Indian Territory and the West, in the years 1867-8-9, when the Indians were so troublesome. He was with General Custer in the famous battle of the Washita, which took place on the morning of November 27, 1868, and in which 103 Indians, including the great chief Black Kettle, and 21 whites were killed. About the same time he was in a five days' fight with the Indians along the Cimarron river, and was one of the five men who fought 200 redskins in the Sand Hills south of the Canadian river in the Indian Territory.

Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling, inventor

of the world famous Gatling Gun, was for some time a resident of White Cloud where, in 1857, he became president of the town company. D. W. Wilder in a speech made at the quarter-centennial at Topeka, in 1886, stated that Gatling matured his invention in Doniphan County. In the Scientific American, March 2, 1872, we find the following:

"The inventor of this wonderful arm is Dr. Richard J. Gatling, at the time of its discovery a resident of the city of Indianapolis, in the state of Indiana, but now of Hartford, Connecticut. He first conceived the idea of a machine gun in 1861, and is justly proud of the distinction of being the originator of the first successful weapon of the kind ever invented. His first "battery" or gun was completed in that city (Indianapolis) in the early part of the year 1862, and his first American patent bears date November 4th of the same year."

In the early days, peculiar but appropriate names were given to the forks of Murray's branch, a tributary to Independence creek having its source in the

neighborhood of Prairie Grove, now the site of Bendena. The west fork of the branch was called "Girl's creek" on account of there having been born so many members of the female sex in that locality, while the west branch was aptly named "Boy's creek", because the place was fairly alive with lusty youngsters from the father's side of the house. There used to be some jolly, old time sport in the winter when the representatives of the two creeks met at the fork. In day time it was skating down the frozen tide; at night, heel and toe were merry with the dance which lasted until the fiddler fainted from exhaustion, or the bow was broken in desperation.

Although the winters of the sixties were rather cold, overcoats were not then in general use. Many of the pioneers wore blankets. One old man in particular attracted attention to his blanket by telling wonderful stories concerning it. The blanket was old and full of holes, and it was hinted at in the stories that the holes had been made by the arrows of the Indians; but the stories were not often credited. The owner of this wonderful wrap said and did many ridiculous things, but the most ridiculous thing he is said to have done was to trade his ox-team for a barrel of whiskey.

During the publication of the St. Joseph Democrat, when things were pretty hot (on account of the rescue from jail of Dr. Doy) Dr. E. H. Grant left the country for safety, leaving his wife to edit the paper. At the time there was a hot discussion of local politics going on between the "Democrat" and the "West,"

which was edited by E. Y. Shields. He acknowledged that he could not hold controversy with a woman, declaring that if any man would assume the responsibility of Mrs. Grant's editorials, he would attend to his case. Joseph Thompson, one of the three editors of the Geary City Era, of 1857, a brother of Mrs. Grant's, offered to meet Shields. Shields promptly challenged Thompson to fight a duel. They met at Elwood, but their difficulties were settled without bloodshed.

As late as 1873, deer were found on head waters of Wolf River.

During the winter of 1872-3 the epizootic plague attacked the horses.

On the afternoon of July 4, 1873, a terrible gale struck the Missouri River at St. Joseph, destroying the steamer "Mountaineer", driving it against one of the piers of the bridge which it demolished. Considerable damage was done on both sides.

Here is a paragraph from a Savannah, Mo., newspaper of date December 1857, concerning Charleston:

"This thriving village over the river has now a city government in full blast. The Board of Trustees is composed of Judge Byrd, Mayor; Chas. B. Hamilton, Josiah VanBuskirk, John B. Brady, and Charles B. Byrd, Trustees, and Rev. Alward, clerk. Business is opening widely for the winter, and coal banks in the neighborhood are being worked by Welch miners. We understand that coal can be delivered in this place from the Charleston mines when the river closes, for 25 cents a bushel. Who will not use grates then?"

Corn was so cheap in 1873, that it was extremely used for fuel. "And the next year the grasshoppers came."

In August, 1872, an engine and four or five box cars were thrown from the track about a mile below Norway. Some malicious person had placed a spike on the track.

Agricultural statistics of the County for 1871:

Bushels of wheat,	259,764.
" " rye,	4,666.
" " barley,	71,685.
" " corn,	1,290,666.
" " buck wh.,	723.
" " oats,	171,485.
Gallons wine,	26,296.
" sorghum,	13,185.
Pounds hemp,	921,222.

A woman named Goll living on Welsh's branch had an exciting battle with wolves one day early in the sixties. A pack of these hungry animals came up from Wolf River and attempted to get away with a green cow hide at the lady's door. They were making away with it when overtaken by Mrs. Goll, who caught hold of it and pulled it away from them, but not until there had been an exciting struggle.

This interesting advertisement is from the Chief, June 4, 1863:

WANTED---Two modest young "Jay-hawkers" who have no dear ones at home to cheer them with a kindly word, earnestly desire to correspond with as many fair maidens; and to this end would respectfully petition to the pretty girls of Brown and Doniphan Counties, hoping to find some willing to cheer them with

a friendly line. All communications to be strictly confidential. Address

Harry Walcome,
or Tom Channing,
Co. C., 7th Kans. Vols.,
Corinth, Miss.,

June 4, 1863. via Memphis.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Elwood, K. T., in August, 1857, says:

"A man who lives on his claim near the edge of this city is, perhaps, the oldest man in America. He is Mr. James O'Toole. He was born in the county of Donegal, in the north of Ireland somewhere about the year 1730. He was an old man in the Irish rebellion, in 1798, when, becoming implicated with Lord Fitzgerald, he fled his country to seek freedom in our young republic. He moved to St. Louis thirty years ago and established the first brewery there. He moved to the Platte Purchase in 1838, and lived in Buchanan County, near Bloomington, until two years ago, when he came to Kansas and made a pre-emption, and he can now walk eight or ten miles with ease. He says his age is about 125 years.

Queer paragraphs from the old papers of the East, about Kansas and the West:

Wanted---One hundred able bodied lawyers are wanted to break prairie lands, split rails and chop wood in the new West---Philadelphia Post, 1855.

Inscription found on the head board of a grave on the Oregon Trail:

Mr. J---- H---- was carried away
By the diarrhea and cholera.

A Mr. Thompson, of Kansas Territory,

has, it is said, just completed a prairie ship, or wagon, to be propelled by the wind, in which he proposes, with thirty companions, to make a voyage to the Rocky Mountains next June.--Saturday Evening Post, September 22, 1855.

A letter addressed to "Bleeding Kansas" was received at the St. Louis post-office on September 11, 1857. It had been mailed at St. Joseph. The following endorsements had been written upon it: "Lawrence refuses to receive it." "Must be Lawrence." "No sir, Kansas has pretty much stopped bleeding." "Take the hide off and salt it well." "Pass it around; we don't want it here--send it where it bleeds." "I don't see any place to direct." "Send it to Lawrence, for old Jim Lane will be there in a few days." "Try it over at Iowa Point." "Doniphan's been bleeding." "Doniphan: Keep this up there for God's sake, for there's more blood lost there than anywhere else." "Doniphan don't bleed; try it at Utah." "No such place in Kansas, for it has been all over the Territory. Let it travel in Missouri awhile."

Up to about 1870 there existed a prejudice against the use of kerosene lamps, for many a warning against them had appeared in the newspapers. Gradually the candle and the tallow dip disappeared, and the lamp with its bowl interiorly decorated with strips of bright calico floating in the oil, began to reflect its warm smile over the household. A few years later all the old fireplaces were built in,

boot-jacks were banished to the woodshed, carpets were laid on the floors and the people began to enjoy the risky delights of civilization.

We quote a few paragraphs from a chapter in Redpath's book, on "What to take to Kansas," published in 1859:

The Missouri water is muddy, and has a laxative effect. It almost invariably produces diarrhea. A bottle of claret wine, or a small flask of good brandy is recommended for "medical purposes" to persons who have never previously travelled on this river. Notwithstanding its filthy and dusty appearance, however there is not in the Union, it is claimed, more healthy water than that of Missouri.--Advice VII.

Before leaving St. Louis, as the voyage is apt to be somewhat tedious, especially if the steamer runs aground, you had better buy one or two pleasant books to peruse on the way.--Advice VIII.

Children under fourteen are charged half price; under four, free.--Advice XI.

Colt's eight-inch and six-inch pistols are the only side arms worth carrying. Sharpe's carbine is not of much use, but his target rifle is a splendid weapon. Bowie knives are for ruffians only. Each squatter should own a shot gun.--Advice XV.

Let your trunk, if you have one to buy, be of a moderate size, and of the strongest make. Test it by throwing it from the top of a three story building; if picked up uninjured, it will do to take to Kansas. Not otherwise.--Advice XVI.

There are in Leavenworth 114 lawyers and judges.--Churchman, April 5, 1860.

Balls of ice weighing over one pound each, fell in a recent storm in the Keno-sha valley, Kansas.--Churchman, May 24, 1860.

In August, 1866, a short time after the closing preformance of a show in Troy, it was discovered that three or four good horses that had been hitched to the rack at the public square had been stolen. Half a dozen citizens of the town and country went immediately in pursuit of the thieves. One of the horses was recovered, but the thieves were not discovered for some time. At last, however, they were found hiding in the south western corner of Missouri. They were brought back to Troy fastened together with chains. The men had their trial, were found guilty and sent to the penitentiary for ten years.

The widow of Osawatomie Brown has received \$30,000 from her colored sympathizers in Hayti.--Churchman, June 14, 1860.

Here is a brief ghost story for your consideration. It happened near Troy, in March, 1881:

"A man was on his death bed when suddenly a strange looking animal appeared in the room, having somewhat the appearance of a dog, with long, black hair all over it. Four or five persons were in the room and saw it. Then it suddenly disappeared, no one could tell how or where, as the door was closed, and it could not be found anywhere."

There are 164 bridges in the County as follows: 117 iron, 33 trestles, 13 combination, and one built on stone abutments. Seven iron bridges rest on iron tubes, 16

on iron columns and the remainder on oak and red cedar piling. These bridges with their approaches average about 60 feet of flooring which would make about one and three fourth miles of floor. There are seven county bridges on the Brown county line; four are iron and three are trestle. There are four bridges on the Atchison county line, one iron and three combination.

During the winter of 1885-6, cholera claimed about 14,000 hogs.

The good, old fashioned turkey shooting match has become a thing of the past. In the early days all the towns were enlivened about Thanksgiving and Christmas by the holding of shooting matches in which great and universal interest was taken. Some way or other the old fashioned man with the long hair and the red whiskers used to win the lion's share of the turkeys with his Kentucky squirrel rifle, while owners of modern arms used often return home empty handed and discouraged. In later years resort to the use of cards and dice robbed these meetings of all fun and romance, for the imp of luck usurped the place of the god of skill.

In the Lewis and Clark's journal of the Missouri exploration in 1804, there is evidence that this section of the country was inhabited by white men at least ninety five years ago. Their journal states that two miles after passing Monter's creek, they passed "some cabins" on the south side of the river. This place is about where the old town of Lafayette was located, and where Levi Kunkle now lives. Paul Allen, the writer of Lewis

and Clark's reports, says that one of the party had wintered at one of these cabins two years before, which would be ninety-five years ago. But these cabins had been occupied by traders and trappers, some time before, no one knows how long, but probably 160 years ago. The number of cabins is not given in Allen's reports. The white people who made their homes along the Missouri river in those days were hunters and traders and were usually French. They dealt in the things that were most in demand among the Indians, including always a plentiful supply of whiskey which they obtained in exchange for robes and furs, which were sent down the river to St. Louis.---
Scrap Book

In our rounds we discovered an old barley fork that saw service thirty years ago. It is quite a curiosity now in this country where little or no barley is sown. During the early seventies barley was extensively raised in this County, and although there was much work with it, its raising paid the farmer well. Rain on it spoiled its color and decreased its market value. Good, bright barley brought from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter a bushel until late in the seventies. The older men of the County need no description of the barley fork; neither will it be necessary to remind them that the work of harvesting, stacking and threshing the barley was laborious and disagreeable, for no man who has ever had a barley beard down the back of his neck, or in his eye, will ever forget what the barley harvest meant. But the young folks may be interested in a description of the

fork. It was made almost entirely of wood. There were four prongs three feet in length, bent slightly upward. There was also a brace of wire just above the place where the handle was joined to the head, to hold the loose straws when the fork was raised to the wagon, for the prongs, instead of entering the straw after the manner of the pitch fork, passed under it, as a shovel passes under the loose dirt. It was scarcely any heavier than an ordinary pitch fork, but was very awkward in the hands of one unused to it.

A few of the early settlers on the high prairies surrounded their first forty acres by ditches dug five feet deep, and from six to seven feet wide. It required an immense amount of labor, but the pioneer was poor and lumber very dear.

We believe that the grasshoppers have actually commenced their flight. Every day for a week past, especially in the afternoons, by taking a survey of the air, in the direction of the sun, myriads of grasshoppers could be seen, making their way steadily toward the north east. They flew so high, that they could not be seen by the naked eye, except on a range between the eye and the sun; and they could be seen, as high as sight could penetrate, appearing like silver particles in the atmosphere, as thickly as flakes in the heaviest snow-storm. By going so high they must travel all day without resting. Judging from the speed with which they move, the six miles a day theory is thrown far in the background. They could make 50 or 75 miles a day easily. Persons have seen them leave this neighborhood in immense numbers.

The grasshoppers have totally destroyed many fields of oats and spring wheat in this part of the country, while others they have hardly touched. Corn will not suffer so disastrously, if the destroyers leave speedily; however there are very many that are not yet able to fly. We pity the country where the pests next make a halt.--Chief, July 4, 1867.

The Shreve family at White Cloud at one time owned a letter written to Grandfather Israel Shreve by President George Washington, 1794. A formerly of Troy man, W. D. Webb, owned a letter written by Thomas Jefferson, and there is now in the private papers of Major Daniel Vanderslice, a letter written to the Major by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

Early in the days of the war of the Rebellion the citizens of this County lived in perpetual dread lest the Missouri "Bushwhackers" should come over the river and murder them, while the people of Buchanan county slept with one eye open to watch the Kansas "Jayhawkers" who were expected every night to kill and rob them of their goods. Time has proved that there were good and bad men on both sides of the river.

Mr. E. D. McClellan, who visited us yesterday, says there is now at Miller's farm, four miles this side of Troy, a boy who claims his name is Miller, and that he was taken from St. Joseph when about three years of age, or at least he was told so by the chief of the Commanches, with whom he had been staying, and who is a white man named Scott. Scott says he robbed a bank in this city at an early day--probably referring to the robbery of Jo-

seph Robidoux Sr., twenty-eight years ago by three men named Scott, Brown, and Davis. The boy is apparently twenty years old. He says he left the Indians in New Mexico about eight weeks ago, and made his way to New Orleans, and then came to this place to hunt his relatives, whom, he was told by Scott, he would find here. He is about six feet tall; appears intelligent; speaks the language distinctly but imperfectly; seems to know little of the white man's ways; and has a limited vocabulary. He has peculiar marks on his hands and feet that would enable his parents to recognize him. His relatives have not yet been found. He says three girls were taken by the Indians at the same time he was taken, and returned with him to St. Joseph. They are nearly his own age and speak only the Indian language. He thinks they are now at the home of their uncle in this city. He says he has been all over the West, and that Scott is an influential Indian chief.--St. Joseph Gazette, October, 1870.

Early hay story: Along in the sixties, the grass in the Wolf River bottoms often grew to a great height. Old timers say that it grew "tall as willow trees," and again, "tall as a man's head on horse back."



CHAPTER XL.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

The Grange.

Following is a list of the Grange lodges and principal officers for January, 1874:

Master.	Sec'y.
Ridge Prairie,	W. D. Rippey, D. W. Edwards.
Peter's Creek,	E. D. McClelland, T. Vories.
Summit,	Joel P. Blair, J. B. Erskine.
Central,	J. M. Tracy, T. B. Henshall.
Independence,	John L. Blair, G. W. Lancaster.
Brush Creek,	D. C. Hastings, W. W. Bullock.
Walnut Grove,	S. M. Gilmore, Hoyd Martin.
Jeffers,	A. R. Jeffers, James Williams.
Prairie Grove,	J. Robbins, Ed. Heeney.
Wolf River,	D. Reese, J. Jenkins.
Severance,	C. N. Devine, S. J. Elgerly.

Fanning,	Wm. Gurwell, J. J. Bradley.
Oakland Grove,	G. W. Henderson, S. W. Hinckly.
Marion,	Jos. Randolph, T. J. McClelland.
Willow Springs,	L. S. Flick, T. B. Herring.
Cedar Creek,	J. A. Chapson, John Parker.
Arnöld,	A. J. Martin, J. B. Penny.

The Great Sleet.

February 5 and 6, 1881, were the days of the greatest sleet ever known in this part of the country. The following paragraphs gleaned from a description of the storm, published at the time, may not be uninteresting:

"Saturday morning (5th) the face of the earth was covered with ice, and the sleet still falling. It continued to fall with scarcely any interruption, through the day, and at bedtime was still falling. The trees were heavily weighted with ice and were bending under the burden. Toward midnight the trees began to suc-

cumb to the pressure. From that time continually through the night, at very short intervals, a sharp, brief snap would be heard, and then a ringing, metallic sound as limb after limb parted from the trees, and fell with its icy load upon the icy earth beneath.

"A view of forests, groves and orchards, on Sunday morning was a sight worth seeing, notwithstanding the havoc. Many trees were completely broken down; others had large branches broken off; others had tops and all branches gone, and nothing but the straight trunk remained. The ground underneath looked as if the pruner had been there and left the remains of his work behind him. The trees that were not broken were bent under the sleet, looking like weeping willows. During Sunday it was impossible to go through orchards. The branches were bent and bowed to the ground, and so laden with ice and interlaced, that one could not make his way through.

"The destruction in Doniphan County will be many thousand dollars. Shade and ornamental trees, and groves planted by farmers, are fearfully damaged.

"A gentleman who lives near the Missouri river, says that all through Saturday night and Sunday morning, he could hear the limbs falling from the immense trees in the bottom, on the Missouri side, and the crashing, thundering sound that constantly came up from the deep woods was sublime. A hurricane could scarcely have done greater damage."

The author of this History was but a boy when this storm occurred, but he has a distinct recollection of it. One scene impressed itself more strongly on his

mind than any other. A tall, straight willow tree standing within a stone's throw of his home was bent with its top quite to the ground, forming a most beautiful arch about twenty feet in height, ornamented with a ton of glittering ice. There was a temptation to get up and "squirrel it" over the icy arch, but he satisfied himself by touching the top of the tree usually so high from the ground, but then bound to earth by the chains of the ice monarch. When the ice melted, the trunk resumed its natural position and stood for many years a straight and beautiful tree.

Base Ball Game.

The match game of base ball between the merchants and lawyers of Troy came off last Friday forenoon (August 6, 1875). We were there in person to report the game, and therefore this account may be relied upon. One hour was taken up in disputing and quarreling as to who should and who should not play.

The lawyers wanted Manny Reville, because they said he was a lawper, but the merchants objected to any professional player being admitted. He was finally let in. Then the lawyers brought forth Babcock and Seaver, contending that they belonged to the Troy Bar. The merchants disputed their right, as to their not living in Troy; but finally Babcock was admitted. Then the merchants wanted to take in Len Noyes or Jim Reville, clerks in stores and professional players, to pit against Manny Reville. The lawyers would not consent. W. P. Russell did not put in an appearance, and his place had to be filled. After much grum-

bling by the lawyers, "old man Reese" was allowed to fill his place. Thus after both sides had jerked on their coats several times, to quit and go home, the game was made up, the lawyers having the decided average in selecting players.

Os. Marcum was scorer. Gene Brown acted as umpire, until they exhausted him, when George Hagenbach took his place.

N. B. Woods took the bat, and sent the ball to the right field, where Silverman tried to catch it in his hip pocket, but it took him on the rump. Wood got in on time. Perry ran in on a nick of time, and worked his way home by watching the corners.

Webb hit the ball a fine clip and scooted. Between first and second his hat flew off; but McIntosh's Willie grabbed it up and followed. They both got home safely--Willie a little ahead.

Reville took the ball a gaul-snorter, sending it through center field.

It was fun to see Manny and Van Baskirk trying to get out of its way--neither having any life insurance. Reville came home in good style.

Col. Johnson was the next to the bat, and Stout on deck. The day was beginning to get sweltry, and Stout resembled the boy that stood on the burning deck. Johnson then took the ball on the end of the bat, and after every man on the ground had yelled for him to run, he started off. Upon reaching second base it occurred to him that Wood and Webb had run ahead of him. He knew that they had beaten him once, and it discouraged him. He did not get home.

Stout took the bat and lit out for three strikes. Some one called for judgement

on the balls. Judgement overruled, and Stout went ahead.

Reaching third base, he was about blown out when some one cried out that there was a man in the crowd who wanted to borrow some money on real estate. Stout made one more effort and got home safely.

Babcock hit the ball a gentle belt and worked himself home.

Heavily missed the ball three times and went out on a writ of error.

George Woods got in a fine hit, and being young, long legged, and having a good conscience, he made his run.

Now the merchants came to time, impressed with the feeling that honor of the yard stick and sugar scoop were at stake.

Leland hit the ball a square lick, and sent it over somewhere toward J m Butler's house, and made a home run, while the umpire and an outsider were disputing whether it was a foul or not. As a good many fowls were supposed to go down that way, the umpire thought the ball might as well go in with the rest. He declared it a foul and Leland had to try it over.

Wilson gave the ball a sky winder sending it so high that it was taken for a grasshopper. It fell plump into Wood's hands. As the ball was in the pitcher's hand, the umpire decided that Wilson was out.

Joe Craney came prepared to run. Fearing that the wind might retard his progress, by coming in contact with his bushy locks, he had the top of his head shaved; but as he didn't hit the ball, he had no occasion to run. His foresight

was not quite as good as his hindsight.

Van Buskirk struck the ball wickedly and got home on time. It was feared that his long connection with the business of chicken raising would cause him to make a foul, but he didn't.

Silverman struck at a fly and hit the ball accidentally, but they decided that he must run. He would have failed in getting home, but some one told him that Dan Bursk would follow him, and make it a rule to run over everybody that was in his way. Silverman made it.

Dan Bursk took the bat and after missing about seven times, demanded judgement on the balls. He finally got in a fair lick and made his run.

Bill Mann sent the ball toward first base, and followed it. Webb grabbed the ball, but before he could put it on the base, it slipped out of his hand. But being quick in emergencies he threw himself across the base, and insisted he had the ball on it. Had he insisted, he had been there, he would have carried his point. Mann had to go out.

Bickford got a fair yank at the ball and started off as though he had taken a dose of pills and the first base was the nearest place to go to. When he was on his way home the umpire called to the crowd, which was encroaching on the dead line, to go back. Bickford thought it meant him, and went back to first base. But he made the run.

Reese struck the ball gallantly and started off. On the way from the last base home he found it would be nip and tuck. As he was a good crawler, he fell flat on the ground and went the last ten feet on his belly. He was ruled out.

Four innings were played, the merchants coming out ahead. Following is the score:

Merchants:	Runs	Outs
C. Leland, jr., p.	4	0
J. F. Wilson, c,	1	2
Joe Craney, l. f,	0	4
C. F. Vanbuskirk, c. f,	1	2
N. Silverman, r. f,	1	1
Dan Bursk, 3d b,	2	2
Wm. Mann, 2nd b,	1	2
C. B. Bickford, ss,	1	1
J. Reese, 1st b,	2	1
	-----	-----
	14	15
Lawyers:		
N. B. Wood, 2d b,	3	1
A. Perry, l. f,	1	3
W. D. Webb, 1st b,	2	1
M. C. Reville, c,	2	3
D. M. Johnson, c. f,	0	1
X. K. Stout, ss,	1	2
F. Babcock, r. f,	1	1
T. W. Heatley, 3d b,	1	1
G. W. Wood, p,	2	1
	-----	-----
	13	14

Indian Relics.

On the sites of old Indian villages and camping grounds, in mounds, and in the banks of the streams have been found many interesting relics of aboriginal days. George J. Remsburg of Atchison county, excavating an ancient mound at the mouth of Independence creek in 1903, discovered a human skeleton that bore evidence of having been cremated. With the skeleton were found ornaments of copper, and implements and weapons of stone. At Eagle Springs, where a few mounds have

been examined superficially, have been found fragments of pottery, flint implements etc., also remnants of incinerated human bones, together with the bones of wild animals long unknown in this part of the country. One mile east of Severance, at the junction of Cold Springs and Silver Creek, which was the site of an ancient Indian village, a heavy corn-bowl, rude in outline but showing evidence of polish, has been found, also a fine green granite tomahawk, perfectly fashioned and carefully polished, hundreds of arrow and spear heads, lead amulets, beads, fragments of pottery, a portion of a rude iron scalping knife, an engraved sandstone, and a portion of a human skull together with the jaw bone containing a few teeth in fair state of preservation, all found in a heap of cinders and ashes about four to six inches beneath the surface of the ground of a crumbling bank overlooking the long-abandoned course of a stream. Near this old villages site was found, in 1902, a very ancient flint-lock pistol of primitive pattern, deeply eaten by rust but preserving evidence of fine finish and workmanship, and still retaining in its rusty barrel its charge of powder and ball. In 1879 there was found at the home of the writer, almost in the dooryard, what must have been at one time a treasure and a curiosity to the Indians themselves--a very small and absolutely perfect white flint arrow head measuring only three-eighths of an inch across the wings, and just five eighths of an inch from point to butt. Being so diminutive and exhibiting perfection in skill in the making it was, we think, one of the most wonderful of Indian relics. Unfortunately it has

been lost from the collection to which it belonged.

Orange Blossoms in 1875.

(Grasshopper Year.)

January.

Geo. M. Randolph and Rebecca Dunlap.
Jeff. T. Overlander and Mary J. Heer.
Calvin Morehead and Jane Kendall.
Jos. Van Pettan and Harriet Stewart.
Landis Warner and Emma Hatcher.

February.

John L. Gray and Florence Tice.
Henry Evans and Mattie Bauer.
David Paschal and Laura Whitson.
Thomas Quinn and Sally Neel.
James L. Daily and Emily T. Jeffers.
Charles Ford and Harriet E. Pierson.

March.

Sebastian Martin and Sara Stout.
George W. Brimm and Lu Dupuy.
George Newman and Rosa Christophine.
Wm. M. Gabriel and Sara E. Moore.
Thomas J. Meers and Caroline Graves.
Charles F. Shelton and Matilda Cowger.
B. L. Mix and Elizabeth C. Lewis.
Emmet Fenn and Lena Watson.
John Small and Flora McDaniel.

April.

J. T. Jeffers and M. C. Elder.
Joseph E. Ryan and Sue Hawkins.
Fred T. Dawe and Mary Hale.
Isaiah Terry and Mary Ann McBride.
J. C. White and Alice Whittaker.
John Elliott and Emma Hotes.
Zadoc Shwisher and Ellen Dempsey.
Harry Farmholtz and Teresa Schneider.
J. R. Ramsey and Mary L. Diamond.
C. Bowman and Dora Brady.

May.

Michael Huss and Caroline Shierholdt.
Lankford Humphreys and Fanny Stokes.

June.

William D. Starr and Kate L. Clawater.
Robert W. McAfee and Grace L. Deane.
John W. Wade and M. E. Sheldon.
Anthony W. Darby and Sara A. Smith.
Edward Naylor and Fanny M. Mider.

July.

Francis M. Taylor and Sara Curtis.
T. B. Jones and Ella Sproul.
A. W. Beale and Viola A. Cash.
John T. Hamilton and Sara Miller.

August.

C. L. Smith and Josephine Rittenhouse.
William Ryan and Johanna Ryan.
Thomas Miller and Sara Bartow.
James A. Baird and Emma Lible.
David L. Botts and Polly Howard.

September.

Doras Bell and Lydia Pendleton.
George Stout and Mary E. Charles.
George W. Moore and Kate L. Richards.
P. O. Roberts and M. J. Clem.
Matthias Dannivick and Ellen Clemetsen.
Charles Favors and Alice White.

October.

Thomas Tadlock and Narcissa Pickett.
Wm. M. Groom and Amanda J. Evans.
John C. McGee and Rachel Vancuren.
Zenas Smith and Melissa E. Porter.
Charles Ogelvy and Clara Blakely.
John Granlish and Catherine Delside.
Lemon Walker and Adelia Botts.
James Martin and Jemima Robinson.
S. R. Shepherd and Alice Miller.
P. A. Floodin and Ida Shock.
Adam Courter and Sara Round.
Joseph Mistler and Rosa Haberstrau.

November.

T. J. Dyche and Jennie Williams.
W. W. Smith and Emma Brown.
John Collins and Lou Cundiff.
Taylor Myers and Lyda Bauer.
Ratliff Sparks and Eliza Frazier.
William Blatt and Margaret Clemenson.
George Brock and Louisa Henley.
George Bush and Nannie Newton.
Eugene Hinckley and Ella Hagaman.
Jephtha Todd and Emma Mann.
Charles Nahrung and Ursula Schwartz.
Thomas Banning and Sara Hubbard.

December.

Franklin Shields and Ella Henwood.
John Jenkins and Elenora Lindley.
F. W. Walker and H. R. Wykert.
David Goacher and Sara Speaks.
Peter Stine and Elizabeth Kaufman.

Wind Storms.

Long before Kansas became a territory apart from other lands of the West, that part of the country now included in Doniphan County was visited by a most destructive windstorm which swept over the Wolf River country, leveling the trees of the forest in a wide swath. No date has ever been set as the date of the passing of this storm, but it could not have been later than 1837, the year of the settlement there by the Presbyterian missionary, Rev. Irvin. For many years evidences of the great power of the wind in this storm were to be found in the region of Bayne's Bridge, where trunks of giant trees lay rotting in the path almost obliterated by a new growth of timber of no small size. This was the first windstorm (of which we have evidence) that visited this part of the country.

On the afternoon of June 16, 1865, a very destructive windstorm swept over this same region, traversing the territories of both Wolf River and Iowa townships. Coming from the south west and entering the county near the upper course of Wolf River, it pursued a north by east course across the high prairies until it struck the Wolf River timber above Bayne's Bridge. From this point the course of the stream was followed through Iowa township. The trail of the storm was narrow but the destruction in the path was great. Great tree-trunks were twisted like saplings and leveled to the ground. The house of Joshua Rittenhouse was totally destroyed while the family of ten saved their lives by retreating into the cellar. Everything on the place excepting a calf that was picketed near the house, was swept away. Another house that stood on the high prairie a few miles east of Highland was blown into splinters, and a woman with a baby who was running toward the house, was caught up and hurled to their death. It is said that the body of the woman was afterwards found in Missouri, just across the river; but the child was never found. Near the present site of Highland Station a log house belonging to Jonathan Frazier was torn to pieces by the fury of the wind. Mr. Frazier was killed and his little daughter, Maggie, was seriously injured. Many other houses and shanties were unroofed and otherwise damaged, but the greatest sufferers were those whose houses were in the timber. The path of the storm was, for many years, plainly visible, and in some places it is

yet possible to trace it, after forty years of Nature's kind restoring.

About 1872, a tornado of less destructive power passed over the country just east of Troy. The house of John Doms, situated just three and a half miles due east of Troy, was totally destroyed. Mrs. Doms was killed.

In August, 1878, a strong northwest wind destroyed the home of Clement Pope, one mile northeast of Moray, then Norway. The oldest son of the family was instantly killed by being struck with a flying timber from the house.

On the night of May 25th, 1903, a tornado coming from the southwest began its destruction in Union township by completely destroying the handsome brick church at St. Benedict's, a short distance southeast of Denton. The church had been finished only a few years at a cost of about \$15,000, but was totally destroyed with all its contents within a few seconds, while the pastor's residence, only a few yards distant from the church, was left unharmed. Passing on its fatal path the storm dealt destruction to everything within its mad reach. Just north of the destroyed church the winds divided, following parallel paths, leveling barns, windmills, orchards and groves. No life of man or beast was lost, and no one received the slightest injury. The storm coming at an hour when the children of most families were in bed, the destruction of life might have been very great, but it was as if the guardian angel had traced a channel for the wind to follow, thus shielding the homes of the sleeping little ones from the visit of misery and death. The damage inflicted by

this wind may be roughly estimated at \$50,000, but the preservation of human life was certainly miraculous.

Laura Nation.

On the 16th day of July, 1896, Laura, the three-year-old daughter of James Nation, then of Elwood, now of St. Joseph, Mo., wandered away from her home and disappeared. At first it was thought that she had wandered down to the river and had been drowned. The river was dragged but without success. A few days later the impression became general that the child had been stolen by a band of Gypsies that had been camped near the town. The band was followed and watched for weeks by Mr. Nation but without results. However, the father did not give up the search for his missing child. Receiving now and again, during the next four or five years, reports of the finding of his child, he investigated each report only to be disappointed. He would not give up the search, although considerable of the savings of a lifetime had been spent in fruitless endeavor. At last, after nearly eight years, there came to him from a woman in Illinois information that actually lead to the recovery of his child. The information stated that an eleven-year-old girl had been abandoned by a band of Gypsies at Florence, Alabama, in December, 1903, and that the abandoned one was his child. Telegrams and letters were exchanged between the police authorities in the two towns, and eventually the girl was sent from Florence to St. Joseph, where she was met by Mr. and Mrs. Nation, who, from the first, seemed all

but convinced that she was really their own child. The Nations took the girl to their home to decide. For a day or two the girl was silent and cross, she being very tired after her long journey from the South, but after a rest she recovered good humor and as soon as she began to talk she related some very touching accounts of hardships received and endured while in the hands of the Gypsies, showing bruises and old scars on her tender skin to prove the truth of her words. After three or four days of deliberation, Mr. and Mrs. Nation came to the full conclusion that the child was their long lost Laura, and after eight years of wandering life filled with hardships and danger, she was reinstated in the home of her grateful parents.

Lewis Tracy.

Sketch of Lewis Tracy, who went into the Union army from this county when a very old man, and whose five sons followed his example, from the St. Joseph Union, October 21, 1865:

“Mr. Tracy was a native of Kentucky, and one of the early settlers in the Platte Purchase, moving to this city when it was scarcely a village. When Kansas was admitted as a territory he removed there, and during the Border Ruffian difficulties, sided with the Free State men of that section. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, his three (5?) sons went into the army, and the old man, notwithstanding he had passed the age for the reception of volunteers, enlisted as a private in a Kansas regiment and was engaged in several battles. For bravery at Cane Hill and Prairie Grove

he was appointed to Sergeant, refusing any higher position and was foremost in every attack. Of a genial disposition, he had a host of friends; of a benevolent nature, he sought not this world's goods, but living upon his farm was satisfied with its income, and no one ever left Mr. Tracy's door upon an errand of mercy unsupplied. His heart beat for freedom, and his life was freely offered as a pledge of his devotion to the cause of liberty and right. His remains were brought from Kansas and interred in Mt. Mora cemetery.

Indians at the Fair.

In the fall of 1879 or 1880, patrons of the Troy fair had the opportunity of seeing a band of real Indians in war paint and feathers. About thirty or forty red skins from the Iowa and Sac reservation came down and camped on the fair grounds for a whole week. They cooked and ate their own food in their own primitive fashion, and gave many exhibitions of their war dance which greatly interested many of the younger generation of pale faces. We remember of shaking hands with the old chief, Taraka, whose head was shaved and painted red and green, and whose ears were ornamented with big, rusty, brass rings. We induced him to go through a pantomime illustrating his battle with a Pawnee, and he grew so excited during the performance, striking with his tomahawk so closely to our head that for a moment we were wishing that we had remained at home that day to finish drilling in the fall wheat. The old fellow made a talk to his "white brothers" in his own lan-

guage, which was interpreted at intervals during the speech by a half breed who knew how to put water on the fire of the old codger's words. The most laughable thing we saw that day in the red man's camp was the sly act of a pretty little Indian girl. Having had her dinner and being susceptible to the inspiration of the god of mischief, she crept up behind her big, fat aunt, who was leisurely picking a bone, and with a grin of cruel joy on her dusky face, she introduced the point of a rusty brass pin into a certain tender posterior portion of the fat lady's frame. Then, with a shriek of fiendish glee, the red little imp executed a war dance on the green within a few feet of her victim who was too fat and lazy to seek revenge. For their services entertaining the white visitors to the fair that year the noble red men and women were given all the old, blind and lame cows that they could eat.

A Boy's Adventure.

On the Fourth of July, 1872, the citizens of Elwood and some few hundred people from the country witnessed a novel balloon ascension which proved to be one of the most interesting features of the great day. The aeronaut had his balloon ready for the skyward journey about the middle of the afternoon, the day being clear and calm. In the crowd was an ambitious young Irish boy with very red hair and an abundance of freckles to decorate his beaming face. The boy was interested in the aeronaut and his car, and in a bantering way the aeronaut asked the lad to accompany him on his journey to the clouds. The boy

expressed himself as both ready and willing, whereupon the man told him to ask the permission of his parents. Of course the permission was refused, and while the boy seemed greatly disappointed, there was hidden in his heart a definite plan. The boy disappeared and no one seemed to know just where he had gone. Many supposed he had gone away to cry with a broken heart, but those were unacquainted with the boy. Some time passed, and the balloonist was ready to enter his basket car. No one knows just how it happened, but the ropes were loosed and the balloon darted upward before the aeronaut had had time to get aboard. When the great air car was several hundred feet from the ground, a small head was seen peeping over the edge of the basket. It was the head of a boy, and it was a very red head. Then it dawned upon the minds of the excited multitude that the ambitious young Irish boy, instead of having gone home to cry with a broken heart, had slyly hidden himself, red head and all, in the balloon basket, thereby giving himself permission denied by loving but misunderstanding parents. The man of the balloon may have known of the presence of the boy in the basket, but certainly he had not conceived of the balloon's abrupt departure from the terrestrial sphere. The balloon arose majestically to a great height. The boy was seen waving his hat in a very self confident and enthusiastic manner, as if he thoroughly understood and was master of the situation. If the boy could keep his composure there was hope for his safety, although great odds were against him. The great air-car rose

higher and higher until it seemed to bob against the ceiling of the sky. Then, meeting a current of air, it began slowly to drift. Different currents seized it, each playing with it for a time, but it never passed out of sight of the watching multitude in which there were eyes that were tearful and eyes that were weary, and necks that were painfully awry. At last, however, the balloon began to descend slowly, like a bird alighting on her nest. As it neared the earth it began to lose the dignity of its motion. It swayed and plunged and teetered, but did not collapse. Again the red head appeared over the side of the basket, and some that had good eyesight and better qualities of imagination, say that a very wide grin strained the elasticity of the boy's mouth. The balloon man shouted some instructions to the boy who, still in full possession of nerve most admirable, followed them and soon found himself on the dear old earth and in the arms of a dear mother who punished him then and there before the multitude, by covering his freckled face with the most affectionate kisses. The boy, reaching manhood, still had "high" aims, and soon arose to the dignity of a responsible railroad official with a cozy office in the heart of Chicago.

A Broken Bank.

In January, 1904, the discovery was made that the cashier of the Highland Bank, J. E. Marcell, had been devoting much of his spare time to the disadvantage of the bank and its patrons, and apparently to his own advantage, by forging thousands of dollars worth of notes.

The discovery was made January 4th, and his arrest followed on the 6th, when he attempted to escape from the scene of his misdeeds. His crookedness and villainy spread financial distress throughout the country, many of the sufferers being poor men and women, whose hard earned savings he had recklessly squandered for the gratification of his villainous desires. Half a dozen Wolf River farmers who had just sold their stock and had received checks on the Highland Bank lost in the neighborhood of \$10,000. For a time the citizens of the town and county were under great excitement, and threats of lynching were freely made. All that was lacking was the right kind of man to head the crowd. Had this man appeared with the necessary "fixin's" the young scoundrel cashier's earthly troubles soon would have been over; but the promises and pleadings of his near friends saved him---delivering him to the calmer fate of the prison. For a time Marcell awed the people with an exposition of an unusual quality and quantity of nerve. He held up his guilty head and smiling complacently declared with well feigned earnestness that "all would come out right side up, and that in the end each man should receive every dollar, etc." As the coils began to tighten about him his splendid nerve deserted him and he finally broke down under the terrible strain of the gloomy situation. His first trial resulted in a hung jury, but there were other charges to be met and answered, and the skies were growing darker. In the second trial his attorneys entered a plea of guilty to one count in each of the seven charges of

forgery, and he was sent to the feet of the judge, who sentenced him to serve thirty-five years in the penitentiary. Marcell began serving his long sentence on June 6th, it being just five months from the time of his arrest to his being placed behind the bars. For some time prior to his arrest he had been sowing broadcast other people's money; but the people seeing, rose up and complained, and the reckless sower left off to sow. The mills of the gods, swift when the occasion demands it, opened up the hoppers and did the rest.

Joel Ryan.

Joel Ryan was born in Sumner county, Tenn., in the year 1819, and was at his death, which occurred on the 4th inst., 60 years old. His father died when he was quite young, leaving him and his brother to support a large and indigent family. They worked faithfully and nobly, and not only made their living but succeeded in educating themselves, and also their younger brothers and sisters, and that too, in this country where there are no free schools. He was an overseer on a plantation at the age of 16, having forty negro hands under him. Being a great favorite among the slave-holders, who were generally sporting men, he early contracted those habits which finally led him to an untimely grave. Mr. Ryan's life was more eventful than most people are aware of. He served as a volunteer in two Indian wars---the first at the age of 17, at the time the Indians were moved across the Mississippi; next in the Florida war. He was also a soldier in the Mexican war under Colonel

Doniphan and was one of the first settlers of northwestern Missouri, settling first in Andrew county, where he learned the trade of brick making and brick masonry. He then moved to St. Joseph when the town was first laid out, and built about the first brick building in the place. For many years he was one of the leading men of St. Joseph. In his earlier days he was considered attractive and might have made some good woman happy. He went to California in 1849, during the first gold excitement, but subsequently returned to St. Joseph and, in the spring of 1854 located a homestead at Ryan's Station, where he lived a secluded life until his death and where he now lies buried. He was a prominent pro-slavery man during the early Kansas troubles and was a candidate on the Pro-Slavery ticket for the Territorial legislature, but was defeated. He possessed more intelligence than the casual observer gave him credit for. The writer hereof has been edified many times, listening to him tell about the political meetings and bear hunts in early days in the south. Aside from his only besetting sin he was a gentleman, a true friend and a good neighbor. He was a man of excellent social qualities and fine conversational powers, and was most appreciated by those who knew him best. He was a Free Mason but word was received too late to bury him with the honors of the order. A man's good deeds live after him and let us say this will be the case with "Uncle" Joel. Let us bid him a long and affectionate farewell.

"He has crossed the sorrowful river,
That mourns thro' the valley of years,
And the hand of love incarnate
Has wiped away all tears."

Fraternally, OLD VET.
Severance, Kan., Oct. 21, 1879.

Marriage of an Indian Princess.

We find the following highly colored account of the marriage of Princess Cammanche Jubilina Susan White Cloud to the Irish Knight, "Patsy" McGuire, in the White Cloud Leader, August, 1875:

"Quite a sensation was created in our city last Friday by the announcement of a grand wedding between a gallant son of the Emerald Isle named "Patsy" McGuire and a no less distinguished personage than the daughter of White Cloud after whom our city was named. Pat and his dingy bride attended by a large concourse of people, mostly boys, took deck passage on the ferry boat to the Missouri shore, where no license or certificate of good moral character are required, and there beneath a shady cottonwood tree they were bound in holy bonds of padlock in real orthodox style. The bride exhibited considerable emotion, blowing her nose several times, but the groom maintained his composure like a true Knight, answering the marriage vows with a mental reservation like a congressman taking oath. Any description of the bride which we can give must, in the nature of things, be imperfect, since imperfection is indescribable, even the perfection of ugliness. Her form was tall and graceful as a sunflower; her hair was raven black and hung in graceful confusion over her dumpy shoulders; her eyes were black as sloes and set at an angle; her nose was short and chubby; she had a splendid mouth for eating paw-paws; her upper lip was thick and pouting; her cheek bones were high, and her forehead was very low. Her bridal trousseau was very simple, a faded calico

gown hung loosely over her graceful form and her dainty feet were incased in beaded moccasins that might have been number eights. A few strings of beads and some brass rings completed the costume. The gallant Pat was robed in the same garments he had been accustomed to wear when on duty on the gravel train. On their return to town they started for the reservation, where, unmolested, they can enjoy the sweets of love in a wigwam."

Here is Sol Miller's answer to the above: "There is a great deal of rabbit-track about the White Cloud Leader's story of the marriage of Pat McGuire to the daughter of old Chief White Cloud. We think there were but two of the White Cloud girls and Tesson is married to them both, and they are nicer looking women than the Leader describes."

Atchison & Nebraska City Railroad.

On the 5th of May, 1867, a charter was filed in the office of the Secretary of State of Kansas, for the Atchison & Nebraska City Railroad company, with incorporators as follows: Peter B. Abell, George W. Glick, Alfred G. Otis, John M. Price, Will W. Cochran, Albert H. Horton, Samuel A. Kingman, Junius T. Herriford and Augustus Byram. The charter authorized the construction of a railroad from some point in the city of Atchison to some point on the northern line of the state of Kansas, not farther west than twenty-five miles from the Missouri river, and the length of the proposed road not to exceed forty-five miles. Upon the organization of the

company its name was changed to Atchison & Nebraska Railroad Company. Municipal subscriptions in bonds to the capital stock of the company were made as follows. Atchison county, \$150,000, and Doniphan county, \$200,000. Individual subscriptions amounting to \$80,000 were made in Atchison county and \$10,000 in Doniphan county. Work was commenced on the road at Atchison in the summer of 1869, and in the summer of 1871 it was completed to the northern boundary of the state, three miles north of White Cloud. The Atchison stockholders graded the road bed to the state line, constructed the bridges and furnished the ties for that distance, when the entire property was donated to a Boston syndicate, represented by James F. Joy, in consideration of the completion and operation of the road by the said syndicate. On the 3d of November, 1871, this company was consolidated with the Atchison, Lincoln & Columbus Railroad company, of Nebraska, which had been authorized to construct a road from the terminal point at the state line, of the Atchison & Nebraska railroad to Columbus, on the Union Pacific railway by way of Lincoln. From the state line the work was prosecuted vigorously and the road was completed and in operation to Lincoln in the fall of 1872. In January, 1880, the road was purchased by the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad company, and since the consolidation of that company in 1880, with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company, it has been officially designated as the Atchison & Nebraska division of the Burlington & Missouri Railroad

Company in Nebraska. Distance from Atchison, Kansas, to Lincoln, Nebraska, 146.6 miles. Number of miles in Kansas, 37.24.---From Andreas' History of Kansas.

St. Benedict's Parish.

Before the building of the stone church at St. Benedict's, in 1864, the Mass was celebrated in a house on Independence creek, belonging to Edward Doyle. Father Henry Lemke, who was the first pastor at Doniphan, in 1855, came once a month to celebrate Mass in this humble dwelling. This journey was often made on foot. His parishoners were few, and some of them very poor. They came to Mass on foot and in ox-carts; all of the family that could be spared from the duties at home, and their regular attendance encouraged the zealous pastor to continue, winter and summer, in his struggle for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the congregation.

Early in 1857 Father Lemke was succeeded by Father Edmond, whose ministry in the parish continued only a few months. Between 1857 and 1860 the parish had no regular pastor, there being many different priests there during that time, all having been sent from St. Benedict's Abbey in Atchison.

In 1860 Father John Meurs was placed in charge. He it was who began the movement which led to the erection of the first church. He remained in charge but a few months, however, and the work rested for a time. In 1861, the first resident pastor was appointed. He was Father Thomas Bartl, loved, honored and remembered by the children and

grandchildren of parents whom he comforted in the trying years when war's red wave swept over the land. He at once resumed the work of building the church which was left off by Father Meurs. The work was mostly done by members of the congregation, all hands willingly turning to help. Father Bartl did not confine himself to the exercise of his priestly duties. He joined a small army of workers, assisting in quarrying rock, mixing mortar, and even carrying the hod. He appeared a frail man, but he had the zeal of Paul and the industry of Patrick. The church, the dimensions of which were 70x40 feet, was completed in 1865, and at last, after ten years of patient waiting the congregation had a house of its own in which to worship. Two years later a brick parsonage was erected near the church, and the good Father was made comfortable in his well earned home. In 1874, after thirteen years of faithful duty, this zealous and self-sacrificing pioneer of the cross was removed to another parish. Eleven years later, on the 30th day of November, 1885, he was called from this earthly vineyard to hear the all compensating words: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

From the spring of 1874 to 1875, Father Suitbert de Martean was the resident pastor. During his stay the brick floor of the church was replaced by one of substantial pine, a belfry was erected and a bell purchased and put into place. We well remember the Sunday when this, the first bell, was blessed. James Kirwan and Keren Devereaux stood godfather, and their wives, Mrs. Ann Kirwan and Mrs. Devereaux, stood god-

mother to the bell. All are long since dead, tolled to their last resting place by the same bell.

Father Pirmin M. Koumly was appointed pastor in October, 1875, and remained until 1886. He found the church in debt, but by energetic work the debt was soon discharged. Father Koumly was a close student of nature, giving special attention to the study of ornithology and botany. A number of his manuscripts on the migration of birds are preserved in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. For some years he had been engaged in writing a history of the Benedictines from the foundation of the order in the sixth century to the present time, but while still engaged in the undertaking, the death summons came and he passed to his reward on the morning of July 27th, 1904.

In September, 1886, Father Ferdinand Wolf was appointed pastor and remained until September, 1888, when he was succeeded by Father John Stader. Father Stader was left in charge until June, 1891.

Collecting for the building of a new church was begun in 1891, shortly after the appointment of Father Thomas Burk. Father Burk was a tireless worker, but he did not succeed in his undertaking. However, he collected for the proposed building a fair sum of money which he left to his successor, Father Augustine Baker, who came to take charge of the parish December 10th, 1893. Father Baker continued the work of collecting for the new church, and at last, in the summer of 1894 the work of building began. But it was not for this worthy man to finish the work. On December

6th, 1894, Father Matthew Bradley, "the church builder," became pastor of the congregation. December 21st, 1894, the contract for the building was let, and it was to cost \$10,000. The old church had stood for nearly thirty years, and was in a dilapidated condition. Mass was celebrated in it for the last time on February 24th, 1895. There was sorrow in the hearts of many of the old parishoners who, in their younger days, had given their means and strength to erect the dear old building, for they were kneeling for the last time between the hallowed walls. Many gray haired fathers and mothers kneeling there counted up their joys and sorrows---their joys, the baptism, and later the marriage of their children; their sorrows, the death and burial of sons and daughters and friends then quietly sleeping away the hours till the resurrection morn, in the old graveyard on the hillside in the direction of the sunrise.

The doors of the new church were soon opened. March 21st, the feast of St. Benedict, the first rock of the foundation of the new church was laid. April 14th, the corner stone was solemnly blessed by Father Boniface Verheyen, assisted by Fathers T. Fitzgerald and Aloysius Bradley. August 11th, the beautiful new church was solemnly opened. The celebrant was Father Michael Rank, assisted by Father Bernard Uhlbrick as deacon, and Father Anthony Baar as sub-deacon. Father Bradley preached the sermon. October 9th, the church was solemnly dedicated by the Right Reverend Louis M. Fink, O. S. B., D. D., Bishop of the Diocese.

At the completion of the church there was a debt of \$4,500 to be paid. Father Bradley would not have his congregation bear this yoke. His resourceful mind at once conceived a plan by which sufficient money could be raised to cancel the debt. His plans were communicated to the congregation and the church committee and received their approval. The entire congregation responded to the call, and on December 1st, 1898, the last dollar of the debt was paid.

In 1899, the old parsonage erected in 1867, was torn down and a handsome new one erected in its place. This was the people's gift to their worthy pastor, Father Bradley.

On the night of May 25th, 1903, the church was totally destroyed by a tornado. As Father Bradley stood over the

demolished building which had cost him so much time, care and labor to have erected, he folded his hands calmly and said, "The will of God be done! With His help we can build again." Sad, but not discouraged, this man of good faith and brave heart, went immediately to work to rebuild, and within a short time a new building, almost as fine as any other church edifice in the state, stood upon the site of the one swept away by the wind. The new church was dedicated May 10th, 1904, a little less than a year from the date of the destruction of the old one. Father Bradley, the quiet, unassuming man, had, within the nine years of his residence in this parish, built for the congregation two fine churches and an elegant parsonage, the total cost representing nearly \$40,000.

CHAPTER XII.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

(CONTINUED)

Is Your Teacher's Name Here?

(1875)

Dist. No.

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|----|------------------------------------|
| 1 | Wathena, blank. | 16 | St. Benedict's blank. |
| 2 | Elwood, C. H. Quinn. | 17 | Severance, E. P. Hammond. |
| 3 | Rock Creek, D. W. Brown. | 18 | Dennis', Samuel B. McCrey. |
| 4 | Not organized until 1889. | 19 | Hartman's, A. W. Heckman. |
| 5 | Palermo, H. N. Hopkins. | 20 | Zimmerman's, D. M. Conklin. |
| 6 | Fanning, Lewis Marshal. | 21 | Troy, T. M. Barret, Principal. |
| 7 | Syracuse, blank. | | Miss Cora Bayless, 1st Int'mediate |
| 8 | Prairie Grove, Thomas E. Jones. | | Miss Emma Toner, 2d Int'mediate |
| 9 | Maynard's, L. H. Miller. | | Miss May Hull, Primary. |
| 10 | Saxton's, F. F. Paige, jr. | | Mrs. G. Elliott, Colored School. |
| 11 | Randolph's, James A. Bailey. | 22 | Fairview, Jacob C. Sell. |
| 12 | Geary City, L. B. Johnson. | 23 | Aberle's, M. C. Reville. |
| 13 | Doniphan, John A. Sea, Principal, | 24 | Overlander's, Miss D. Breeding. |
| | Mrs. M. Philbrick, Assistant, | 25 | Wayne Twp, Miss Getta Hansen. |
| | W. A. Harris, Colored School. | 26 | Saunder's, blank. |
| 14 | Not represented. | 27 | Not represented. |
| 15 | Clem's, Miss Amanda Clem. | 28 | Not represented. |
| | | 29 | Chapon's, T. W. Roach. |
| | | 30 | Not represented. |
| | | 31 | Arnold's, J. B. Brooks. |

- 32 McClellan's, R. A. Reaburn.
- 33 Waddell's, Oliver Edwards.
- 34 Brush Creek, Alex. McCahon.
- 35 Cordonier's, T. M. Welch.
- 36 Not represented.
- 37 Kirkpatrick's, W. E. Burk.
- 38 Burr Oak, Fred Garlies.
- 39 "Red School House", Miss K. Zimmerman.
- 40 Neese's, B. L. Landrum.
- 41 Iola, H. F. Shaner.
- 42 "Dutch" John's, Walter Brownlee.
- 43 White Cloud, Prof. T. H. Dinsmore, Principal,
Miss M. C. Palmer, Intermediate,
Miss M. J. Koerner, Primary,
Miss Lizzie Bradley, Colored School.
- 44 Columbus, C. P. Linn.
- 45 Leona, H. W. Young.
- 46 Not represented.
- 47 Klippel's, Miss Kitty Clawwater.
- 48 East Norway, I. H. Watson.
- 49 Chappell's, Geo. W. Harris.
- 50 Wheeler's, D. M. Williams.
- 51 Hagaman's, blank.
- 52 Wolf River, J. A. Ball.
- 53 Smithton, William Potter.
- 54 Spring Grove, Miss D. Spaulding.
- 55 Bellemont. J. F. Clawater.
- 56 Martin's, Robert Dinsmore.
- 57 Normile's, Daniel Gillen.
- 58 Iowa Point, Miss M. Pearson.
- 59 Not represented.
- 60 Walker's, S. S. Smeltzer.
- 61 Highland, Milton T. Hills,
Mrs. L. S. Riggs, Colored School.
- 62 Vanderslice's, Wesley Trevett.
- 63 Gladden's Bottom, G. T. Snelling.
- 64 Willow Springs, A. Weininger.
- 65 Not represented.

- 66 Abbey's, Marion Fife.
- 67 Mt. Vernon, Miss Lucy Soules.
- 68 Hooper's Ford, C. W. Smith.
- 69 Shulsky's, C. Y. Sturgeon.
- 70 Winona, T. H. Dinsmore.
- 71 Vanhorn's, N. J. Holloway.
- 72 Mosquito Creek, S. S. Wooley.
- 73 Pry's, Miss Anna Martin.
- 74 Larzelere's, Charles Huffman.

St. Joseph & Denver Railway Bond.

Following is the full vote of the county on the railroad bond proposition, June, 1866:

PRECINCTS	FOR	AGAINST
Troy - - - - -	183	23
Wathena - - - - -	255	4
Elwood - - - - -	147	0
White Cloud - - - - -	10	76
Iowa Point - - - - -	13	88
Highland - - - - -	73	40
Lafayette - - - - -	0	17
Syracuse - - - - -	67	16
Columbus - - - - -	23	82
Palermo - - - - -	13	67
Geary City - - - - -	0	54
Doniphan - - - - -	5	130
Total - - - - -	790	597
Majority - - - - -	-	193

Wathena Berry Gardens.

"Did you know that Wathena, in Doniphan county, is the big hub of the blackberry wheel of the west? That more blackberries are raised around Wathena than in all the rest of the states put together?" says the Atchison Globe. "And yet the land around Wathena is not particularly good. It is rough, hilly, and the soil is not rich, and if the people were asleep to their opportunities in Doniphan county, as they are elsewhere,

it would go to waste. But a smart man saw the possibilities in the hills, planted blackberries, and now blackberries are shipped from Wathena to all parts of the United States, and hundreds of people in that section do nothing during the blackberry season but gather the crop. The pay is 25 cents a crate, and a boy once picked fourteen crates in a day. There are loafers all over--Atchison is full of them--but thousands of crates of berries are going to waste at Wathena today because there is no one to pick them. There is no town in the world where the system is conducted as it is at Wathena. A poor family moves in, the neighbors furnish him supplies till he gathers his first crop from the patch of hazel brush he has rented, cleared and planted to berries. The first patch overpays for the land and all cultivating and living expenses incurred in the meantime. And land that pays for itself with its first crop, at \$100 to \$150 per acre, with almost a certainty of a crop every year, is better worth its price, can be paid for quicker and easier, than land at \$10 to \$15 per acre, on ten years' time, that at the end of ten years often has to have the mortgage renewed upon it. That is the reason why land near Wathena is yet cheap at \$100 to \$150 per acre. It is often asked, what is the life-time of a blackberry patch? That is not fully determined. T. J. Ferguson has a patch eighteen years old that will produce 200 crates per acre this year, and from the present appearances might last as much longer if well cared for. Blackberries are sometimes winter-killed, but not often. Only hardy, shipping varieties

are grown for profit. The fine, large luscious, tender varieties, as long as your thumb and larger, sometimes seen, are grown sparingly for pleasure, and would not do to ship at all. The small, firm varieties that turn black before they are ripe are the only reliable ones for business. In one day last week 2,500 crates of berries were shipped from Wathena, exclusive of those that went by wagon to St. Joseph. Before the season ends the 3,000 mark will be passed.

Colonel Andrew G. Ege.

Colonel Ege was born at Carlisle Iron Works, Cumberland county, Pa., and died at Highland, Doniphan county, Kas., November 24th, 1876. He received his education at the Academy of Dr. McGraw, West Nottingham, Cecil county, Md., and at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md. Identified for many years with political history of his adopted state, Maryland, as a legislator, member of the Constitutional Reform Convention of 1850 and 1851. As presidential elector and other prominent public positions, he was always noted for his firm adherence to settled convictions, and his earnest and untiring vindication of what he deemed right. Colonel Ege was a bitter opponent of the Know Nothing party, in the days of its strength. As a great reader, he was well informed in the history of the past and present. His mind was stored with a vast fund of practical knowledge, the result of long experience and close observation. The deceased was truly a charitable man. He never saw distress without offering to relieve and assist the afflicted. A lover

of the chase, and often said that he had owned more fine dogs than any other man in America. As a horseman and a good shot he was unsurpassed. In fact, his pleasures were those of past generations. Colonel Ege was a man of untiring energy, having improved twenty-one farms during his life, and had owned a large amount of land in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Iowa, Missouri, Michigan and Kansas. He spent a large fortune in this state, and did much for the material developement of Doniphan county, where he had resided since 1856.

A social, polite, genial gentleman has passed away; one of the men "of ye olden time," so few of whom are left. His heart though brave was tender as a woman's. During his sickness he remarked "that he relied on the mercy and the justice of God, and believed in the atonement." One who loved him while living, and mourns him now; who understood his great generosity and affection, with a sad heart leaves this tribute upon his bier.

"Weep not nature's transient pain;
Congenial spirits pass to meet again."

The grass, upon his grave will freshen and wither, but the memory of the departed will ever remain in our heart. May we meet in the hereafter. "Mors omnibus communis."

COLONEL DAVID L. PAYNE.

(The Father of Oklahoma.)

Whenever a crowd of Oklahomans get together and talk about old times, it is safe to bet that the name of Col. David L. Payne will crop to the surface oftener

and be spoken with more reverence than that of any other man mentioned. Payne was the John the Baptist of Oklahoma, and like his great counterpart, did not live to see the realization of his dreams for which he worked and endured a host of hardships.

Payne, known everywhere in the territory as "the father of Oklahoma," was the original boomer, and it is due to his efforts that the country was thrown open for settlement. This, however, was not accomplished without a fight against great odds, but it is indicative of the man that, although imprisoned, abused and frowned upon by the powers in Washington, never once gave up, but struggled on until he won the victory he long had sought. Time after time he rushed his determined little bands of settlers across the line from Kansas, only to see them scattered by the United States troops or rangers maintained by the big ranchmen. Once Payne was even forced to walk to Fort Smith, Ark., chained to the tail of an ox-cart, a distance of several hundred miles, and when he reached there was thrown into prison. The United States courts, however, always proved his friend, for he never experienced any difficulty in securing his release through a writ of habeas corpus.

FROM INDIANA.

Payne's native state was Indiana and his birthplace Fairmount, in 1836. When a young man he moved to Kansas and settled in Doniphan county, from which district he was twice elected to the state legislature. Early in the '70s Payne went to Washington and acted as door-

keeper in the house of representatives during one session. While there he made examination into the records of the land department and conceived the idea that Oklahoma was a part of the public domain and as such subject to homestead entry. Congress, backed by the stockmen with their wealth and undenied influence, had an entirely different idea on the subject and the fight of one man against the multitude commenced then. How well he won is shown by the fact that where once the countless herds of cattle, owned by his opponents, roamed there are now innumerable homes and fully 700,000 people hold him the father of their happiness. This has taken place in less than a score of years, for the anniversary celebrated Friday was but the fifteenth since the opening of Oklahoma.

IN CLOSE ACTION.

It took years to bring about this opening, however, and to better advance his purpose Payne moved his home from Doniphan county to Sedgwick and made Wichita his headquarters. The first band of colonists which Payne took across the border were rounded up by the federal authorities and taken to Fort Smith, Ark., to jail. There was, however, no law making it a felony to trespass upon public lands and the party was immediately released. Seven times in all did Payne cross the border and as many times were he and his determined band of homeseekers driven back or imprisoned. One of these expositions organized a town called Rock Falls, near the present site of Enid. Here for six

months the party was allowed to remain in peace and Payne edited the War Chief, the first paper published in Oklahoma. For this colony Payne secured a seal, and as those composing the party were from Emporia, Kan., it was known as "Emporia Camp No. 2." Finally the cattlemen were once more successful and the party composing the settlement of Rock Falls was driven from Oklahoma.

HIS LAST INVASION.

At last, after years of fighting, a verdict was secured in the federal court, sitting at Topeka, Kan., and the victory was won. By this it was decreed that Oklahoma was public domain and homesteaders were given a clear title to their claims. Soon after Payne started for Oklahoma with another band of homeseekers and while stopping over at Wellington, Kan., he was taken suddenly ill and died. The colonist he headed went on and many of them are now among the wealthiest and most respected business men in the territory.

In Oklahoma a man who has resided there for fifteen years is looked upon as a pioneer and if he has been there five years or more he is eligible to membership in the old settlers' clubs. When statehood comes at the next session of congress Oklahoma will have been opened for settlement but seventeen years and been an organized territory a less time than any other ever admitted to the Union.--Kansas City Journal, April 24, 1904.

If you don't see what you want in Doniphan County, ask for it.

Clever With Gun and Pistol.

Dr. R. S. Dinsmore of Troy, Kan., was born December 4th, 1853, at Washington, Iowa. He graduated in 1878, and in the same year located at Troy, where he has been engaged in the practice of medicine. Being a great lover of the gun, his hours of recreation were generally devoted to the trap, target or field shooting. He is best known among rifle men and pistol shooters who have frequently witnessed some fine scores made at 200 yards, off hand, with the rifle, and fifty yards with the pistol. Dr. Dinsmore's best score of ten shots, at 200 yards with rifle, aggregated .94, on Standard American Target, and .433 for fifty shots at same distance and target. This shooting was done with a Ballard 32--40, 185 grooved bullet. He has seventeen full scores of bull's-eyes at 200 yards, off hand. His best score at fifty yards with a pistol for fifty shots aggregated 463 out of a possible 500 on a Standard American target (200 yard rifle). His highest score for ten shots at the same distance was 97 out of a possible 100. This shooting was done with a Stevens 22-calibre pistol. About three years ago the doctor temporarily gave up rifle and pistol shooting and gave his attention to the shot-gun. While not an expert with this weapon as with the former, he ranks as one of the best trap shots in the state. His best run at live pigeons was 63 although not all shot in the same day. His best run at inanimate targets was during the tournament at Seneca, Kan., in 1891, when he broke 93 straight, and 98 out of 100. The doctor

used a Parker Hammerless 12 gauge 7 3-4 pounds, 2 5-8 drop. In his clay bird shooting he uses 2 3-4 dr. of E. C. powder and 1 1-8 oz. No. 7 chilled shot. --"Shooting and Fishing", Boston, 1892.

Dr. Dinsmore has been chosen a member of the American Rifle Club, the only member from Kansas.

Rain and Flood.

The third week in June, 1883, brought the heaviest rains and the most destructive floods ever seen in the county. On Saturday night, June 16th, came the heaviest rain of all which caused every stream, brook and rill in the whole county to overflow. We give a few extracts from the published account at the time.

"Wolf River was never so high within the memory of living man; and, in fact, the same may be said of every creek, branch and gully in the county."

"There were but few bridges left in the county, either on railroads or wagon roads."

"The railroads were washed out in all directions; telegraph wires were down by the mile, and the roads were impassable for wagons on account of bridges being out. The only means of communication was by horse."

"The bluffs above White Cloud slid down upon the railroad track. The depot at Wathena was swept away entire. Several houses in the lower part of the town were also carried away."

"At Severance the lower part of the town was inundated, and nine or ten families were compelled to get out of their houses and wade to dry land dur-

ing the night. There was great damage to all the elevators and to Franklin and Frick's flouring mills."

"At Leona, Mailler's grain warehouse was swung across the railroad track."

"The whole of Highland Station was inundated before midnight, and the entire population sought shelter on higher grounds

"The number of hogs, cattle and other stock belonging to farmers living along the streams, carried away and drowned, is impossible to ascertain. No such public and individual losses have ever occurred in the county."

Cheyenne Massacre.

(May 28, 1868.)

It was in the spring of 1868 that seven men, among whom were two pioneers of Doniphan county, named Phillip Burke and J. Leslie McChesney, equipped for a three weeks' hunt, went out to the grass lands beyond the Republican river to shoot big game.

At that period regulars were in their saddles much of the time, scouring prairie and timber, in search of Indians who had murdered white men and carried off their wives and children, and it was known at every Fort that the Cheyennes had sworn to shoot any one found on their hunting grounds. But men in the west in those days were possessed of a spirit of daring which led them to enter eagerly upon any adventure which promised danger or even risk to human life.

As there were no buffalo at the point mapped out, the hunters pushed on until they found themselves in the very heart

of the forbidden territory, where they saw a herd of buffalo grazing in a spring-fed plain and, forgetting that grave difficulties were likely to be encountered before reaching civilization again, they lingered on the enchanted ground, filling their wagons with hides and sun-dried jerk, while Banker Cole of Detroit, (a relative of McChesney's), succeeded in capturing two fine calves which he intended bringing back with him to exhibit to friends as trophies of the chase. Finally something convinced the Doniphan county men, both of whom were old buffalo hunters, that they were being tracked, and one of them taking a field glass scanned the prairie in the hope of discovering another party of hunters who were supposed to be in that vicinity; but instead of a train of canvas covered wagons a large company of horsemen were seen on a distant bluff, and next day while hurrying eastward, the same company of horsemen was seen again and moving in the same direction. Wagons were now unloaded and the horses put to their greatest speed, but the pursuers kept even pace. A halt was made that night at the ruins of an old log Fort on the Solomon river, where the hunters prepared for an attack, for half the party were veterans of the Civil War and had faced danger many times before. Towards morning a faint stir was heard and every man gripped his gun as the naked body of an ugly Savage crawled out from behind the logs and springing to his feet ran off into the darkness, barking like a coyote, when instantly the whole forest echoed with an answering cry. Determining to abandon the wagons and escape

on foot if possible, the others made hasty preparations for the journey while Mac crept out toward the open to turn the lariatied horse. But all plans failed, for at that moment a signal was given and the whole army of Cheyennes dashed down the bluff into the little camp below, when the short and bloody work began. Besides the others already mentioned there were Reuben Winklepleck, his son Alonzo, and a nephew, Edward Winklepleck and Charles Cole, son of Norman Cole--half a dozen against a hundred or more blood thirsty demons armed with all manner of weapons known to savage warfare, from a plentiful supply of U. S. bullets to clubs, tomahawks and poisoned arrows, and fighting upon their own ground.

While his comrades were being shot and clubbed to death Mac fled to the river. The scene of carnage was followed by a feast and dance after which the bodies were stripped and robbed, the harness cut to pieces and the horses led away. The escape of the only survivor reads like a romance, for he lay in the tall grass by day and walked all night, finally reaching Scandia, the nearest settlement, where a party was made up to return with him to the scene of the massacre, to dig temporary graves for the poor scalped and mutilated bodies.

E. McC. L.

The St. Joseph & Grand Island Road.

From the St. Joseph & Grand Island Railroad Company's "Souvenir", presented in 1895, we glean the following interesting paragraphs, giving an outline history of "the pioneer road".

As this is the pioneer road of the state of Kansas, it will be necessary, in writing a history of it, to go back to the early history of Kansas. The section of country tributary to the road was a part of Missouri Territory, and, in 1854, when the Kansas and Nebraska Act was passed, was comprised in the "Great American Desert". The only part of Kansas that was then believed as likely ever to be of value was north of the Kansas river, and west as far as the Big Blue river. The rest was esteemed to be the home and heritage of the wandering Indian tribes and buffalo. Kansas was inhabited by many tribes of Indians, who had reservations. Upon the northern part, opposite St. Joseph, were the Sac and Fox Indians and the Iowa Indians removed from this side and once owners of the Platte Purchase.

Joseph Robidoux had, in 1826, established a trading post at the mouth of the Blacksnake to catch the trade of the Indians passing from Agency Ford, Grand River and Western Missouri, to Highland, Doniphan county, Kansas, where there was quite an Indian settlement. At that time, the country, after passing a few miles west of St. Joseph, was covered with buffalo grass. The rains were infrequent in summer and grass and herbage generally dried up by August, so it was hardly possible to pass over the country west of the river in the fall or winter with teams. In 1853-4-5, there was no running water from June until November, between the Missouri river and the Big Blue. Parties from St. Joseph sending out goods in wagons to the stations during these months, had to

carry water with them. At this day there are many streams and hundreds of springs that never go dry. This change is largely due to the act of cultivating the ground and the cessation of burning the grass every Fall by the Indians, in order to confine the game to the small, wooded valleys of winter streams.

A ferry was established at the Big Blue at a Pawnee trading post, now known as Marysville, and in 1853 Gen. Frank Marshall and James Doniphan bought it, and in 1854 they laid out the town of Marysville, named it after Mrs. Mary Marshall and called the county Marshall after General Marshall.

In 1849 the United States sent out a regiment of soldiers, laid out a route known as the military road from Ft. Leavenworth to the Big Blue at Marysville, and built forts at Laramie, Fort Hall and the Dalles, and this was the main route traveled by the Argonauts of California south of the Platte for many years by much the larger number.

In 1850 a large part of the California emigration crossed at St. Joseph, and passed up Peter's creek to Troy, Kansas, and united with the military road at Kennekenick (Kennekuk), in Brown county, and thence to the Big Blue at Marysville. When the territory was admitted in 1854, many settlers rushed into Doniphan county, as the lands were esteemed valuable; but settlements were pushed out in Brown and Nemaha slowly, and in Marshall up to 1861 there were but few settlers except at small towns and stage stations. Marshall county, now one of the largest corn producing coun-

ties of the state, was believed to be a barren soil, unable to produce anything except sunflowers and buffalo grass. Beyond the Big Blue but few settlements were made until the railroad penetrated that region.

In 1854, McGraw, conductor for the stage line across the continent, established stations at Guitau's, nine miles this side of Marysville; another near Hanover, called Hollenberg; another at the mouth of Elk Creek, where it joins the Little Blue; another on the Big Sandy, one at the Lone Elm in the Platte Valley and then at Fort Kearney.

The idea of the originators of the St. Joseph & Grand Island railroad was to follow, as near as the topography of the country would allow, this route to the valley of the Big Platte, and then to the Pacific as laid out by the military road. The country is now a prolific farming region, one of the most highly cultivated and productive in the Union. Corn, wheat, rye, oats and barley, all seem adapted to the soil, and respond to the cultivation as magnificently as any in the world. Blue grass seems indigenous to the soil, and always follows cultivation. The buffalo grass has long since departed, and is supplanted, in the uncultivated lands, by the rich, nutritious blue stem, which makes fat and bone for the cow, and the soil grows the most elegant clover, and is now covered by thousands of graded hogs.

In 1856-7, under what was a great Western emigration, St. Joseph had what has since been known as a boom. In 1856 an individual named Rose landed

here, and proposed to enlighten the citizens as to the best mode of making cities. After a few weeks' contact with Gen. Jeff. Thompson, Recorder Dolman, Col. Tierman, and several of St. Joseph's progressive men, he concluded that he did not know more than all the St. Joseph men, and went over the river to what is now known as Elwood, and called it Roseport, after himself. In the meantime a colony of South Carolinians, becoming tired of trying to make Kansas a slave state, bought the claim adjoining Marysville and called the town Palmetto, and in February, 1857, the Kansas legislature passed an act chartering a railroad from St. Joseph to the Big Blue, "The Marysville, Palmetto and Roseport railroad", entitled as follows: "An Act to incorporate the Marysville or Palmetto and Roseport Railroad Company; approved February 17th, 1857."

The charter named as incorporators, Robt. M. Stewart, afterwards governor of Missouri; W. P. Richardson, Indian Agent at Doniphan, Kansas; Gen. F. J. Marshall, then of Marysville; Bela M. Hughes, St. Joseph; Richard Rose, A. M. Mitchell, Reuben Middleton, R. H. Jenkins, Fred. W. Smith, and W. S. Brewster.

On the 20th of February, 1857, the Territorial Legislature of Kansas incorporated the St. Joseph & Topeka R. R. Co. The incorporators were mostly citizens of Kansas, and the city of St. Joseph voted to aid the company, and on the 20th of October, 1859, a contract was entered into between these two companies to own the right-of-way jointly for the

railroad from Elwood, or Roseport, to Troy, and use the same track. This road afterwards changed its route and ran down the river from Wathena to Doniphan and thence to Atchison. It was long since sold out at foreclosure, and the right-of-way purchased by Jay Gould and sold to the Rock Island after the track had been removed and the iron sent west to lay switches, side tracks, etc., on the Grand Island.

But we will go back to the Marysville & Roseport Company. The seventh section of the original Act, approved February 17th, 1857, gave the company power to survey, work, locate and construct a railroad from Marysville to Roseport, in the Territory of Kansas, so as to connect with the Hannibal & St. Joseph.

This company was organized on the 26th of February, 1857, when five directors were chosen.

At the next meeting, held July 12th, 1859, a new board of directors was organized, and the road ordered located to Troy. S. K. Miller was elected superintendent of construction of the road.

In 1860, three miles of track were graded and ties and iron laid to near Wathena, the company having an engine named the "Mad-Cat".

At a meeting of the stockholders held April 17th, 1862, the name of the Marysville or Palmetto & Roseport R. R. Co. was changed to the St. Joseph & Denver R. R. Co., under an act of the Kansas legislature of March, 1862. Nothing was done from 1862 to 1866, when a local company was formed under the general incorporation laws of Kansas, known

as "The Northern Kansas and Telegraph Company". The incorporators were citizens of Kansas, and it was framed under belief that it could get aid from the state of Kansas and more favorable legislation than the old St. Joseph & Denver R. R. Co., on account of the connection of Gen. Jeff. Thompson and other southerners with that road in its earlier history, as well as to secure a grant of 125,000 acres of land from the state of Kansas, which it was feared could not be held by the St. Joseph & Denver R. R. Co. Articles of incorporation were signed on the 17th of January, 1866, under the general railroad laws of 1865, of the state of Kansas, and were signed by Thomas A. Osborne, Frank H. Drenning, Sol Miller and C. E. Fox of Doniphan county; Ira Lacock, Samuel Speer, and C. E. Parker of Brown county; Geo. Graham of Nemaha county; E. C. Manning and J. D. Brumbough of Marshall county, and Henry Hollenberg and D. E. Ballard of Washington county, all of Kansas. After an organization by the election of a board of directors in May, 1866, Samuel Lappin was elected president, and terms of consolidation were agreed upon with the St. Joseph & Denver Railroad, and on October 9th, 1866, the consolidation took place, and the old name of St. Joseph & Denver Railroad was retained.

January 7th, 1866, Maj. T. J. Chew was elected president and John Severance engineer, and the work was commenced from Wathena west, and on October 15th, 1867, Gen. James Craig was elected president, when the City of St. Joseph voted \$500,000 stock to the road, for which bonds were issued, and are now a

part of the indebtedness of the city, having been renewed and assumed by the city. On October 13th, 1868, Gen. Geo. Hall was elected president, and in 1869 the road was built to Troy and located to Hiawatha, and the county of Doniphan voted bonds to aid its construction. On the 23d of July, 1866, an act was passed by congress, granting the odd sections of land as far west as the 100th meridian of longitude, west, to the Wathena, Kansas, Railroad & Telegraph Company, for the benefit of the St. Joseph & Denver Railroad Company for ten miles on each side of the line. At that time the road was located to Hanover, and it is believed by many that a mistake was made in the further location. If the road had been located up the Republican river toward Denver the company would have obtained over one and a half million acres of good land. By the location made it received upon final patents 640,000 acres, less than one-half, and inferior lands, as the prior land grants to the Union Pacific and the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Companies covered about two-thirds of the land that the company would have obtained had it been the oldest grant.

On October 27th, 1869, General Hall was re-elected president. On the 11th of October, 1870, Dudley M. Steele was elected president and Milton Tootle vice president, and construction pushed to Marysville in February, 1871. In October, 1871, D. M. Steele was re-elected president and the road was completed to Alexandria, in Nebraska that year. In November, 1872, D. M. Steele resigned and H. C. Tanner of New York, was

elected president of the road, and it was completed in December, 1872, to Hastings, Nebraska, 227 miles from St. Joseph.

In 1873, William Bond of New York, was elected president, and held the position until 1875, when the first mortgage bondholders sold the road in a foreclosure, and it was organized again as the St. Joseph & Western Railroad, and Mr. Bond was receiver, and with L. D. Tuthill operated it until 1879, when Jay Gould bought a controlling interest.

In 1879, L. D. Tuthill, Major Hansen and John Doniphan organized the Hastings & Grand Island R. R. and with the capital furnished by Mr. Gould, built the 25 miles of road from Hastings to Grand Island, there forming a connection with the Union Pacific, and it was consolidated as a part of the St. Joseph & Western Railroad.

In 1885, the road was re-organized and named the St. Joseph & Grand Island Railroad Company, which is its present title.

A Young Girl's Adventure.

It was not an uncommon occurrence on the frontiers in an early day, when the country was sparsely settled, for persons who ventured out in the winter to be overtaken by a snow storm, and either frozen to death or so badly frozen that amputation of feet or hands was necessary to save their lives. A circumstance of this kind occurred west of Iowa Point about the year 1857. A young lady, Miss Martha Perkins, who lived on Cedar Creek, attended a party in Iowa Point in January or February of that year, where

she became offended at some trivial matter and started, alone, for her home five miles west. She had not proceeded far when a blinding snow storm broke upon her with all its merciless fury, which soon obliterated the dim pathway she was following.

Dr. Jonathan Leigh, now of Hiawatha, Kan., who amputated her feet, gives the following account of this sad occurrence:

"About the first of March, 1857 or 1858, I was called to Miss Martha Perkins, who lived on Cedar Creek, five miles southwest of Iowa Point. On my arrival I found both feet dark in color, cold and in a state of complete gangrene. I learned from the family that early in the preceding January she went to Iowa Point to attend a party, where she remained till the following evening, when she started home afoot and alone. She was soon overtaken by a blinding snow storm with a strong north wind (a first-class blizzard), which soon obliterated the little trail she was following. Night came on and she became bewildered, not knowing the direction she was going. So she wandered around in that dreadful storm until, (they supposed) about 1 o'clock in the morning, when she found a bank near a small branch. She gathered some tall weeds that stood two or three feet above the snow, which was about ten inches deep, stuck them down in the snow in a semi-circle, to form a kind of wind break, and crouched down in her little weed hovel, where she expected to die before morning.

As soon as it was learned that she had left Iowa Point but a short time before the approach of the storm (blizzard),

seaching parties started in all directions. At the end of the third day she was discovered and in a semi-conscious condition. Three days and nights in such a storm would seem to be beyond endurance.

At my visit in March, amputation was suggested which was readily agreed to. Three days later at noon was the time set for the operation. As there was no physician whom I could invite to assist me, I requested the father to invite two or three of the neighbors that I might have some assistance if necessary. On arriving at the appointed time I found four men and their wives all ready to render any assistance they could. The first thing to consider was the construction of some sort of an operating table. This was soon decided. An old quilt was spread on the rough floor of the shanty and a stick of wood for a pillow; that was all there was to it. I asked the men if any of them could administer chloroform and they all answered in the negative. I commenced the administration of the anaesthetic and when, as it often happens, the patient reached the point of sub-consciousness, she began to mutter, then to talk louder and louder, my assistants all thought the patient was dying. One man bolted for the door and the others followed like sheep jumping a fence till the patient and myself were left alone. But when the patient was sufficiently anaesthetized I got down on my knees on the floor and removed the offending parts, dressed the stumps and remained with my patient till next morning, when I left her comfortable and hopeful. The recovery was somewhat tedious but complete.

A Reminiscence.

In the year 1838, my brothers located a general merchandise store midway between the Blacksnake Hills and Weston on the Missouri river, and did a general business with the inhabitants of that country, and also had a large trade with the Sac and Fox Indians. In the year 1841, my father's family moved to the Platte Purchase and settled on a claim opposite the place where Doniphan now stands in Doniphan county, Kansas. In the year 1842, the Indian agent at Fort Nemaha notified my brothers that a payment was about to be made to the Sac and Fox Indians and invited them to be present, and make their collections. They proceeded to the agency, I going along. My age then was 12 years.

We crossed the Missouri river in an Indian canoe, and taking the old Indian trail to the divide near Independence creek and passing near where John L. Berry lived, crossed the Wolf river near the Sac and Fox village, and arrived at Fort Nemaha agency in the evening. Major Richardson was the U. S. Indian agent and John W. Foreman was the farmer for the Iowa, Sac and Fox Indians. The major and Mr. Foreman were Kentuckians, and from the blue grass region, and here we beg to remark, that their latch strings were hanging out and the proverbial Kentucky hospitality was constantly on top.

Our visit was extended for several days, and was a very pleasant one, the major taking great interest in the matter of the collections, for which purpose my brothers were at the agency. We digress to remark that a few years after-

wards the major's only child, a daughter, was married to Willard P. Hall, who accompanied Gen. A. W. Doniphan on his memorable campaign through Santa Fe and old Mexico, and was at the round-up of the Mexican army at Sacramento, where General Doniphan captured the entire outfit and "ten acres of sheep". Willard P. Hall was afterwards governor of Missouri, and one of the ablest judges of the supreme court of Missouri.

Our trip to the Nemaha agency has always been a pleasant memory and reminiscence that will never be forgotten. John W. Foreman is well known to the people of Doniphan county, and the destiny of the writer is closely linked with the interests and the advancements of the county.

In the year 1851, James F. Foreman, who had been an assistant farmer at the agency, was granted permission to establish a trading post at the point where afterwards the town of Doniphan was located. The appointment of Mr. Foreman as a trader was only to secure the location for a town site when the land should be purchased, as the Indian agent evidently knew would soon occur.

In the year 1854, the writer with some others crossed the Missouri river at Iowa Point, Wm. Banks operating the ferry. We camped near the river the first night, and the second night we camped on Cedar creek at the crossing of the St. Joseph Overland route. We recall that that night there was a Frenchman with some eight or ten wagons and voyagers encamped there, going to Brown's Hole in the mountains. The wagons were loaded with Indian goods and provisions,

ammunition, etc., etc. I suppose the etc., etc., was about ten barrels of copper distilled whisky, which is said to be an antidote for snake bites, tarantula and centipede poisons. Our destination was Fort Kearney, where we remained for a considerable time, buying broken down cattle, horses and mules. On our return to Big Blue river, Francis J. Marshall informed us that a treaty had been made for the lands embracing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. We then proceeded to the Missouri river and camped on the bottoms below Iowa Point, which afterwards became the property of H. Guthrie, who died a year or so since.

During the month of August my brother, Milton, and myself went up Wolf river to see how the land lay, and went into camp near the old Sac village, the Indians having moved away. The camp was near a little stream which was crossed by the Indian trail, a thicket of brush being near our camp. Milton Utt went to the agency in the afternoon, leaving the writer in charge of the camp. I had spent an hour or two reading when, glancing up the bottom towards Hooper's ford, I saw what caused my hair to "stand pat", for not more than 300 yards away was about seventy-five Indians, who proved to be Pawnees, advancing. Each warrior was carrying a long lance, the point of which glistening in the sun, shown brilliant and beautiful. Each member of the band carried his bow and quiver of arrows at his back. My long acquaintance with Indians and their ways came to my aid, and stepping out from the brush into the path, I gave them a sign to halt which they did very prompt-

ly. I then gave them a sign for one to advance. The leader, a fine six-foot brave, dressed in war paint and feathers, stepped up to within about ten feet, when I halted him. In sign language I asked who they were and where going. The chief answered that they were on a visit to the Iowas to smoke and feast and would then go home; that they had been between the Blue rivers and had a fight with roving Cheyennes, and he showed two scalps to prove that what he said was true. I had previously advised him that I was a Missourian. By this time several of the band came forward, and I told the chief to send the young back to their line; that I would permit but one to do the talking; then I made a sign that they could pass to the left, which they did in good order. They displayed several scalps and other trophies as they passed. They were all large, fine looking warriors, rigged out in fantastic Indian toggerly and making a display that will never be witnessed on old Wolf river again. After I got rid of them you can imagine that I felt greatly relieved. They went on out to the Iowas and put in several days feasting and smoking, and then returned to their own reservation near Columbus, Nebraska, and that was the last visit of the Pawnees to Doniphan county. JO. UTT.

The Oldest Kansans.

From the Alton (Kan.) Empire, September 18, 1902, we glean the following:

Probably the oldest living settler in Kansas today is Wm. Brittain of Alton. The contest for that distinguishment has been confined to a man named Flanagan

in Doniphan county and one named Luther Dickinson in Atchison county. The Troy Chief thinks Flanagan an older settler than Dickinson, but Uncle Billy Brittain has Flanagan beaten by a couple of months.

Mr. Brittain was born near Spencer, Owen county, Ind., in 1828, and lived there with his parents till 1836, when they moved to Louisa county, Iowa, and in 1839, moved to the Platte Purchase near St. Joseph, Mo. There with his younger brother he assisted his father, John Brittain, in opening up a large farm in the bottoms twelve miles from St. Joseph. John Brittain died in 1846. William and his mother and six younger brothers resided on the farm till 1850, when they returned to Indiana. That summer he was married to Sarah Smith and in the fall they returned to the old homestead in Missouri, where he and his wife lived till Kansas was opened up for settlement. In June, 1854, he crossed the Missouri river and took a claim and built a small log cabin. In the fall of that year he moved his family, consisting of his wife and two children, to their new home in the territory. Here he experienced all the hardships and vicissitudes attending first settlement of Kansas. The Indians were daily visitors at his home during the first winter in Kansas.

In 1856, came the great struggle as to whether Kansas should be a free or slave state. Great excitement prevailed throughout the country. It was an almost daily occurrence to hear of some one being bushwhacked and shot down on the public highway. Uncle Billy, whose senti-

ments were so hunted down by the Pro-Slavery party that he was forced to hide his horses in the dense brush, and cross to the other side of the river. Mrs. Brittain carried water and feed to the horses for over three weeks. After the excitement subsided he returned home to his family. Soon after this the election was held and Mr. Brittain served as one of the judges of election. He says Major Richardson brought over a cannon and a barrel of whisky and all the street whittlers he could get to follow him, voted them all and carried the election. Then they established a pro-slavery court and Wm. Brittain, Wm. Chapman and Nicholas Holmes were arraigned before that court, tried and found guilty of treason for serving as judges of election for the Free State party and fined \$25 each, which they paid. This happened at Bellemont in Doniphan county. The court proceedings were, of course, a farce and a bluff, and merely an incident of the lawlessness and feeling at that time and place. But finally the Free State party came into power and Mr. Brittain and his party felt easier. Mr. Brittain acted as one of Jim Lane's body guards when that noted gentleman passed through Doniphan county on his way to Lawrence in 1856.

Uncle Billy enlisted in the Thirteenth Kansas Volunteer Infantry at Troy, Doniphan county, on the 5th day of September, 1862, and immediately started south. His entire service was in Southern Missouri and Arkansas. He was wounded at the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., in 1863, and discharged at Springfield, Mo. He returned home and

in the fall of 1863, enlisted in Co. F. Kansas State Militia and fought in the battle against Price in Jackson county, Mo., south of Kansas City.

In 1878, Mr. Brittain came to Osborne county and settled on a claim in Hawk-eye township, where he resided until 1896, when he sold out and located at Alton.

Uncle Billy is a fine old man. He was not only in the service of his country in the rebellion, but took a prominent part in the battles of 1856 for a free state of Kansas. He has voted for every Republican president from Lincoln down to McKinley.

St. Joseph's First Boomer.

The first live real estate man to do business in St. Joseph was Colonel Andrew G. Ege, a tall, straight, active Marylander, according to one of the oldest residents, who adds that he was a hustler. "It was before the settlement of Kansas that the colonel and his refined family settled here," relates the News. "They were wealthy, intelligent Southern people, and soon became very popular with all classes. About this time Judge Henry M. Vories, lived on a farm of ten acres about half a mile north of the court house. It was woody then, with a country road winding around on top of the hill, leading to the Vories farm and beyond. Colonel Ege concluded that he would buy the land, and after dickering for some time over the price, finally made a purchase, paying \$1,000 an acre. People were amazed when told of farm land being sold for \$1,000 an acre, and concluded that the colonel had

more money than judgment. Not long after his purchase the land was platted into town lots, which were readily sold, and Ege made a great deal of money on the speculation. Ege's additions are still a part of the city, and a very important part, too. Judge Vories left about that time and went to California, but returned after some years, not meeting with success in the golden state, and was elected chief justice of the Missouri supreme court. Colonel Ege went to Kansas as one of the earliest pioneers, securing nearly 10,000 acres of land in Doniphan county, and became a notable citizen of the Jayhawker state."--K. C. Journal.

Mrs. L. M. Blackford.

Mrs. L. M. Blackford, mother of Rev. O. J. Blackford, pastor of the Tabernacle Methodist Episcopal church, Detroit, is one of the few persons who can remember over the entire history of railroad development in the United States. Furthermore, she was one of the passengers on the first successful railroad train which made its trial trip in the summer of 1830.

The father of Mrs. Blackford--then Leah M. Blake, a little girl of 6--was a merchant in Portland, Me. He frequently went to New York on business, often taking members of his family with him. He and his daughter were in New York on one of these occasions when it became noised about that a train of "steam cars" was to make a trial run from Troy to Schenectady. Mr. Blake went immediately to Troy, and he and Leah were among the "tourists" of this memorable trip. Mrs. Blackford recalls quite vividly the crude train which ran on wooden rails at

the rate of about twelve miles an hour.

There are other incidents in Mrs. Blackford's life that are quite worthy of mention. She and her husband, Rev. Ira B. Blackford, a Methodist minister, were leaders in the founding, in 1857, of Baker University, Baldwin City, Kansas, and she was one of the first teachers of languages there. It is interesting to note that among the special things taught in the early history of this university were music, drawing, painting and embroidery. Reverend and Mrs. Blackford were also prominent in the organization of the Kansas conference at Topeka, 1855.

During the civil war Mrs. Blackford, with other brave women--while their husbands were at the front--helped to man the guns at Fort Leavenworth.

Until recent years Mrs. Blackford was well known as an able lecturer. Her last public address was given in Saginaw on Memorial Day, 1898, when she took the place of her son, who was unable to fill the engagement.

This lady was a resident of "Columbus City". (1855--6), as she quaintly calls the knobs of farm land overlooking Burr Oak Bottoms, at a point fourteen miles northeast of Troy, Kan., and although eighty years of age with face as fair as a girl's and faculties alert, her eye kindles and her dear heart warms right up to the subject as she talks of the days of pioneer Methodism in Doniphan county.

E. McC. L.

Doniphan county made it possible for St. Joseph to become a great city. Atchison, too, drew much of her life blood from our soil.

Some Early Birds.

[Men who came and settled in Wayne Township from 1854 to 1857.]

LIST OF THE DEAD.

B. S. Whorton,
 John McNeemee,
 John Harding,
 David Lee.
 Col. A. G. Ege,
 Frank McCoy, sr.,
 Wm. K. Shaw,
 John Forman,
 James F. Forman,
 Hilsman Jarret,
 Richard Vest.
 Lambert Holling,
 James Lancaster,
 James Butler.
 Isaac Spencer,
 Adam Brenner,
 George Grace,
 William Ledington,
 Alex. Dunning,
 Samuel Neece.
 Benj. Hudson,
 A. Low.
 C. A. Low.
 Clark Low.
 John Whittaker,
 Capt. Hanson.
 A. B. Symms, sr.,
 William Roberts,
 Doctor Hudnall,
 Jacob I. Scott,
 John Tracy,
 Doctor Welch,
 Henry Bender,
 E. W. Stratton,
 John Starr, sr.,
 David Hoppins,

Jacob Smith,
 Milton Norman,
 Richard Demsey,
 William Buster,
 John R. Buster,
 Silas Loyd,
 William Pickett,
 John Landis,
 Michael Forrest, sr.,
 William M. Ege,
 Andrew Colgan,
 Austin S. Forman,
 William Spencer,
 Robert Graham, sr.,
 Robert Graham, jr.,
 James H. Lane,
 George Buck,
 James Shaw,
 Conway Murry,
 Taswell Parr,
 Henry Beauchamp,
 Edward Beauchamp,
 William Matheny, sr.,
 Jacob Matheny,
 Tim Spencer.

LIST OF THE LIVING.

Geo. M. Waller.
 Maj. Barney O'Driscoll
 Edward A. Ege.
 William Lancaster,
 John Lancaster,
 A. M. Spencer,
 A. M. Patterson,
 T. W. Langan,
 Michael Langan,
 George Brock,
 Jerry James,
 Frank Neece,
 J. W. Low,
 John Earhart,

C. B. Roundy,
Edward Whorton,
M. L. Hudnall,
C. J. Drury,
Barney Murphy,
Gus Katner,
W. P. Symms,
Jeff. L. McNeemee,
David Loyd,
Andrew Loyd,
Joseph Kent,
Ham. Kent,
Daniel Landis,
Richard Willis,
Isaac Martin,
W. H. Martin,
Thomas Flanagan,
W. H. Nesbit,
Abner Perry,
D. M. Johnson,
John M. Ege,
Joseph Beauchamp,
William Matheny.

List furnished by Edward W. Ege.

The Squaws' Trail.

Sugar creek, which skirts the Brown farm, was so called because in the early days the Kaw Indians used to gather there every spring, and beg permission to tap the hard maple trees along the creek for sugar. They were peaceable, and permission was always granted. A path led across the land owned by Alexander Brown, which originated somewhere near Doniphan, on the other side of the river, and was made by squaws. Reaching the river at Doniphan, the squaws would take the canoes and row over into Missouri. With furs on their backs, they traveled a distance of eight miles to trade at the mill of "General" Martin. Here they exchanged their furs for flour or meal. Then these women would start back on the eight mile walk, a sack of meal on each weary back, and oftentimes a papoose tied on top of the sack.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

(CONTINUED)

THE KANSAS INDIANS.

BY PRYOR PLANK,

Eagle Springs, Doniphan County, Kans.

It is not generally known that the Kansas Indians inhabited this region when they were first known to civilized man.

The early history of this tribe, like the origin of their ancestors, is sealed up in the archives of prehistoric times which antiquarians have been trying to pry open ever since Columbus discovered this continent in 1492.

The first account we have of this tribe they were living on the "Pekitanoui" (Missouri) river in 1670, where they probably had been living for a long time previous to that. Marquette, who gives us this account, says: "Six or seven days below the Ilois (Illinois) river, is another

great river on which are prodigious nations, who used wooden canoes. We cannot write more till next year, if God give us the grace to lead us there." One of these "prodigious nations" was the Kanza Indians, as they were then called.

This expedition, however, did not take place until 1673, when Marquette accompanied by Joliet, embarked on the waters of the Mississippi and discovered the mouth of the Missouri river. This account says: "Following the course of the river toward another called Pekitanoui, which empties into the Mississippi, coming from the northwest, of which I have something considerable to say, after what I have remarked of this river. We judged from the direction the Mississippi takes, that it keeps on the same course it has its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico. It would be very advantageous to find that

which leads to the South Sea toward California, and this, as I said, I hoped to find by Pekitanoui, following the account which the Indians had given me, for from them I learned that advancing up this river for five or six days you come to a beautiful prairie twenty to thirty leagues long, which you must cross to the northwest. It terminates at another little river on which you can embark, it not being difficult to transport our canoes over so beautiful a country as that prairie. The second river runs southwest for ten or fifteen leagues, after which it enters a small lake which is a source of a deep river, running to the west where it empties into the sea."

LaSalle repeated Marquette's expedition in 1681-2, leaving the mouth of the Illinois river January 13, 1682. This account says: "Then we set out and six leagues lower down found the Ozage (Missouri) river, coming from the west. It is fully as large as the river Colbert (Mississippi), into which it empties. The Indians assure us that this river is formed by many others, and that they ascend it for ten or twelve days to a mountain where it rises; that beyond this mountain is the sea, where they see great ships; that on the river are a great number of large villages of many different nations, that there are arable and prairie lands, an abundance of cattle (buffalo no doubt), and beaver. Although this river is very large, the Colbert (Mississippi) does not seem to be augmented by it."

Having located the Kansas Indians on the Pekitanoui or Missouri river, more than two hundred years ago, let us now

find, if we can, where they were located on that stream.

Fifty-four years after Marquette first heard of them, Bourgmont, military commander of the French province of Louisiana, visited them, but his account of their location is vague and unsatisfactory; but Renoudiere, one of Bourgmont's companions, gives this description of the location of the village, which some have supposed was at Atchison and others at the mouth of Independence creek below Doniphan; but it tallies equally as well with the mouth of Wolf river.

"Thirty leagues above Quans (Kansas) river, a small river flowing from the north is found. Here is the great village of the Quans (Kansas) Indians, consisting of 150 lodges adjoining the Missouri. There are fine prairies to the south and many mountains to the west."

Professor Remsburg of Potter, Kan., who is well posted in old Indian history, has a lengthy and interesting article in a late issue of the Kansas City Journal, in which he brings much proof to show that Doniphan is the site of the old Kansas Indian village, Bourgmont visited in 1724, and there can be no doubt, from the proof he brings, that they actually did live there at one time, and it may have been when Bourgmont visited them. But it must be remembered that thirty leagues, which would be ninety miles from the mouth of the Kansas river, would reach much farther than the mouth of Independence creek, and as distances in those days were guessed at and not measured, Renoudiere's thirty leagues might have been much more than that

and consequently reached the mouth of Wolf river.

Without taking issue with Professor Remsburg, let us now examine the surroundings at the mouth of Wolf river and see how they correspond to Renoudiere's description of the country around the old Quans village.

Anyone who has been on what is known as Lookout mountain, a high point between the mouth of Wolf river and the Missouri, which commands the finest view in all directions of any point in the state of Kansas, will readily recognize that Renoudiere's description applies to this locality. To the south in the direction of Highland and Severance, is what was once a fine prairie country but now covered with productive farms, while to the north the chain of rugged bluffs, which bounds the Missouri river on the west, rises abruptly. When I first came to Doniphan county, fifty years ago, Wolf river emptied into the Missouri river from the north more than a mile below where it does now, running parallel with the Missouri from near the old Rock Ford, where S. F. French now lives. From this point Wolf river valley cannot be seen. What is called the Devil's Backbone, a lateral spur which puts out from Lookout mountain, shuts it out from view at the Great Bend near Willow Springs school house, and Indian creek, which has its source near the old Presbyterian mission and Great Nemaha agency, could be easily mistaken for Wolf river coming in from the north.

Having disposed of this feature of the subject, let us examine more tangible

evidence, that this was the abiding place of these old settlers at a remote period of time, when they were a numerous and war-like tribe, and their dominion probably extended from the Great Nemaha river along the boundary between Kansas and Nebraska south to the Kansas river and westward to the Republican and Smoky Hill rivers.

Stone axes, spear heads, flint arrow points and broken fragments of primitive pottery are scattered over a scope of country, extending south from the mouth of Wolf river to Eagle Springs and westward along the Wolf river valley north of Highland Station on the Burlington and Missouri River railroad and southeast to the old town site of Lafayette on the Missouri river, now occupied as a fruit farm by Levi Kunkle. At Eagle Springs these implements are found covered up in some instances six or eight feet under ground. In these places heaps of ashes, burnt stones, bones of wild animals and shells of mussels are always found.

In removing a large mound for the foundation of the hotel at Eagle Springs, these evidences of the country having been inhabited in prehistoric times were unearthed eight feet under ground.

It is a well known fact that the Kansas Indians, like the Sioux, divided up into bands and had their villages in different localities, and the evidences I have noted show that, at least, a very large band of them was located here, perhaps long before Bourgmont's visit in 1724, nearly two hundred years after Columbus discovered the New World, peopled with

a race whose appearance on this continent is yet shrouded in mystery.

The following extracts are taken from Lewis and Clark's journals in 1804, which Miss Zou Adams, assistant secretary of the Kansas State Historical society at Topeka, has kindly furnished me:

"This river, [the Kansas,] receives its name from a nation which dwells at this time on its banks and has two villages, one about thirty leagues and the other forty leagues up. Those Indians are not very numerous at this time, having been reduced by war with their neighbors. They formerly lived on the south banks of the Missouri twenty-four leagues above this river in an open and beautiful plain, and were very numerous at the time the French first settled on the Illinois. I am told they are a fierce and warlike people, but being unsupplied with fire-arms became easily conquered by the Aiaaway and Saukees [Iowa and Sac] who are better furnished with those materials of war."--Pages 60, 61.

"We camped after dark on the S S [I don't understand what this means]. above an island [supposed to be Kickapoo island above Fort Leavenworth]. opposite the first old village of the Kansas, which was situated in a valley between two points of high land and immediately on the river bank back of the village and on a rising ground at about one mile." Page 64.

"We came to and camped in the lower edge of a plain where the second old Kansas village formerly stood, above the mouth of a creek thirty yards wide. This creek we called creek Independence. As we approached this place the prairie had

a most beautiful appearance. Hills and valleys, interspersed with copses of timber, gave a pleasing diversity to the scenery, the right fork of creek Independence meandering through the middle of the plain. A point of high land near the river gives an elevated situation. At this place the Kansas Indians formerly lived. This town appears to have covered a large space. The nation must have been numerous at the time they lived here. The cause of their moving to the Kansas river I have never heard, nor, can I learn. War with their neighbors must have reduced this nation and compelled them to retire to a situation in the plains better calculated for their defense and one where they may make use of their horses with good effect in pursuing their enemy."

"The origin of this old village is uncertain. M. de Bourgmont, a French officer, in command of a fort near the Town of the Missouris, in about the year 1724, and in July of the same year he visited this village. At that time the nation was numerous and well disposed toward the French."--Pages 66, 67.

It will be noticed from the above extracts, that Lewis and Clark place the old Kansas village Bourgmont visited in 1724, where the town of Doniphan now is, but as they were not there till eighty years later, and the Kansas Indians had all gone south along the Kansas river, they might have been mistaken, and that they might seem plausible from the fact that there is a difference of six leagues in the distance the villages they describe were located from the mouth of the Kansas river, Lewis and Clark put-

ting their village twenty-four leagues from that point and Renoudiere, Bourgmont's companion, putting his thirty leagues, which, as I have said before, might have been more than that and reached the mouth of Wolf river. This, however, is immaterial as both villages, beyond a doubt, were located in Doniphan county.

I think it highly probable that all three of the villages, the one on Wolf river, the one at Doniphan, and the one near Kickapoo Island above Fort Leavenworth, were occupied by different bands of this tribe at the same time.

The following extract from an address by George P. Morehouse of Council Grove, before the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the State Historical society December 1, 1903, shows that they followed this custom after they left the Missouri river and went south:

"The Kaw or Kansas Indians lived for a long time in the Kaw valley east of the present city of Manhattan. In 1847, they removed to a reservation in the Neosho valley adjoining Council Grove. Their three villages were down the river and the Indian agency, the buildings of which still stands, was near the mouth of Big John creek, about four miles from Council Grove.

"They had three villages, governed in a manner by three chiefs. Al-le-ga-wa-ho, for many years their wisest leader, a man over six feet tall and noted as an eloquent Indian orator, presided at the village located on Cahola creek. Kah-he-ga-wa-ti-an-gah, the "fool chief," governed the village near the present site of

the town of Dunlap. Wah-ti-an-gah held forth as chief of the village near the official agency."

The address, from which the foregoing is taken, is an interesting sketch of the Kansas Indians, after they left the Missouri river and went south, that will pay anyone interested in old Indian history to look up. It can be found in Volume viii, Page 206, of Kansas Historical collections for 1903-4.

The following extract from Major Stephen H. Long's account of an expedition to explore the Rocky Mountains 1819, shows that a band of the Kansas Indians were then living in this vicinity:

"The country southwest of the Missouri, between the Kansas and Platte rivers, is drained principally by the Wolf and the Great Nemaha rivers. These rivers, like the Nodaway and Nishnabotna rivers, that empty into the Missouri nearly opposite them from the northeast, rise in the prairies at an elevation of probably forty or fifty feet above the level of the Missouri. As they descend, their valleys gradually become wider, embosom a few trees, and at length near their entrance into the Missouri valley, are forests of considerable extent. The surface of these prairies presents a succession of small rounded hills becoming larger and more abrupt as you approach the beds of the rivers. The soil is deep, reposing usually on beds of horizontal argillaceous sandstone, and secondary limestone. The soil superimposed upon this strata of limestone is a calareous loam. Near the rivers it is intermixed with sand. This is also the case with

the soil of the high prairies about the Konzas village."

It will be remembered that Lewis and Clark mentions only two villages of this tribe on the Kansas river, which shows that the bands that were here when Major Long visited them in 1819, had not yet gone south, but they were at the time Mr. Morehouse speaks of, and the tribe was living in three separate villages as they had previously done when they were on the Missouri river.

I know Lewis and Clark speaks of only two Kansas villages on the Missouri river, the one above Fort Leavenworth and the one at Independence creek. Why they did not mention this village on Wolf river is explained by the fact that it was then situated in the Wolf river valley south of the "Devil's Backbone," which, as I have explained, shuts out a view of this valley from the Missouri river at the Great Bend near Willow Springs school house and, consequently, they did not see it, as they were not exploring the country back from the river. The other two villages were on the river and they saw them and made a note of it.

The following items are taken from letters I received some time ago from Professor Remsburg, to whom I am indebted for valuable information in connection with the present and past history of the Kansas Indians:

"Dear Sir: I notice by the Atchison Globe of recent date, that you are preparing a history of the Indians of Doniphan county, which is a very commend-

able move, as this is a subject that has been too much neglected.

Perhaps you may be interested in knowing that I have lately identified the site of the Kaw or Kansas Indian village visited by Bourgmont in 1724, and that it is to the credit of Doniphan county that the ancient capital of this indigenous tribe of Kansas was located within her (Doniphan county's) borders, notwithstanding, that some historians, Professor Dunbar for instance, have placed it at Atchison. I have a large amount of evidence, both historical and archaeological, to show that the old village was situated at the present town site of Doniphan, while I can find nothing to establish the location at Atchison. I have prepared a paper, giving the results of my investigations at Doniphan, which will be published in the Kansas City Journal, a copy of which I will send you.

Assuring you of my interest in your efforts to perpetuate the early Indian history of Doniphan county, and wishing you success, I am yours sincerely,

Geo. J. REMSBURG.

✠ ✠ ✠

Potter, Kan., July 8, 1905.

"Dear, Sir: Replying to yours of the 3d inst., will say, that as near as I can learn at present, there are only 247 of the Kaws or Kansas Indians left. Their reservation lies along the Arkansas river valley, just south of the Kansas state line and comprises 100,037 acres of the finest land in the territory. Gen. W. E. Hardy is their chief. He is an uncle of Congressman Charles Curtis, and is one of the best known Indians in the United

States. He has been conspicuous in Indian councils in Washington during the last sixty years. He has a splendid Civil war record and was an intimate friend of Gen. U. S. Grant. He has lived on three separate Kaw reservations; on the site of St. Louis, where he was born; on the former Kaw reserve in Kansas, and on the present reserve, set aside for his tribe in Oklahoma. Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior department, some time ago made him secretary of the Kaw tribal council for life, an honor never bestowed on any other Indian As near as I have been able to trace the Kansas Indians when they first came up the Missouri in prehistoric times, they proceeded as far as the northeast corner of the present state of Kansas, where they met the Cheyennes, who drove them southward. You are probably correct in asserting that they were located on Wolf river at one time, but that river does not tally with their location in Bourgmont's time, as described in the narratives of the early explorers, while topographical features at Doniphan are identical with the early descriptions of the locality, where the old Kansas town was located.

I shall be glad to hear from you occasionally, and to know of any developments that you might make along this line of research. It is a subject in which I am deeply absorbed, and one which I am anxious to see made tangible.

Yours cordially,

GEO. J. REMSBURG."

The foregoing brief history of the Kansas Indians traces them from the first account we have of them in 1670

down to the present time, a period of 235 years. From the best information obtainable, they were living in the territory that now constitutes Doniphan county, when Marquette first heard of them in 1670, as one of the "prodigious nations" that lived along the Pekitanoui, or Missouri river at that time, and there is abundant archaeological evidence that they or some other primitive race of people had inhabited this region from a remote period in prehistoric times.

The Kaws on the Missouri in 1724.

[BY GEORGE J. REMSBURG.]

Centuries ago mention was made by the French explorers of the large or main village of the "Quans", on the southwest bank of the Missouri river, about thirty leagues above the mouth of the "Quans" river. The Quans were the Kanza or Konza Indians, from whom our state derived its name. They were visited by De Bourgmont, in 1723, and again in 1724, while on his famous expedition to the Padoucas. The exact location of this noted old village of Bourgmont's time has, heretofore, never been definitely determined, although the ruins of the old town on the Missouri were observed and mentioned by explorers and travelers for many years subsequent to the early French explorations.

After carefully studying all available data bearing on the subject, including the chronicles of most of the early explorers who mention the old village, and thoroughly examining the whole region along the Missouri river north of the Kansas, I have concluded that the his-

toric old town of Doniphan, five miles north of the city of Atchison, was the prehistoric capital of the Kaws. The historical, topographical and archæological evidence adequately sustains such an opinion. Before going into details I will succinctly give a few of the more important reasons for my belief that the old Kansas village was so located:

First--Doniphan corresponds approximately with the distances that the early explorers place the old village above the Kansas and Little Platte rivers, and other definite points on the Missouri. Second--Lewis and Clark, and other explorers, who saw the remains of the old town, explicitly state that it was a mile, or a little above, Independence creek. Third--Doniphan is the most ideal situation for an Indian village in that region, and the only desirable site for such a village within a mile of Independence creek to the north. Fourth--The fine prairies, which may be seen from points several miles below; the bend in the river, and other natural features at or near the old village site as recorded by the early explorers are identifiable with the present townsite of Doniphan and vicinity. Fifth--The large amount of archæological material, the prehistoric relics, the graves and other such remains found at Doniphan and vicinity indicate unmistakably that it was an important seat of aboriginal occupancy. Sixth--Old settlers of undoubted reliability have seen on the Doniphan townsite numerous hut rings or lodge circles of an ancient Indian village, and from their descriptions of the same they were exactly similar to those

of the later day villages of the Kansas Indians at Manhattan, Valencia, Council Grove and other places, denoting the hemispheric earthen hut, that these Indians are known to have always constructed as their dwelling places.

Bourgmont is very indefinite as to the location of the Kaws, but Renoudiere, in his memorandum of the exposition, says that thirty leagues above "Quans" river, "a small river flowing from the north is found; here is the great village of the Quans, consisting of 150 lodges adjoining the Missouri. There are fine prairies to the south and many mountains to the west." It is evident that this chronicler of the Bourgmont expedition mistook Rock creek for the main continuation of Independence creek. The general course of the Independence is from a westerly direction, but about a mile and a half above its mouth it takes a sharp turn to the south, flowing straight in this direction for nearly a mile when it makes another acute turn to the east for about one-half of a mile to its mouth. That part of the channel extending north and south is almost on a straight line with that of Rock creek, the merging of the Independence basin with that of Rock creek making a clearly defined valley much more prominent than the main valley of Independence from Rock creek westward. Coming as it does from the prairie the Independence valley at this point is not so noticeable as that of Rock creek which is bordered by high hills, or "many mountains", as Renoudiere saw fit to term the prominent elevations lying west of the Kansas village. Any person

not acquainted with the country, looking north from near the mouth of Independence, would readily take the valley of Rock creek for the main trend or continuation of Independence valley. The "fine prairies" mentioned by Renoudiere are readily noticeable off to the south and southwest of Doniphan. In fact, the country south and west of Doniphan tallies almost exactly with the descriptions given in the journals of the expedition; for instance, Bourgmont mentions that a half league southwest of the Kansas village a small river was passed. Independence creek is just about that distance southwest of Doniphan. In another account we find that shortly after leaving the village they "marched about a league and a half along a river coming from the southwest." Deer creek comes into the Independence near its mouth, from a southwesterly direction.

On July 4, 1804. Lewis and Clark discovered a stream about fifty yards wide, which they named Independence, in honor of the day. To quote their journal, they "came along the bank of an extensive and beautiful prairie, interspersed with copses of timber and watered by Independence creek. On this bank formerly stood the second village of the Kaws. From the remains it must have been once a large town." "On this bank stood the village" signifies on the bank of the prairie, and not on the bank of Independence creek, for in another place in their journal (p. 1258 Coue's Lewis and Clark) they designate "a mile above Independence creek" as the situation of the old village. If the village was anywhere within a mile

of the Independence to the north, it must have been where Doniphan now stands, for that is the only desirable location for an Indian village, within that distance from the creek. Shortly after leaving the old village site Lewis and Clark passed a small stream which they called Yellow Ochre creek, from a bank of that mineral a little above it. About three miles above Doniphan, at Geary, there empties into the Missouri a small stream called Brush creek, which was doubtless the "Yellow Ochre" of Lewis and Clark's day, for the "bank" of that mineral from which they so named the stream is visible "a little above" the creek as they stated. C. B. Roundy of Geary, once sent some of this mineral substance to be examined by experts, and they pronounced it "ochre of poor quality."

Sergeant Floyd, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, in his individual diary, speaks of Independence creek coming out of an "extensive prairie, open and high, which may be seen six or seven miles below." Brackenridge, in 1811, also mentions the fine view of the prairies and the old village site, which could be obtained from below. The country about Doniphan may be seen very plainly from the Atchison bridge, and even as far down as the bend of the river, several miles below Atchison. John Bradbury, in his "Travels in the Interior of America," 1809-10-11, mentions going ashore at the old Kansas village and noting the great fertility of the soil and the abundance of hops, but is indefinite as to its location. However, taking into consideration the natural features of the coun-

try as depicted in that portion of his journal leading up to the old village site, they correspond pretty closely to existing topographical conditions, and point contemporaneously with the narratives of Lewis and Clark and others, to Doniphan, as the seat of Kaw occupancy in Bourgmont's time. H. M. Brackenridge, in the journal of his voyage up the Missouri in 1811, mentions the old village as follows: "High prairies southwest side--continued under sail through another long stretch (of prairie) and had a fine view of the old Kansas village at the upper end of it. It is high prairie, smooth waving hills, perfectly green, with a few clumps of trees in the hollows. It was formerly a village of the old Kansas nation. . . But for the scarcity of wood this would be a delightful situation for a town. At this place the bend of the river rendered the wind unfavorable." He also mentions the old Indian pathways along the sides of the hills and down to the river. Luther Dickerson and other early settlers recall that these old Indian paths or trails were plainly visible, leading out in almost every direction from Doniphan in the early days, and some of them, where not too much disturbed by cultivation, may yet be observed. Major Stephen H. Long, while on his celebrated expedition to the Rocky mountains in 1819-20, says that after leaving Isle au Vache, "we proceeded in the course of the day about twenty-three miles and encamped at night near the entrance of a small stream called Independence creek. A little above, (Independence creek) and on the south side of the river, is the site of an

old Konza town, called formerly the 'village of the twenty-four.'" Major Long in his journal and on his map, places the old village, "a little above Independence creek," or at about the present townsite of Doniphan. Major Long is the only one of the early explorers who alludes to the old Indian town as the "village of the twenty-four." I have somewhere seen it alluded to as the "village of the Big Four." The reason for those appellations seem to be obscure, or at least, I can find no explanation of them. Isle au Vache, or Cow island, is in the Missouri river, near the southern line of Atchison county. Councils were held with the Kaw Indians on this island in 1819, and later, when the tribe lived on the Kansas river.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE.

Hon. Luther Dickerson, who is generally known as the "oldest inhabitant" of this region, says there can be no doubt about the site of Doniphan having been occupied by an Indian village in prehistoric times. Mr. Dickerson came here in June, 1854, and often visited the present site of Doniphan before the pioneer settlers selected it as a townsite. He says that the old Indian lodge circles, with fire pits in the center, were plainly visible in many places in Doniphan in the early days. These were especially noticeable where the public school building now stands. The earth in many places was intermingled with charcoal, ashes and other debris of the Indian village. Mr. Dickerson says that as near as he can remember the rings or circles where the Indian wigwams stood and which were quite numerous, were about twenty feet

in diameter, and in the center of each was a cavity filled with ashes and charcoal. Professor Say, who visited the Kansas Indians in their village near the present town of Manhattan in 1819, says that the ground area of each lodge was circular, and that the fireplace was a simple, shallow cavity in the center of the apartment. On the Kansas river, wherever the Kaws had their later day villages, these circles in the earth are still to be seen.

Judge W. H. H. Curtis of Troy, who was one of the early settlers of Doniphan, in response to inquiries, writes that from his own observations, as well as from the statements of the late James F. and John W. Forman, the Doniphan pioneers, he is convinced that Doniphan was the site of an important Indian village. "I have heard James F. Forman and his brother, John W. Forman, talk about the ancient village," says Mr. Curtis, and further adds that they were firm in the belief that an ancient Indian village existed there. The Forman brothers came to that vicinity as Indian traders long before Kansas was open for settlement. They surveyed and platted the townsite of Doniphan. Mr. Curtis' own observations lead him to believe that the ancient village "circled around the spot where Doniphan now stands; or more correctly speaking, the village must have been in the form of a crescent, extending from east to west, at the north outskirts of what is now the townsite proper. . . . When a boy I saw many Indian relics near Doniphan," continues Mr. Curtis, "and I know of many others who have found axes, arrow and

spear heads, human bones, and what appear to have been old burying grounds both east and west of Doniphan."

Isaac F. Weyer, the "village blacksmith" of Doniphan, who has lived there forty-three years, also recalls having heard the Forman brothers speak about the remains of an ancient village at Doniphan and says he has always heard a tradition that there was once a large Indian town at or near that place. W. H. Nesbit, one of the founders of Doniphan, says that at an early day large masses of charcoal, pottery and other burnt substances were exposed by the caving or washing away of the banks of the small creek which flows through Doniphan. He also says that the rock shelters or small caverns in the sides of the high bluffs about Doniphan contained the bones of Indians, with pottery vessels, arrowheads, etc. The late T. J. Ingels of Atchison, who was as well acquainted around Doniphan as any other man, and who was a close observer along natural history and archæological lines, wrote me May 27, 1904: "I should think from the number of graves and stone relics found in and about Doniphan that it was vastly populated at some time in the past. Not only on the George Brenner land, but throughout the old townsite the loose stones scattered about over the surface and even under the surface, show marks of fire." Mr. Ingels has done much prospecting for water and drilled many wells in that vicinity and had excellent opportunity for observation. The writer once found a lot of burned stones, to-

gether with burned earth and pottery fragments, exposed by the caving of the creek bank just south of the public school building in Doniphan. On another occasion I found a hammer stone projecting from the bank nearly two feet below the surface. While strolling along the main street of Doniphan on October 19, 1903, I picked up three flint arrow points, and observed numerous chips or spalls of flint that had washed from a small gully at one side of the thoroughfare. The late Richard Dempsey, an old resident, and for many years road supervisor in that vicinity, informed the writer that in making grades on the roads he had occasionally turned up baked clay, charcoal, potshards and fragments of stone implements. When the roadbed of the old A. & N. railroad was made through Doniphan in 1869, the workmen in grading unearthed similar material, and at the present time there is frequently picked up, from the dirt which was thrown out along this grade, arrow points, hatchets, etc.

The late Frank Kitzmiller of Highland, under date of April 20, 1894, wrote me: "I have been informed by several parties that many Indian relics have been found at Doniphan, and from what I can learn it must have been once occupied by an Indian village. I understand that the rubbish of the old tepees is occasionally met with in digging trenches and making other excavations. One man there has promised to bring me a lot of stone relics which he had plowed up in the town of Doniphan." Mr. Kitzmiller had an interesting collection of Indian relics gathered in Doniphan county. Mrs. Jane Spencer

says that in making excavations on her farm just north of town pottery has been unearthed. Mrs. Spencer came to Doniphan with her late husband in 1855. At that time there was evidence of an Indian graveyard on the land which they preempted and on which she still lives. Many wagonloads of loose limestones were hauled from a field on their farm. She had observed many Indian relics and has several in her possession now. Thomas Langan reports numerous evidences of Indian occupancy on his farm near Doniphan. James A. Dunning of St. Joseph, Mo., formerly of Doniphan, writes that Indian relics were so very common there in the early days that but little attention was paid to them. "I have gathered my hat full of arrowheads on the creek bank; also stone axes and war clubs by the dozens. Years after, in plowing over my father's farm, we have picked up beads and pottery, the latter being similar to those I have seen from cliff dwellings." Joseph Geisendorf says he has found many stone relics on the same farm. Charles Kuch, the postmaster at Doniphan, says that the boys have gathered innumerable arrowpoints on the land occupied by the Brenner vineyard, and N. G. Brenner corroborates this statement and says he has found hundreds of them himself on the same ground.

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Indian burial mounds and graves are numerous on the hills surrounding Doniphan. External evidences of many of these sepulchers have been obliterated, but here and there may still be seen limestone slabs set in the ground in regular order, or piled up irregularly, to

mark the last resting place of some aboriginal denizen of Doniphan. In some instances these graves may belong to the Sacs and Foxes, or other modern Indians, but it is believed that the majority of them belonged to the ancient Kaws. Rev. Isaac McCoy, a missionary among the Western Indians at an early day, speaking of the Kaw methods of burial, says: "They frequently deposited the dead on or near the surface and raised over the corpse a heap of stones." Hon. George P. Morehouse, of Council Grove, who has seen and studied the Kaws, when they lived at that place, says that he has often noticed their graves, usually on top of some near bluff or high ground, and that they were often covered with slabs of limestone. Mrs. Mary J. Forman, widow of the Doniphan pioneer, John W. Forman, writes from Canton, Mo.: "On the hill west of the John Forman residence (since owned by George Brenner) there were indications of an Indian graveyard, piles of rock seeming to have been used as monuments or to mark some place of note." Mrs. Jane Spencer mentions similar graves on her farm at an early day. L. Clem, who has lived in that vicinity about thirty years and who has hunted throughout that region, observed many such piles of stone when he first located there. Luther Dickerson says there are several small mounds on land belonging to J. P. Brown of Atchison, on the river bluffs south of Independence creek. H. J. Adams of Leroy, Kan., a son of the late Secretary Adams, of the Kansas Historical Society, who formerly lived near Doniphan, while digging a cellar on the crest of a river bluff south

of Independence creek, in 1868, exhumed the skeleton of an Indian. It was about two feet below the surface and covered with stones. James Eylar reports several graves just north of Doniphan, and in the same neighborhood "firepits on top of the river bluff, in which are charred bones resembling those of human beings." He also mentions a grave on Independence creek west of Doniphan in which was found a human skeleton, together with a small headless image and some beads. There were also traces of fire in this grave. Further west, on the Apid farm, are other graves, near which have been found many stone axes.

Several years ago the writer, accompanied by T. J. Ingels of Atchison, and C. A. Bruner of Oak Mills, opened a stone mound on the high hill west of Doniphan, but it had either been despoiled of its contents by relic hunters or else the descendants of the dead warrior had removed his remains to another place, for not even a human bone remained in it. Early settlers recall having seen the Indians come to this place at an early day, and, after weird ceremonies, exhume the remains of dead Indians and carry them away. Where they came from and whither they went was never learned.

On another hill on the farm of John Myers, near the junction of Independence and Rock creeks, the writer, assisted by J. B. Loftin, an intelligent citizen of that vicinity, explored an Indian mound. This mound was originally covered with stones, but most of them had been removed by Mr. Myers in cultivating the land. The contents of the mound consisted of human remains, badly charred

by fire, pieces of burned wood and charcoal, numerous glass, porcelain and bone beads, two silver (?) finger rings, a silver breastplate, fragments of silver ear bobs, fragments of a copper bracelet, fragments of an iron kettle, fragments of an old-fashioned decorated porcelain plate, fragments of bone instruments, a piece of steel evidently used for a fire striker, many flint spalls and some particles of vermillion, all in a confused mass. Everything indicated that this was the remains of a "scaffold" or "tree burial," which, after tumbling down, had been swept by prairie fires and later gathered up and deposited, without regularity, in a stone sepulchre.

AN IDEAL TOWNSITE.

The writer has examined many Indian village sites in Kansas, but there has never come under his observation a more ideal location for a permanent seat of aboriginal habitation than at the old townsite of Doniphan. Situated about midway of the great western bend of the Missouri, or the grande detour of the Missouri, as the French voyageurs called it; encircled by a chain of high hills, with a gap on the east which afforded the villagers a splendid view of and easy access to the river, and through which they could readily perceive the approach of an enemy on the water; while the overtowering hills at almost every point of the compass provided natural watch towers where they could guard against the encroachment of a foe from the broad prairie that stretches off in every direction; a small stream flowing through this natural basin, fed by several fine springs, afforded a con-

stant supply of fresh water to the occupants of the village, while just over the divide to the west and southwest three larger streams, one of them navigable for canoes, unite before mingling their limpid waters with the murky Missouri. Surrounded by every natural advantage and resource, Doniphan is an ideal dwelling place for either savage or civilized man. The old Kansas Herd Book thus describes it: "Doniphan stands where the corkscrew Missouri makes a sharp turn to the west and is hurled back upon itself by a high wooded bluff. To north and south rise heavily timbered bluffs, dipping to form the level bottom upon which the town lies nestled from the prevailing storm currents of winter." Hon. Sol Miller's famous historical edition of the Kansas Chief says that Doniphan is one of the finest natural townsites on the Missouri river. Brackenridge, one of the old explorers, speaks of it as "a delightful situation for a town."

Early Reminiscences.

[BY JAMES N. GIBBINS.]

About Christmas, '53, I learned that a man at Wathena, then Bellemont, wanted a hand to work and as father could easily spare me, having a large family of sons, he consented to my going over to see what I could do. On January 10, 1854, I crossed the Missouri river at Bellemont on the ice, walking from St. Joseph, and engaged to Ben Harding to herd cattle and split rails. A young man by the name of Chase was working for Mr. Harding at the time. He had come from Indiana just previous to this time. We

split and prepared several hundred rails, Mr. Harding assisting us at this work. These rails were used by Mr. Harding on his place. Many people younger than I well remember Mr. Harding's rail fence along the Troy and Wathena road, between his house and the Bryan farm. This fence stood until five years ago, when Mr. Harding had it torn down and replaced with a wire fence, but between each two new posts a rail was driven for a post, and this fence is now standing in this February, 1904, just fifty years since we split them. It was some time in the '80s that Mr. Harding told me that these were the same rails that Chase and I helped him split. Rather a long time to use a rail, isn't it? But dear modern reader, don't think the rail fence was torn down in 1899, because the rails were rotten. Oh, no; those old oak rails were good for another fifty years; it was because rail fences in general have been supplanted by the inventions of the age.

We worked there until March, when Chase accompanied me home to father's where we engaged in breaking hemp, a well known occupation at that time, now unknown to younger people. We crossed the river in a skiff with the mountain ice running, Chase said "worse than when Washington crossed the Delaware."

In January, 1854, Douglas' bill to organize Kansas and Nebraska as territories came before congress. Mr. Harding advised us to come back when the bill passed and take claims in the bottom, where the Chautauqua grounds are now situated, but we only partly followed his advice as will be shown. Father was a subscriber to the St. Joseph Weekly Ga-

zette; we didn't get the daily by R. F. D. in those days, and in April it teemed with editorial advice to young men to go over and take claims, so sure was its editor that the bill would pass. Father advised us to secure a piece of land, so we rode horse-back, crossed the river at St. Joseph on a flat boat and took the California trail for the Mission at Highland, and stopped over night with Thomas Vanderslice. This was May 10, 1854. On the next day we crossed Wolf river a little above Leona, and put up notices of our intentions. This was on Squaw creek just over the line in Brown county. From the first biennial report of the state board of agriculture, page 121, I quote the following: "First settlement, Robinson township, May 11, 1854. Thurston Chase and James N. Gibbins took claims on Wolf river. From the best information obtainable these two persons were the first settlers within the present limits of Brown county." This was nineteen days before Douglas' bill passed and I was just 20 years old.

We took a southeast direction after we put up our notices and came into the Pottawatomie trail at Bendena, going on home that night. On June 10, we hitched three yoke of oxen to a wagon, stuck in a plow and struck out for Wolf river; arrived there without adventure; broke one acre of sod on each of our claims and planted corn and melons. We peeled elm bark for a roof on Chase's pole cabin and cut large logs and started a foundation for my cabin. We left our names carved in various places, mine on the top of the logs of the cabin. Strange, but we had selected claims about one and a

half apart. On my claim was a beautiful grove of timber on rather high ground and from my enduring signs left, I am told that it was known for years afterwards as Gibbins' grove. We left for Missouri about the 25th of June and camped at Cottonwood Springs, (Hugh Finklea's) near Troy. The next morning we were in no particular hurry to start, wishing our cattle to graze well, and we had not hitched up yet, when four men rode up on horses, each carrying a rail on his shoulder. Seeing they were much concerned at our presence and guessing that they meant to stake claims right there, we asked them where they were bound. The leader replied that they had reached their destination. We, of course, made them believe that we had preceded them and run the joke as far as we liked, when we told them we had been out on Wolf river and staked out claims. This leader was a lawyer of St. Joseph, afterward Gov. R. M. Stewart of Missouri. He addressed me, asking my name

and where I lived. He had been over a day or two before and selected this spot for a claim and was coming back to lay a foundation with the four rails, the other three men coming along to carry the rails and look at the country and perhaps seek locations for themselves. I never learned their names nor saw them afterwards that I know of. Stewart said he would give us \$10 if we would break out an acre of sod for him. We took his offer and he threw a \$10 gold piece to me, saying, "I do not want to wait here until you finish the plowing. I know if you are Dick Gibbins' son, you'll plow it." He turned and rode away. We broke out the acre and returned home the next day. I am confident this was the first claim in Doniphan county and, not counting what people were at the Highland agency and Mr. Harding at Wathena, who had settled as Indian traders before the country was opened, I broke the first furrow in what is now Doniphan county."

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUDING NOTES AND SKETCHES.

The Doniphan Bandits.

On Saturday evening, October 21, 1899, Mr. Kuchs looked at his clock and decided to go to the postoffice for his mail. He was alone in the store and was in the act of locking the front door, when his attention was attracted by a noise behind him. Turning he looked down the barrels of two rifles. "We want your money", said one of two masked men. Mr. Kuchs, realizing his position, said, "Well, all right", and led the way to the money drawer, the robbers following him closely, one behind and one in front of the counter. There were only about \$7.00 in the money drawer, and this did not satisfy them. They made Kuchs turn his pockets inside out, and then asked to be shown the safe. The safe contained nothing but papers,

and Mr. Kuchs unlocked the drawers and set them out for examination.

When the robbers marched Mr. Kuchs into the store at the points of their rifles, Calvin, a colored man, happened to be passing, and taking in the situation he hastened to the postoffice and gave the alarm.

John Braun, aged 23, son of Postmaster Anton Braun, got a revolver and went directly to Kuchs' store, while John Schaff went across the street to Schnell's to borrow a shot gun. Reaching the front door of the store, revolver in hand, John Braun called out to the robbers, who were back at the safe, and asked, "What are you doing here"? One of the robbers replied, "What business is it of yours"? With that both the robbers raised their rifles and fired. The first

shot struck Braun over the left eye and he fell dead upon the sidewalk. Mr. Kuchs had a small revolver in his hip pocket, which he had put there on Friday night, after an attempt had been made to burglarize his store, and when the men turned their backs to him he tried to pull his gun, but it caught in his pocket. While tugging away, one of the robbers noticed him and asked, "Have you got a gun?" "No, sir", replied Mr. Kuchs, and both his hands went up.

The robbers did not take time for further examination, but rushed out of the building. The crowd of boys that stood at the window when Braun was shot, commenced to gather again and the robbers began a promiscuous fire to scare the crowd and keep it back. John Schaff, who had come up with Schnell's shot gun, was secreted behind the corner of Kuchs' warehouse. He saw Braun fall and as the desperadoes came out of the door, he shot at one of them, wounding him seriously. The primer of the shell in the other barrel of the gun refused to fire. The other robber picked up his wounded comrade and carried him across the street, where he cut off the handkerchief mask. It was found saturated with blood. The robber's hat, a light brown Derby, also saturated with blood, was found in the same place. One shot entered the hat and evidently lodged in the robber's head. There was part of a tooth in the handkerchief, indicating that the charge had struck him in the side of the face. A copy of the Atchison Globe and a St. Joseph paper lay beside the hat and handkerchief, but the name on the papers had

been torn off. The wounded robber rested here only a few minutes. His partner stayed beside him, taking an occasional shot, that cleared the streets. The robbers fled south toward the Doniphan lake, and the thickets on the bar.

Mr. Kuchs received a flesh wound on the arm during the shooting. Stooping low beside the window he was watching for a shot. The robber evidently saw his head, for he sent two bullets through the woodwork, one of which made the wound.

Sunday morning, Chief of Police Seip, Sheriff Hartman and Officer Dickerson, of Atchison, joined the Doniphan county officers in the search. By the middle of Sunday afternoon fully a thousand people were on the island, less than a hundred of whom were doing anything to help the officers. About four o'clock in the afternoon a pair of bloodhounds arrived from Atchison. These were given the trail but could trace them no farther than the officers. About five o'clock a young man ran onto the log behind which the robbers lay. A gun was pulled on him and he ran back to where the officers were trying to get the dogs to take the trail. Charles James and two or three others ran in the direction whence the boy had come and in less time than it takes to tell it they were back again, young James having received a bullet through his arm. Sheriff Larzelere, Eli Cromwell, Officer Dickerson, and half a dozen others had advanced, Sheriff Larzelere, Eli Cromwell and Officer Dickerson in the lead about twelve feet apart. They had gone but a short

distance when Officer Dickerson addressed Sheriff Larzelere: "Is that a log?" Instantly there was a shot and the Atchison officer fell forward with a bullet hole through his head. Eli Cromwell fired two loads of buck shot in the direction from which the shot came. Sheriff Larzelere picked up the rifle dropped by Dickerson and took a shot as nearly as possible at the point from which the robbers fired the bullet that killed the police officer. He half turned to ask his fellow officers to deploy on his right and left, and found that he was alone. Believing that the robbers could see him and knowing that they were less than forty feet away out of sight, the sheriff discreetly went back to where the Atchison officers had stopped. He then asked for volunteers to go with him to surround the robbers. Under Sheriff Ramsey, Mace Culp and a man from Atchison were the only ones who would take the risk. Sheriff Hartman and Chief of Police Seip of Atchison, both declared they would not risk their lives before so nerry desperadoes.

There was nothing to do but to try to hold the robbers at bay till more nerry men and better fire arms could be secured. News of Officer Dickerson's death was sent to Atchison. County Attorney Cromwell at once secured all the weapons in the hardware store, and some forty men were armed and sent up on a Burlington special. The killing of Officer Dickerson bluffed the crowd which fell back half a mile, leaving but half a dozen to guard the place. When the Atchison armed men arrived they formed in

line, ten feet apart, and went in to recover Dickerson's body, which they did. No sound came from the log and it was soon discovered that the robbers had fled.

The body of the police officer was taken to Atchison in an ambulance.

Weather Dates.

The first snow of the winter of 1898-9 came October 17. Then it snowed as follows: Second snow, November 9; third snow, November 21; fourth snow, November 25; fifth snow, December 3—it snowed all that day; sixth snow December 11; seventh snow, January 5, at night; eighth snow, January 8; ninth snow, January 23; tenth snow, January 26; eleventh snow, January 28; twelfth snow, January 30; thirteenth snow, February 2; fourteenth snow, February 6; fifteenth snow, February 10; sixteenth snow, February 22; seventeenth snow, February 26; eighteenth snow, March 3; nineteenth snow, March 5; twentieth snow, March 11; twenty-first snow, March 23; twenty-second snow, March 26; twenty-third snow, March 27; twenty-fourth snow, March 30; twenty-fifth snow, March 31; twenty-sixth snow, April 3. These are not counting flurries of snow, only those that covered the ground with a white mantle.

Wolf River.

For many years Wolf River had been pursuing an erratic course, overflowing its banks, taking short cuts across rich bottom lands and meadows and destroying crops and property. Steps have at

INDEX

PART I.

Brenner, 18.
Bendena, 56.
Center Township, 65.
Doniphan, 12.
Denton, 63.
Elwood, 23.
Fanning, 39.
Geary City, 20.
Highland, 38.
Highland Station, 33.
Iowa Point, 32.
Iowa Township, 29.
Leona, 54.
Norway, 51.
Purcell, 64.
Poets and Poetry, 73.
Severance, 45.
Stray Notes—
 Government Train — County Artists
 — Morley's Bank — Early Baptist
 Minister — Grand-daughter of Char-
 boneau, 71.
Troy, 66.
Union Township, 62.
Wayne Township, 11.
Washington Township, 22.
Wathena, 25.
White Cloud, 35.
Wolf River Township, 40.

PART II.

Aboriginal Inhabitants, 27.
Atchison & Nebraska Railroad, 119.
Broken Bank, 116.
Boy's Adventure, 115.
Base Ball Game, 108.
Brave Girl, 54.
Boys of Kansas, 56.
Coronado, 1.
County Histories, 22.
Columbus Seminary, 33.
Cheyenne Massacre, 129.
Church History, 164.
Court House Fire, 51.
Colonel A. G. Ege, 125.
Colonel D. L. Payne, 126.
Clever with Gun and Pistol, 128.
Doniphan County Golgotha, 45.
Doniphan City, 66.
Doniphan Bandits, 158.
Doniphan County, 12.
Drouth of 1860, 36.
Early Reminiscences, 155.
Early Elwood, 46.
Fate of the Jayhawkers, 64.
Freeman Tragedy, 162.
General Doniphan, 12.
Golden Opportunity, 25.
Grasshoppers, 72.
Grange, 107.
Great Sleet, 107.
Hail Storm, 40.

Indian History, 7.
Indian Relics, 110.
Indians at the Fair, 115.
Is Your Teacher's Name Here? 123.
Joel Ryan, 117.
Kansas, 52.
Kansas Indians, 142.
Kaws on the Missouri (1724), 148.
Laura Nation, 114.
Lewis Tracy, 114.
Lost in a Snow Storm, 39.
Major Daniel Vanderslice, 41.
Melvin Baughn, 59.
Mrs. L. M. Blackford, 139.
Newspaper History, 81.
Nutshell History, 85.
Oldest Kansans, 137.
Orange Blossoms (1875), 111.
Pure Fiction, 26.
Pony Express, 19.
Perilous Ride, 35.
Prehistoric Race, 58.
Platte Purchase, 5.
Quantrell, the Peddler, 161.

Reminiscence, 135.
Rain and Flood, 128.
Redpath and Lane, 37.
River Towns (1859), 43.
Romantic Elopement, 50.
St. Joseph and Elwood Bridge, 53.
Shooting of Wilson, 55.
St. Joseph & Topeka Railway, 73.
Some First Things, 15.
St. Valentine's Day (1863), 38.
St. Benedict's Parish, 120.
St. Joseph & Denver Railway Bond, 124.
St. Joseph & Grand Island Railway, 130.
St. Joseph's First Boomer, 138.
Some Early Birds, 140.
Squaw's Trail, 140.
Towns of the Past, 23.
Thomas Jefferson Southerland, 34.
Tales of Tragedy, 74.
Water Courses, 18.
Wind Storms, 112.
Wathena Berry Gardens, 124.
Weather Dates, 160.
Wolf River, 160.
Young Girl's Adventure, 134.

the west door, on the north side of the house, Mrs. Freeman met him. She said, 'Floyd, let's go to town', speaking to the child about two and a half years old. Mr. Freeman said, 'I am tired living in dirt'. She did not reply to him that I heard. Mr. Freeman went into the house and in about three minutes the shooting began. This was the last time I saw Mrs. Freeman alive. When we went into the last room Mrs. Freeman was sitting in the southeast corner of the room in a rocking chair. She was dead and her head was hanging almost to the floor. There was a great deal of blood in the room. I saw her child lying dead about three feet north of Mrs. Freeman. I saw a pistol shot wound on Mrs. Freeman's head, and also saw that the child was very bloody. I also saw Mr. Freeman lying on the floor three or four feet from Mrs. Freeman's body. He was not dead. He did not speak. He was unconscious. He was lying in a mass of blood. I saw a revolver lying between his legs. It looked like a 38-calibre revolver. I never heard Mr. Freeman and his wife quarrelling. I didn't see anyone about Mr. Freeman's house at the time of the shooting. I do not know who killed Mrs. Freeman and her child. I was in the front yard and could have seen anyone coming to the house and leaving it. I don't think Mr. Freeman was under the influence of liquor. I think to the best of my knowledge and belief that Samuel Freeman killed his wife and child."

Dr. C. F. McCormick, being called, testified as follows:

"This evening about 8:30 I was called to the residence of Samuel Freeman. I

found Mrs. Freeman in the rocking chair, dead, her head hanging about six inches from the floor. I found a gun shot wound in the head entering back of the right ear and coming out about the forehead on the left side of the head. I think this would be sufficient cause for instant death. I also saw a little boy on the floor, dead. He was lying three or four feet from his mother in the same room. I saw a gun shot wound in the top of his head the bullet coming out on the left side of his face, fracturing the left inferior maxillary bone. I saw Samuel Freeman lying near the door with a gun shot wound on his right temple and also on the top of his head. He was living but unconscious. The brain was oozing out of the top wound. I think it extremely doubtful if he will recover. I do not know the cause of the shooting."

The following jurors found "that Samuel Freeman shot and killed Ellen Freeman and Floyd Freeman with a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver in the hands of Samuel Freeman, on the 4th day of August, 1891."

Geo. H. Robb, foreman; Thos. Fry, R. G. Drake, Ed. Heeney, J. D. Gilmore, C. H. Courtin.

It was afterwards discovered that Mrs. Freeman was in the act of writing a letter when she received her death wound. A copy of the unfinished letter is here given:

"Severance, Kansas, Aug. 4, 1891.

Mr. J. B. WILLIAMS,

My dear father:—The mail train came in from the east last night at 8:30, bringing me your card, and after reading it

three times I immediately took a 'bee line' for the express office to see if there might be anything for me, and sure enough the agent says, 'Yes, there is a basket for you, just arrived on the last train, and from the way it smells I should judge it contains something pretty good'; and I agree with him entirely. The peaches and grapes were both well preserved to have traveled so far. The crab-apple was a little worse for the trip, but we ate it all the same. We ate them all till we didn't dare to eat any more last night. They tasted so good. We have some of the grapes yet, but the peaches and crab-apples are all gone. Mr. Freeman carried one of the peaches all over town this morning, showing it to all of the people. Everybody says they were fine. You cannot know how much I thank you for them. We are all well. The weather is very good at present."

This is all she had written, and to judge from the appearance of the last few words, they had been written under excitement, the letters being hastily and unevenly formed. She must have been writing on a board in her lap. The letter was found lying by the side of the chair in which she was found dead. She was dressed ready to go up town with Miss Hutchison who had promised to call for her, and no doubt was making haste to get the letter finished.

Freeman never gained consciousness after the shooting, but lay groaning until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, when he died. Among the dozens of things that were said concerning the cause of the quarrel and the shoot-

ing, there was little truth and much fancy. It was known that he was of a jealous disposition, and that he was possessed of quick and uncontrollable temper. The shooting was witnessed by no one. The woman was Freeman's second wife, and they had been married only a few years.

Church History.

A brief list of religious organizations of the county, giving date and place of organizing, is here given:

1842

Presbyterian church at Highland, organized as a Mission, with seven members. Meetings were held in the University chapel.

1855

Smithton M. E. church, organized August 1, by Rev. Hiram Burch, pastor in charge, and Wm. H. Good, presiding elder.

Palermo M. E. church organized with the following members: John J. Anderson, Nancy J. Anderson, John Hays, Elizabeth Hays, Mary A. Wakeman and Jane Brazelton.

Doniphan Catholic church organized by Rev. Father Henry Lemke, O. S. B.

1856

Doniphan M. E. church, South, organized by Rev. Wallace. First services were held in the hotel.

1857

Doniphan M. E. church, organized May 10, by Rev. B. F. Bowman. There were five members—James W. Snow,

Rebecca Snow, Joseph McCrum, Melissa McCrum and Hanna McCrum.

Geary City M. E. church, organized early in the spring, by Rev. James Shaw.

Highland M. E. church, organized in March, by Rev. Dana Fox. The Seavers, Grahams, Bonesteels and the Dougtys, were members.

White Cloud M. E. church, organized by A. L. Douney. The members numbered about thirty.

Brush Creek M. E. church, organized; name of first organizer unknown. In 1865, Rev. G. R. Houts reorganized and built a church.

1858

Oakland M. E. church, organized in the spring, by Rev. T. McK. Munhall. This was called Independence. Rev. A. Bennett, Rachael Bennett, Celinda Bennett, Francis A. Baker, Caroline Shaw, Diantha Edgerton, Jacob Smith, Rachael Smith, Moriah Smith, William Smith and Matilda Adams, members.

Wathena M. E. church, organized during the summer, by Rev. T. McK. Munhall.

Wathena Baptist church, organized in June, by Elder William Price and Rev. E. Alward, with eight members.

1859

Troy M. E. church, organized June 26, by Rev. B. F. Bowman.

Bellemont M. E. church, South, organized. Two of the first members were Mesdames Creal and Bryant.

St. Mary's Catholic church, organized by the Benedictine Fathers of the Atchi-

son Abbey. There were nine families in the congregation.

Troy Episcopal church, organized by Reverend Ryan.

1862

St. Benedict's Catholic church, organized by Rev. Father Thomas Bartl. A large stone church was erected.

1865

Troy Presbyterian church, organized by the Reverend Sheldon, with fifteen members.

Highland Congregational church, organized October 5, by H. P. Robinson, with fifteen members.

1867

White Cloud Congregational church, organized May 25, by Rev. H. P. Robinson, with eleven members. A church, costing \$3,200, was erected.

Wathena German Society M. E. church, organized in October, by H. M. Meniger.

1868

Ridge Prairie M. E. church, in Union township, organized during the winter, by Rev. A. Bennett.

Burr-Oak German Society M. E. church, (Sec. 29, town 2, range 22), organized by Rev. H. Meyer.

Center Township, German Society M. E. church, (Sec. 26, town 3, range 21), organized by Rev. H. Meyer.

German Reformed Zion's church, (Sec. 33, town 2, range 22), organized by Rev. John Biery.

1869

Wathena Catholic church, organized by Rev. Father Thomas Bartl, with a

membership of one hundred. A brick church, costing \$5,500, was erected.

1871

Wayne township Norwegian Lutheran church, organized by Rev. Mr. Brown. A \$300 church was erected.

Severance M. E. church organized January 25, by Reverend W. K. Marshall presiding elder, and Rev. B. F. Bowman pastor in charge. There were nine members.

1873

East Norway Baptist church organized by Rev. A. Bennett.

Wathena Second Colored Baptist church organized September 22, by Reverends Lee, Bourn, Williams, Clarkson and Jackson.

1875

White Cloud Colored Baptist church organized by Rev. J. H. Strawther.

1877

Independence Creek Baptist church organized in the early sixties, reorganized by Rev. D. G. Saunders.

1879

Fanning St. James' Catholic church or-

ganized by Rev. L. Shriner, O. S. B. A church costing \$1,300 was erected.

1880

Leona Baptist church organized in October by Rev. Aylward, with eight members.

Troy St. Charles' Catholic church organized by Rev. Father J. H. Timphaus. A building costing \$1,000 was erected.

Severance St. Vincent de Paul's Catholic church was built by Father Permin M. Koumly.

1884

East Norway Lutheran church organized by Rev. Dr. Martin. A fine large church was built.

1893

Severance Christian church organized by Rev. J. H. Speer. The school house was bought and refitted for use.

✠ ✠ ✠

It is impossible to get the dates of organizing of all the county's churches, because in many cases no records have been kept and the ministers who organized the congregations cannot now be located.

last been taken to remedy these evils by straightening the river's channel. The following items concerning this undertaking are from the County Commissioners' report.

The cost of changing the Wolf river channel will be \$43,085.66.

The total present length of Wolf river from the Missouri river to the west line of Doniphan county, is 32 15-100 miles.

Total length of Wolf river from the Missouri river to the west line of Doniphan county, as now located, 17 miles and 4,146 feet.

The difference between the present length of river and as now located, 14 and 37-100 miles.

Total distance of excavations by changes, 8 and 21-100 miles.

Total number of acres overflowed by Wolf river in Doniphan county, is 3,293 54-100. Rate per acre, \$13.38.

Quantrell, the Peddler.

A little girl living in Doniphan county once showed me a fine time-piece saying, "Here's the watch, but Quantrell has the chain; mamma will tell you about it."

"We were staying at the Eldridge House", the lady said, "and my nerves had been keyed up, hearing rumors that the town was to be burned, until every stranger became a spy and every belated horseman an army.

"I was in the parlor one morning with a friend, and baby sat on the carpet playing with my watch, when her arm became tightly wrapped in the long chain. At that moment a peddler called and, asking permission to display his goods,

swung the pack from his shoulder and sauntered leisurely into the room. Seeing a fresh attraction the child attempted to free her arm to reach for what she wanted, when the young man, bending down, stroked her hair caressingly, unwound the chain, holding the watch in his hand as he did so. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance except that he was very young—not over twenty-five. He wore the first growth of a mustache, a fringe of reddish hue, and but for the prairie tan his face would have been as fair as that of any girl.

"It was the middle of July, and the weather during the whole month was oppressively hot, and as our apartment was small my husband would sometimes go down to the parlor at night while I lay awake listening; for we Lawrence women were trained listeners, especially at night when men slept untroubled by haunting fear.

"One night I heard a sound in the distance like the stampede of cattle, and running down stairs was about to enter the room where my husband lay asleep on the sofa, when I saw a strange man at the window; but he turned and walked away. Then there were two or three shots, when I awoke my husband. 'For God's sake!' he said, drowsily, 'do let me sleep. With your sudden alarm and this terrific heat I haven't slept a whole night for a month. The season for prairie chicken shooting begins today, and the boys are out shooting chickens for breakfast, that is all.' Just then shots were heard in the basement, and springing up he said, 'Mary ——', but the word

died on his lips, for he fell at my feet, shot by the leader of the band of murderous men, which was now filling the room. It was Quantrell, the peddler.

"There was no indolent halting in Quantrell's manner now, but lithe as a panther, the young chief seemed to be in a dozen places at the same time, as with perfect composure he directed the one-sided fight.

"But about the watch? Well, it was in the chamois bag I wore, with some other tricketts, but the chain had been left on baby's pillow.

"My child and her unconscious father were placed in a handcart and, in bare feet, clad only for the night, I pushed the cart with its precious burden, through a rain of bullets, out of town to a spring in the ravine, where we stayed until the Regulars arrived."

—
Professor Quantrell, father of the distinguished outlaw, was principal of the Union Schools at Canal-Dover, Ohio, for several years, and his son who had been nurtured in the Calvinistic faith, often read the scripture lesson at devotional exercise, and upon the death of his father, young William was promoted to the position of teacher in the Grammar grade.

After the Kansas horror, friends of the family, hoping to bring a measure of peace to the heart of the unhappy mother, tried to convince Mrs. Quantrell that her son was dead, and years afterward a well known gentleman, a member of the Fraternity that had cared for the aged lady during her declining years, took her to Topeka that she might examine for

herself the State Annals. She was then taken to Jackson county, Missouri, to meet her son's comrades-in-arm, who testified to his death; and at Louisville, a plat of ground worn almost as smooth as marble was pointed out to her as his grave, and when the earth was removed and the casket opened, the stricken mother, seeing a peculiar lap of the teeth, was convinced beyond a doubt, that the body long since buried there, was indeed that of her boy, and she brought away with her a lock of brown hair.

E. McC. L.

The Freeman Tragedy.

On the evening of August 4, 1891, Samuel Freeman, a resident of Severance, shot and killed his wife, his child and himself, after a few words of quarrelling with his wife. This occurred in Severance on what is familiarly known as Ax-handle street. The story of the shooting as told by Frank Caudle, one of Freeman's near neighbors, is as follows:

"I heard gun shots this evening about 7:30, east of my house. I heard four shots fired, and a few minutes afterwards I learned that the shooting was at Freeman's. I went to find the constable, Mr. Stirling, but he was out of town, and then went after the justice of the peace, Mr. Campbell. He came, and others, and there was quite a crowd there. It was dark and I went and got a lamp. It was getting dark when I heard the shooting. About five minutes before the shooting Mr. Freeman and myself were talking near his house, and he went to the house with a pail of milk. At

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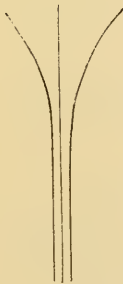
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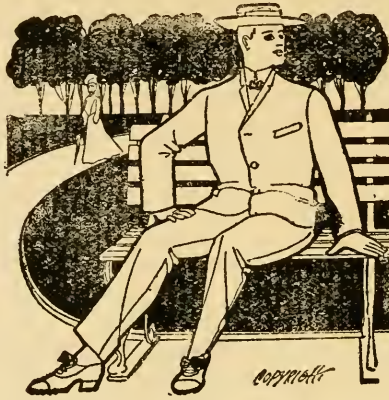


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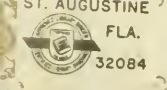
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